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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY 1863.

ART. I.—BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Longman and Co., 1862.

AMONG the heroes who have done the greatest service to their race, it is hardly paradoxical to assert, that the thanks of the world are chiefly due to those who have most boldly ventured to differ from it. If the evils of obstinacy be placed in the scale against the perils of innovation, it needs but little study of history to show that the former have been far the more pernicious of the two. Since, on most questions, the verdict of the world is as likely to be wrong as to be right, and since on almost every question that is open to doubt we, as Englishmen and Christians, are persuaded that the majority of mankind are in the wrong, it follows that great benefactors must generally be great innovators, and that in most disputed points the *primâ facie* presumption ought to be in favour of change. Doubtless, in practical matters, conservatism has merits of its own. But it is in intellectual questions that the world is most prone to obstinacy; and it is in these questions that obstinacy is sure to be most fatal. Rashness may lead to error, but prejudice cannot possibly lead to truth. "Ever regard your friend," said the old proverb, "as a man who may one day be your enemy." Ever support your opinions—so we may safely amend the maxim—as judgments which you may one day have to impugn.

The domain of theology supplies a striking proof of the truth of these assertions. It is impossible to deny that scriptural criticism in the last few years has received far more from the enemies than from the friends of a rigorous theological con-

servatism. Whether orthodox views be true or not, it is not orthodox divinity which has brought about the vast progress that has been lately made in the knowledge of Sacred Writ. So it has been from the earliest ages of the faith. St. Paul was more than suspected of heresy when he offered the Gospel to the Gentiles. All the superstition and tyranny of which the church has been guilty has been due to its conservative champions; every step of progress has been first trodden by one who refused its yoke. It surely is more than a chance coincidence that the first known commentary on Scripture, the first extant canon of the sacred books, even the first virtual assertion of their inspiration, are all from the hands of heretics. A Protestant church should deal but little in anathema, which remembers that the first protest for freedom of private judgment came from the heretic Luther. In modern times, the task of "searching the Scriptures" has been preëminently the work of writers who have bowed with some reservation to their authority. "The Bible as it is, and its interpretation as it was!" Such, if we may parody a modern party watchword, is the rallying cry of too much English divinity. It is a maxim from which little light can spring, and in which all superstition may lie hid. In the stir and tumult of critical controversy, amid the harvests of fresh knowledge that are springing up in Germany and England, in face of the patience, zeal, and courage of the pioneers of theological labour, a large party of our churchmen claim ostentatiously, like the faded constitutionalists of France, to have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing. And yet action is so much better than inaction, progress than inertia, that knowledge is cheaply purchased at the risk of some rash caprice. Let men have freedom of inquiry, of speech, and of thought, and leave the consequences to the future. The first article in the creed of every friend of intellectual progress should be, that conservatism in intellectual questions is the head and front of error.

It must needs be that offences come in the march of theological belief. Chiefly, however, because it will in the end be serviceable to the cause of peace, we must welcome the publication of Bishop Colenso's book. The mass of Englishmen of the middle class, though they care little for the refinements of controversy, care a great deal for the authority of a bishop. Heresy under episcopal sanction is a species of heresy which men will readily pardon in themselves, and easily accept in others. The infallibility of the historical details of Scripture is a dogma under the yoke of which generation after generation of Englishmen have groaned, and which it requires but a few bold leaders

to enable them to shake off. To advance in the path of veritable unbelief, to battle with what seem the injunctions of religion, to push liberty in the face of all that tradition renders venerable,—this is what men must now learn to do, and what they need help in doing. The arm that wields but a lawn sleeve carries a strong weapon for the consciences of timid men. A bishop sets out at once with two advantages. He is sure to obtain a hearing, and he is sure to be fairly heard. Ordinary men have said the same things before to an indifferent public: the step which the bishop took last year has long ago been taken by most educated men. But no voice had yet been heard from the seat of the elders to reassure the timid and the wavering, and critics might criticise in vain. *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit:* the pagan casuist has started the English reformation of belief. When the time is ripe for a great movement, it needs but a trifle to give the first feeble impulse; the energy that has been accumulating through years of enforced conformity, and the progressive tendencies of the age, will be enough to do the rest.

We spoke of the English reformation. The surrender of scriptural infallibility will come, to many minds, as a shock no less tremendous in its issues than that which came from the surrender of the infallibility of the church. And yet our generation will have to bear it as surely as the years advance. Delay it by thunders of Convocation, impede it by the persecution of its over-restive champions, fetter it with legal restraints, —the waves of the sea can as well be stopped as the tide of advancing thought. It began to flow on the Continent soon after the great Reformation; and in Germany its strength has long carried all before it. From the days of Grotius to our own, there has been a series of liberal thinkers, of acute reasoners, of patient workers, who have left but little for Englishmen to do but to follow in their steps. Michaelis, Eichhorn, Rosenmüller, Gesenius, De Wette, Tuch, Bunsen, Ewald,—these are the men who have raised Old-Testament exegesis to the position which it holds at present; and with these there can be matched among our own divines but the solitary name of Lightfoot. When the long peace brought in renewed intercourse with the Continent, and such writers as Schulz and De Wette became more known to Englishmen, the criticism of the sacred records first took root in this country. On a firmer basis than that of last century, and with finer and keener tools, the work was begun and carried on. Forty years ago there was hardly a book of critical theology in England which deserved the name. Year by year more has been known, and more has still been sought. A better acquaintance

with the Bible is a fit preliminary to a freer use of it. It may be that we are ready now; that the authority which an age of ignorance possibly found necessary, and which has been long rejected by the most earnest and laborious students, may at last be removed from all. Yet orthodoxy seems disposed to treat the forward step of the Bishop of Natal with as loud a peal of execration as that which rang from the cloisters of the monastery of Tours, when the unflinching Bishop of Lyons, a good nine centuries ago, lent all his wicked influence to the appalling but successful blasphemy, that the sacred penmen, in composing their inspired treatises, had not invariably adhered to the ordinary rules of grammar.

The question that the students of Scripture have for some time put to themselves and to one another is, Has the time come for speaking out? It is our belief that it has. It becomes more and more impossible every day to screen a conviction of the mistakes contained in the Bible by a general profession of reverence for its majesty and beauty. We are not speaking of what we do not know, when we assert that a general liberty to profess such views as those of the Bishop of Natal would be hailed with delight by numbers of half-hypocritical students,—clergymen and laymen alike,—who at present are contented to wait and see their liberation coming, and are afraid to raise a hand to seize it. The *Essays and Reviews*, with all their faults of rudeness and rashness, did this great service—that they raised the public from its slumber. As an instance of progress hardly less remarkable than that of Bishop Colenso, we may take a writer whom he frequently quotes on the reactionary side of the debated questions. Seven years ago Dr. Kalisch published his Commentary on Exodus; and with considerable ingenuity, and apparent candour, he defended the authority of the text, and refuted the objections of adversaries. Three years later Genesis appeared; and in the preface appears this remarkable passage: "The conviction of the surpassing importance of the book has strengthened us to face the numerous difficulties of a conscientious interpretation." In other words, the author had made up his mind to speak out. And the difference in value between the two Commentaries is such as might have been expected from the change.

The most curious feature of the book before us is the *naïveté* with which the bishop sets out on his errand of convincing the public of its folly: "Go to," he seems to say; "I will change the theology of my country." But it is the good fortune of a writer in his position that his very faults will be

serviceable to him. What is wanted at present is, not a treatise for converting the learned,—the time for that is long past,—but a manifesto for enlightening the multitude. The popular tone assumed, the candid detail of the progress in the author's mind, the very pettiness and almost ludicrous minuteness of some of the arguments, will be as useful weapons as any that could be employed for the special task in hand. The bishop attaches importance to trifles—so do the less instructed of his hearers; he deals with the simplest forms of thought—so do the uncontroversial middle classes of his countrymen; he repeats himself again and again,—it is the very way to gain over a listening crowd. The book is essentially popular. That a priest cannot eat eighty-eight pigeons every day, is just the kind of solid fact which will fasten itself in the apprehension of the vulgar. Stated as a mere jest, it would be repelled with disgust by a nation which, beyond all things, hates a scoffer; stated with earnestness, sanctioned by character and position, enforced in a spirit of reverence and religion, it must be fatal to ideas of Mosaic accuracy in the minds of most of its readers. The bishop's friends have done wisely in making no attempt to represent him as a luminary of scholarship. Two years ago he confesses that he did not know what books to read on the subject; early in his work he shows his appreciation of the modern lights of English theology by quoting Scott and Pool; and his present idea of the extent of his field of labour may be gathered from his ingenuous statement, that as soon as he has settled the interpretation and status of the Old Testament, he intends, in the same spirit of straightforward inquiry, to proceed to the criticism of the New!

If asked for a candid judgment on the merits of Dr. Colenso's work, we should say that, in the first place, we are considerably surprised that its author should have done so little; and, in the second, that we are still more astonished to find how well he has done it. This book may be said to have proved the occasional inaccuracy of the Mosaic narrative with the same completeness, and with very much the same method of argument, as that by which Blunt, in his *Coincidences*, proved their occasional accuracy. Of the tone and temper in which the book is written, it is impossible to speak too highly. It is courteous, truthful, and reverent. To speak without shocking the deepest feelings of others ought to be no more impossible in a theological than in a political partisan; and though it is not always the most reverent advocates who have most served the cause of truth, none other will ever powerfully sway the opinions of the bishop's countrymen. In well-bred

courtesy, in the absence of contemptuous or malicious invective, the author is equally happy. The mutual recriminations of theologians have long been the disgrace of the study which they pursue; and they are not confined, as the bishop seems to imagine, to the conservative cause alone. He instances Hengstenberg as a flagrant offender on the orthodox side; and perhaps he might have quoted that author's mention of Strauss as a man who wrote his *Life of Jesus* to "gratify his evil passions," as the furthest point to which the *odium theologicum* can carry the most malicious though the dullest of partisans. But though the orthodox offend most, and though not an abusive word will be found in the pages of the best of the liberal theologians of England, yet there are others who are not free from blame. Dr. Davidson has no hesitation in charging Keil with dishonesty; and the Rev. Rowland Williams cannot be said to err on the side of considerate gentleness.

The thesis which Bishop Colenso maintains is, that the statements of the Pentateuch are in great measure not historically true. He is particular in his choice of words; and it will be observed throughout, that, much in the same way as Ewald, for fear of being misunderstood, forbore the use of the word "myth" in his treatment of similar subjects, and as we shall in these remarks abstain from speaking of "inspiration," our author has in no case characterised the story as "fictitious." He is no doubt aware that he is treading on delicate ground. It cannot be too carefully pointed out, that no two questions could be more distinct than these—Did the author write what is true? and, Did he intentionally write what is untrue? We shall have occasion hereafter to consider the answer to these questions; at present we will endeavour to analyse accurately what it is that the bishop says. His chief arguments, condensed, are the following:

1. Judah was forty-two years old when he went down to Egypt, and was yet old enough to have great-grandsons (by Tamar), who went down with him.

2. It being premised that the number of the Israelites at the exodus, computed from the Mosaic statements, exceeds two millions, the court of the tabernacle could not have held them all, as it is said to have done.

3. With the same premisses, Moses could not have read the law to all the people.

4. Again: the huge camp must have rendered the duties of the priest (carrying out the offal, &c.) impossible.

5. Two numberings distant in time by half a year give identical results.

6. Premising as above, how were the necessary 200,000 tents made and carried?

7. This vast host has arms, and yet is in panic-terror of Pharaoh; or else is not armed, and yet vanquishes the Amalekites.

8. The account of the institution of the Passover is utterly inconsistent with so great numbers, dispersed as they must have been.

9. The same impossibility applies to the march out.

10. The enormous flocks and herds can have had no subsistence in the desert.

11. The danger apprehended from the increase of the "beasts of the field" in Canaan is chimerical, on the hypothesis of so large a population.

12. The small number of the first-born contradicts the large number of the whole.

13. These large numbers could not have been produced in four generations from seventy men; especially, for example, the Danites and Levites.

14. There were only three priests, with duties enough for three hundred.

15. The account of the war on Midian involves (besides its cruelty) a host of improbabilities and inconsistencies.

Such are the point-blank arguments of the bishop; and we must acknowledge that they are, on the whole, well worked out and very clearly presented. The most striking are those which we have numbered 8, 9, 10, 13, and 15. Whenever something is to be said which admits of plain matter-of-fact treatment, some common-sense inference, some broad telling statement, the bishop is in his element. How grandly he brings his Natal experiences to bear in the following examination of the march out!—

"As we have seen, this large number of able-bodied warriors implies a total population of at least two millions. Here, then, we have this vast body of people, of all ages, summoned to start, according to the story, at a moment's notice, and actually started, not one being left behind, together with all their multifarious flocks and herds, which must (§ 73) have been spread out over a district as large as a good-sized English county. Remembering, as I do, the confusion in my own small household of thirty or forty persons, when once we were obliged to fly at dead of night,—having been roused from our beds by a false alarm, that an invading Zulu force had entered the colony, had evaded the English troops sent to meet them, and was making its way direct for our station, killing right and left as it came along,—I do not hesitate to declare this statement to be utterly incredible and impossible.

Were an English village of (say) two thousand people to be called suddenly to set out in this way, with old people, young children, and infants, what indescribable distress there would be! But what shall be said of a thousand times as many? And what of the sick and infirm, or the women in recent or imminent childbirth, in a population like that of London, where the births are 264 a day, or about one every five minutes?

But this is a very small part of the difficulty. We are required to believe that in one single day the order to start was communicated suddenly, at midnight, to every single family of every town and village throughout a tract of country as large as Hertfordshire, but ten times as thickly peopled; that, in obedience to such order, having 'borrowed' very largely from their Egyptian neighbours in all directions (though, if we are to suppose Egyptians occupying the same territory with the Hebrews, the extent of it must be very much increased), they then came in from all parts of the land to Rameses, bringing with them the sick and infirm, the young and the aged; further, that, since receiving the summons, they had sent out to gather in all their flocks and herds, spread over so wide a district, and had driven them also to Rameses; and lastly, that having done all this since they were roused at midnight, they were started again from Rameses the very same day, and marched on to Succoth, not leaving a single infirm person, a single woman in childbirth, or even a 'single hoof' behind them!"

Such is a fair specimen of the work,—manly, ingenious, sometimes superficial, always popular. But the bishop is quite as successful in his stray shots as in his grand broadsides. A mere suggestion here and there is thrown in, which is fully as damaging as his strongest direct accusations. He presents a picture of an advocate who has a good case to take up, and an average jury to persuade. He has mastered his brief well, knows its strong points, understands the men he is talking to, lets slip no advantage, and ends by creating an impression on his hearers which a far abler or more subtle pleader might strive in vain, with all his ingenuity, to produce. As it is, he makes few blunders; but it may fairly be said, that if his book had been more learned, it would very probably have been less effectual.

There is one observation which will have at once occurred to every one who has perused even a summary of the book. Almost all the *direct* arguments (from 2 to 14 in our list) proceed on the assumption of the genuineness of the numbers mentioned in the sacred record. It seems at first sight a small peg on which to hang so large an argument. Let us examine it. Six hundred thousand fighting men implies a population of two millions and a half, which renders the facts of the history impossible, as very many even of the orthodox will grant. But they urge that the numbers are exaggerated by the mistakes of the copyists.

To this it is replied, that the numbers are consistent with one another, and that this consistency spreads over many chapters, and is involved in many calculations. There is method in the madness. But the defenders of the Pentateuch reply,—It is possible that in some one or two verses an error may have crept in, and that succeeding copyists, perceiving the discrepancy, may have felt the necessity of making an alteration, and altered all the other passages to suit these, instead of altering these to suit the others. Such is the ground taken up by many defenders of Old-Testament accuracy. We cannot say that we think the supposition impossible, though, even granting, for argument's sake only, that the rest of the narrative is accurately true, the present numbers divided by ten will by no means meet all the difficulties. But though not impossible, it appears for several reasons to be extremely improbable.

In the first place, the hypothesis assumes that the alteration in the numbers would be merely that of the transposition of the vowel-points, or of the substitution of one letter for another. But to suppose this, is to suppose that the Hebrew system of numeration was similar to the Greek and Roman. There is no proof that letters were used as numerals in the Hebrew Bible; and written numbers cannot so easily be altered by mistake. In the 11th of Judges Jephthah is made to say that his ancestors lived in cities east of the Jordan three hundred years. It has been plausibly conjectured that the word 'years' was originally 'cities,' the two in the original being not utterly dissimilar; and the statement as it now stands is in flagrant contradiction to the book of Joshua. But with the present reading, what was there to prevent a scribe from altering the numeral three hundred to correspond to the facts of the case, if numerals were so easy to alter? The fact that such a change was never made, even under so strong a temptation as this, goes far to prove that the theory of the errors of copyists is very far from valid. In the second place, the exaggeration in numbers is not confined to the Pentateuch. We can more easily suppose that the 600,000 fighting men were the product of the compiler's enthusiasm, when we see a king of Israel slaughtering in one day 120,000 men of Judah and taking as many more captive; or remember the famous battle in 2 Chron. xiii., in which more than a million men are on the ground, and half a million on one side alone are killed. Nor can it be urged that the chronicler alone is given to exaggeration; for the Benjamite army in Judges is given at above 40,000 men, and David slays in a subsequent book a like number of Syrian horsemen. The fact is, that to any one who considers how inexact, in respect of numbers and of rhetorical

exaggeration, the oriental mind has always been, it will appear superfluous to attempt an explanation of the marvellous figures of the Pentateuch. Every one knows the story of the Persian sight-seer in London, and the letter he wrote home to his friends, describing the wonders he had seen. He goes to the Opera, and relates enthusiastically how before each box were forty chandeliers, in each chandelier fifty branches, in each branch four lights. He is taken to Vauxhall: in every walk he meets with ten thousand beautiful houris. At King's College each successful prizeman is applauded by the forty thousand spectators; at Astley's fifty thousand ladies enchant him with their imposing loveliness. This is no mere parody. His Royal Highness Najeef Koolee Meerza thus wrote his journal exactly twenty-six years ago. Was this exaggeration intended to deceive his friends? or was it not rather the mere vagueness of detail, which is sure, in the absence of critical education of mind, to colour every statement in which effect is cared for chiefly, and rigid accuracy despised?

It does not, then, appear necessary to suppose that the numbers in the Pentateuch have been tampered with. Whether it was wise in Bishop Colenso to rest so much of his argument on ground which afforded any plausible evasion may fairly be questioned; though he might possibly reply that his object is almost gained if he can establish the fact that the present statistics of Exodus are not reliable. However this may be, it must not be forgotten that there is a second volume to come, and one which deals, if we are rightly informed, with many topics, of which, from the pages now before us, we should have imagined the author to be at the moment in profound ignorance. The hypothesis of two or more original documents,—the "Elohistic" and "Jehovistic" narratives,—which is supported by almost every biblical scholar of modern times, is never alluded to in the volume; and perhaps the same explanation may account for the fact, that the bishop certainly takes many results for granted which are at present far from established. Thus he adopts the shorter period of 215 years as the limit of the sojourn in Egypt; whereas he must know that the scriptural statements are contradictory, and that the number 430 is that which is most explicitly given, and is supported by the authority of the best modern commentators—Ewald, for example. He neglects, in his criticism on the Exodus, the vexed question of the identity of Raamses and Rameses; in his discussion on the "tents" of the Israelites, he forgets that both the words 'booths' and 'tents' may be and are used in Scripture for almost any kind of dwelling;—a mistake which Professor Stanley himself falls into, when he infers the nomad character of the tribes of

Reuben and Gad from the use of the word in relation to them. The simple fact, that in 2 Sam. xi. 11 סֻכּוֹת is used with no reference to boughs of trees, and that אֹהֶל expresses, in Psalm lxxviii. 51, the abodes of civili-ed Egypt, establishes a looseness in the usages of the words which effectually prevents any hostile argument drawn from the inconsistency of the two. In a few questions, such as the number of the first-born, the bishop limits his reading to a very few, and those not the most successful, of the commentators on the orthodox side. More plausible explanations could in more than one case be given than those which he has selected to refute. But it is by no means to be inferred that the volume is carelessly put together, or that it is liable to such charges as those which have been brought against it in the pages of some of the conservative journals. To one of them we cannot help referring, because it is more foolish and ill-mannered than any thing that we ever remember to have seen as proceeding from one who claims to be considered a learned divine. The Rev. T. B. McCaul declares, in a letter to a "religious" paper, dated November 6, that on opening Dr. Colenso's work he was truly astonished. "The book I found to be full of the most astounding inaccuracies and ludicrous mistakes. I confess that I felt devoutly thankful to see the nature of the objections which were brought against the historic truthfulness of the sacred writers. Take, for example, chap. vi. of Dr. Colenso's treatise. His palpable ignorance of the Hebrew idiom is calculated to excite a titter amongst true critics, to whatever shade of orthodoxy or unorthodoxy they may belong, all over the world. Foreigners will ask, Can it be possible that the author of such sciolistic trash is a bishop of the far-famed Church of England?"

For this charge the sole foundation is a supposed mistranslation by the bishop of Levit. iv. 11: "The skin of the bullock, &c. . . . he shall carry forth without the camp:"—rather, we should say, his acquiescence in the supposed mistranslation of the English version. Mr. McCaul continues: "The word which we have translated 'he shall carry forth,' is in the original (*vehotzi*) 'he shall cause to go forth,' *i.e.* have conveyed. It is the Hiphil, or causative conjugation of the verb *yatza*=exivit. A very pretty specimen of scholarship this to go forth to the *savans* of the civilised world."

So writes the champion of the Mosaic narrative. We have above urged the importance of courtesy at all hazards towards opponents. But if ever we were tempted to break the rule, it was when we read a criticism of so intolerable an audacity as the above. Mr. McCaul is right in his statement about the general

sense of the Hiphil conjugation, though if he means to assert that the Hebrew conjugations are invariably constant in their meaning, his knowledge of the Hebrew language must be far smaller than his name would have led us to expect. But will it be believed that the word in question is not a difficult and unusual, but a very common one; that no one ever dreamt of giving it any other meaning in this passage but that of the English version; that it occurs in numbers of passages where it could have no other possible sense; that Gesenius, the first lexicographic authority, recognises it as unquestionable, and that he only allows a causative meaning in one single passage of the Old Testament, and that one in which a causative meaning is neither obligatory nor, indeed, in our opinion, probable?*

It has been said above, that the hypothesis of a systematic alteration in the numerals of the Pentateuch cannot be absolutely and certainly disproved. But that such a hypothesis would be fatal to Dr. Colenso's objections must not be for a moment allowed. Divide the numbers by ten, and a few of them—as, for example, the discrepancy with regard to the first-born—will fall to the ground; but the most serious of them will still remain in force. It is nearly as difficult to believe that each priest ate eight pigeons a day as that he ate eighty-eight. A nation 250,000 strong is not too large to conquer the tribes of Palestine; but it is far too large to allow the details of the day of the exodus to be believed in their literal sense. It is as impossible to kill 100 lambs a minute as to kill 1000. And, to speak candidly, the enormous numbers agree far better with the whole tenor of the record than their tenth part would. Fourteen thousand die in the plague which followed Korah's sin; twenty-four thousand in that which the intercourse with the Midianites provoked. The Egyptians, their enemies, were strong, and we may well suppose them numerous; but God increased his people exceedingly, says the Psalmist, and made them stronger still. The stars of heaven, the sand by the sea-shore — such are the comparisons which fill the mind of the writer. And when the Mesopotamian prophet comes to curse the chosen people, he goes from peak to peak of the mountain range before he can exhaust the views of the wide encampment. Who could count, he cried, the dust of Jacob, or the number of the fourth part of Israel?

Such arguments as those drawn from the incredibility of

* Since the above was written, Mr. McCaul's second letter has come before us. He supports his charge of gross ignorance against the bishop by trying to prove that in three instances, out of nearly three hundred, the word may perhaps be used in a different sense from that in which the bishop uses it!

the numerical statistics are fully sufficient for the purpose with which the Bishop of Natal writes; the purpose, that is, of rousing ordinary people to a truer conception than they have yet entertained of the character of Old-Testament history. But with thoughtful men—with those who are prepared to judge candidly, and who at the same time can rate arguments at but their fair value—these are not the considerations that are likely to have the greatest weight. In our opinion, the human character of the details of the narrative is made most probable by their anthropomorphism, their incomplete ideas of morality, and, more than all, by their triviality.

Triviality is the strongest charge which the assailants of Bishop Colenso bring against his work; and there is no more telling accusation which he may fairly urge against the superhuman authority of the books about which he writes. The bearings of the charge are worth some attention. The Bible asserts what is impossible, says our author, when it declares that the Israelitish priests went through some specified enormous labour. The most powerful of his assailants replies, with apparent force, "Do not take the awful step of discrediting Scripture on so frivolous a pretext as this!" Let us, above all things, be logical. No argument can be affected in its cogency by the magnitude of the issue at stake. We declare that an inconsistency or impossibility, be it upon a great subject or a small, proves historical error; and it proves it exactly as much in the case of a scriptural statement as in that of a newspaper narrative. To say that a critic attacks Divine Writ with an argument about pigeons, is an unfair way of putting the fact before the public. The critic is not attacking Scripture; he is asserting one view of it, and not another, to be the true one. And though the argument be about pigeons, it is all that he can possibly need if a statement about pigeons can be proved to be unhistorical. That some of the bishop's objections may be frivolous, we are not bound to deny: to amass small cavils is a temptation which every one who enters upon this field of labour well knows that it is extremely difficult to resist; and objections on the score of armour used against the Amalekites, when we hear of no armour before, or a monstrous assembly in a courtyard, which by a free interpretation may be easily stripped of its absurdity, are weak, not because they deal with small subjects, but because they deal with them in a manner that is inconclusive and conjectural. But some of the bishop's reasonings are clear, precise, and cogent; and the charge of triviality must therefore utterly fail. When retorted upon the Pentateuch itself, and the miraculous authority which is claimed for it, it becomes penetrating

and fatal. God has given us powers of judging and appreciating; and to require us to believe that his special, awful, and eternal sanction rests on the statement that Ahira was the son of Enan, is to ask us to believe that which our sense of proportion and our ideas of his majesty cannot but reject and deny.

Before going further, let us make one observation. We do not claim for ourselves, or for the critical school of interpreters, any infallibility. We do not stigmatise the defenders of the old views as idiotic, or their arguments as necessarily futile. We believe conscientiously, and after no light examination, that the new views are the true ones, and that they will prevail. But if any one with his eyes open, and after discarding prejudices and fears, believes that the statement that an omer is the tenth part of an ephah bears the impress of superhuman direction, or that the details of the childbirth of Tamar are profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, we will say no hard words. We will judge them as we hope to be judged. And we hope to be judged as men who, in the sight of Heaven, and with conscience void alike of insincerity and irreverence, desire to find the truth.

Do these five books invariably state what is exactly true, or do they not? Dean Alford, in his Prolegomena to the New Testament, takes, as an example of the differences of the four evangelists, the several versions which they give of the inscription on the cross, and argues that their claim to perfect accuracy is disproved by their inconsistency. Such an argument is good as far as it goes; but it only extends in this case to perfect verbal accuracy. It does not affect the meaning; and in the New Testament there is, as far as we know, only one instance of an apparent positive contradiction in respect of fact—we allude to the accounts of the Passion Week—which no harmonist has been able satisfactorily to reconcile. But many such instances occur in the Old Testament: the books of Chronicles are full of inconsistencies with other books, so marked, that they are by modern critics commonly attributed to design; and we find it impossible to doubt that distinct contradictions also occur in the earlier books. We have selected some twelve, the greater number of which have been already pointed out by previous critics, and offer them without detailed argument, and in the briefest possible form. Many, indeed most, of them have been already propounded, discussed, and "refuted;" they are repeated here on the distinct ground that such refutations have not appeared satisfactory. If in each of the following instances one of the two statements is wholly true, inspired directly by the very Deity, what is to be said of the other?

(*a.*) Ex. xvi. Aaron lays the pot of manna before the testimony, *i. e.* the two tables: in Ex. xxxiv. the tables are made long afterwards. The same implicit contradiction occurs in the mention of the shekel of the sanctuary, before the sanctuary existed.

(*b.*) Ex. xvi. the quails are sent before Sinai: in Numb. xi. after Sinai. This points to the theory of two documents, as also does (*d*).

(*c.*) Numb. xx. the Israelites were refused a passage through Edom: in Deut. ii. 29, the contrary is stated.

(*d.*) In Ex. vi. 3, God is said to have been known to the patriarchs as El Shaddai, and not as Jehovah; yet in Gen. xxii. Abraham names a place Jehovah-jireh.

(*e.*) Ex. xx. sabbath ordained to commemorate the creation: Deut v. to commemorate the deliverance from Egypt, it being expressly stated that "he added no more."

(*f.*) In Exodus the duties of the Levites are very subordinate and distinct: in Deuteronomy the distinction nearly vanishes, and the priests are even called Levites.

(*g.*) In Gen. xlix. the separation of the Levites is represented as a punishment: in Deut. x. as an honour.

(*h.*) In Numb. viii. they were appointed at Sinai: in Deut. x. not till afterwards.

(*i.*) Numb. xiii. 18, the first-born animals are to be eaten by the priests: in Deut. xv. 20, by the owners.

(*k.*) Numb. xxxii. 41. Some villages are named after a son of Manasseh: Judg. x. 4, after one of the judges.

(*l.*) Numb. xxi. the Israelites take all the towns of the Amorites and Bashanites, and leave not a man of the tribe alive: in xxxii. some of them have to do it over again.

(*m.*) Ex. xii. 40, the sojourn in Egypt was 430 years: from a comparison of Ex. vi. 18, 20, and vii. 7, it must have been less than 300.

These are not important inconsistencies; they impair very slightly the value of the narrative. But they seem to indicate that infallibility is not to be looked for. So, too, some of the etymologies given in the course of the story may be fairly pronounced to be mistaken: as in the case of Moses, a word really Egyptian; Noah, which is ungrammatically formed; woman, אִשָּׁה, which in all probability has no etymological connection with אִישׁ, man, as Gen. ii. 23 implies; Cain, which can hardly be derived from the root implying "acquisition." So, too, those parts of the legislation which are contrary to political economy, as the law of usury; or to medical science, as certain directions in Leviticus, which will be hereafter noticed. How unimportant

these things seem! But is it idle to bring them forward as arguments? Is not the idleness rather on the side of those who charge the Deity with the special direction of these minutiæ? No blame to a man for mistaking the derivation of a word; but why constitute the Father of Spirits its author and champion? Let us recognise in all that appeals to our hearts and consciences the voice, the influence, the inspiration, from which every good and perfect thing proceeds; in what deals with genealogies and dates and marches, the traditions of the race and the speculations of the scribe, let us perceive the human hand. To humanise the divine is irreverence; but to deify the human is idolatry.

The theory which assigns the Pentateuch to two or more authors, accounts for the inconsistencies it contains, and implies no bad faith in the writers. It may be convenient to some readers that we should state precisely what the view held by most modern critics is, and what are the chief grounds on which it rests. The "documentary hypothesis" is based on the fact, that the "books of Moses" may be broken up, though not with perfect clearness, into two series of fragments, distinguished by the names Elohim and Jehovah, applied by each severally to the Supreme Being. Critics believe that they can detect a different tone and purpose running through each of these; and there is perhaps a third hand, if not still more, to be discerned, besides these primary two. Hence are supposed to arise the duplicate and slightly-varying stories of the Creation, of Abimelech and Sarah, of the flight of Hagar, of the water at Meribah, of the manna, and others. This view is corroborated by many slight variations, which can hardly be classed as inconsistencies. In Ex. vii. the Passover begins the year; in Ex. xxxiv. 22, the harvest. In Ex. vi. 20, Amram marries his aunt, which the Levitical law forbids. In Ex. vi. Hebron has no sons; in Numb. iii. he has. In Deut. the law is given from Horeb; in Ex. and Lev. from Horeb or Sinai indifferently. In Ex. and Numb. the names of Zipporah's father are hopelessly confused, except on the hypothesis of two authors. The legislation in Deut. is full of kings and prophets, neither of which offices are hinted at in the other books. We need not multiply such instances; but a further argument is to be found in the abrupt transitions which repeatedly occur in the narrative.

The adherents of this view generally suppose that the fragmentary traditions and documents of the race, including perhaps some genuine Mosaic compositions, and, as in Gen. xiv. xxxvi., a few non-Israelite documents, were collected by the Elohist early in the kingly period of the Jewish history, and by the Jehovist

somewhat later. The author of Deuteronomy cannot have lived till a rather late period,—according to Ewald in the reign of Manasseh, according to Bunsen in that of Hezekiah; but the exact time at which the Pentateuch took its present form can only be a matter of conjecture. Such is, in general terms, the prevailing theory. It is not indisputable; we are aware of the arguments on the other side, and some of them are strong; but, on the whole, the weight of proof seems overwhelming on the side of a late authorship. The best of Jewish commentators, Aben Ezra, long ago submitted to its force. Let us attempt a summary of the evidence; premising, at the outset, that the arguments derived from a consideration of the language of the books are nearly equally balanced on each side. In the first place, then, the manner of several passages is that of a writer who lived later than the scenes he describes. "And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness they found a man . . ." is not the tone of a contemporary writer. "The Lord said unto Moses, Write this in a book," seems to imply that Moses was not the author of the whole. In Gen. xii. 6, "the Canaanite was then in the land;" hence when the book was written he had been extirpated. The description of its king without any protest against his appointment could hardly have been written while the theocratic idea was in its full strength. Again, we find allusions to subsequent events in such passages as Deut. ii. 12: ". . . dwelt in their stead; as Israel did unto the land of his possession, which the Lord gave unto them;" and xxviii. 68, "shall bring thee into Egypt again *with ships*." It is difficult to see how Shiloh could be mentioned before the people had reached it; or Laish be spoken of as Dan many years before the colony of Danites occupied the place, a fact virtually anticipated also in Joshua in the position which the tribe of Dan occupies in the enumeration. But more important still is the absence of allusions to the Pentateuch under circumstances which, supposing it in existence, would seem almost to necessitate a reference. If the law of Deut. xvii. 14-20 were extant in the time of Samuel, nothing, it has been well remarked, could possibly have been more appropriate than a reference to it. But what are we to say to the flagrant and almost numberless transgressions of the positive commands of the law by men of good and bad reputation alike, under circumstances of all possible variety, and without the smallest hint throughout that a solemn ordinance was being violated? If there is one injunction in the Pentateuch more emphatically pronounced than the other, it is that which is directed against the assumption of the priests' duties by any but themselves. The sacrifices are to be offered only at one place;

the sons of Aaron alone are to officiate, and the Levites alone to minister. So strict is the law, that Korah, a Levite, even a Kohathite, dies because he covets the dignity of the sons of Aaron. Now compare this with the practice. In the days of Joshua himself a sacrifice is offered at Bochim, though the tabernacle was not there. Later, Gideon, a Manassite, sacrifices at Ophrah; Manoah, a Danite, at Zorah; Micah (whom Hengstenberg accordingly calls a villain) at Mount Ephraim; and the whole people at Bethshemesh and Gilgal. Samuel, whether Ephraimite or Levite, was no priest, and yet he offered sacrifice repeatedly, and in many places. In 1 Sam. xiv. 32, every man is directed to offer a victim for himself. David, of the tribe of Judah, offered sacrifice, though he asked the priests for oracles; he made his sons priests, and Adonijah sacrificed, and Solomon; and when he offered burnt-offerings at the threshing-floor of Araunah, the wrath of Heaven was appeased. As Professor Stanley significantly remarks, "the national religion, down to the time of Hezekiah, may almost be said to have been a religion of high places." Is it conceivable that these men should have known the law, and yet so wantonly transgressed it? Is it possible that the last mentioned can have known—or if they knew it, is it possible that they can have fulfilled—the statute that every king should have a copy of the law written out for his especial use? No less direct are the violations of the law by the earlier prophets who called for the destruction of Edom, though Deut. xxiii. 7 expressly forbids it; and by David and the priests in the slaughter of Saul's unfortunate sons, in face of the distinct command that the iniquity of the fathers shall not be visited on the sons. Surely the natural explanation is, that the law did not then exist in its present state. Lastly, the late date of the composition of the Pentateuch seems proved by such poems as the blessings on the tribes, Moses and Miriam's song, and perhaps Balaam's prophecy. Some readers may be inclined to refer the coincidences which these exhibit with the history of the Israelites to the predictive powers of those in whose mouths they are placed. But when Jacob is made, in blessing his sons as they group around him, to refer to the geographical position which their descendants shall occupy, and the names of their sacred towns; when Miriam, rejoicing after the escape from Egypt, turns her thoughts at once to the temple at Jerusalem which, centuries after, was not yet in existence; when Moses, in blessing the tribes, gives Dan for its locality not the district which it occupied by Joshua's award, but that which it did not seize till after the generation to which he spoke had passed away; and when Balaam, not content with promising the victories of

David, makes historical allusions to subsequent events so minute that we can now form no guess as to their meaning,—we begin to feel that a prophecy, which must have been a simple riddle to the hearers, would not fulfil much of the work which the office of a prophet implied, and that such vaticinations are far more probably to be laid to the account of that poetic instinct which sometimes clothes past ages with the vivid reality of the present, and often delights in endeavouring to contemplate the glories and troubles of the present from the romantic distance of the past.

That the Pentateuch as it now stands was not the work of the Mosaic age, and that it contains some evident inaccuracies, is, then, the result of an attentive criticism of its contents. It follows that we have a right to consider it freely. And now, what reason is there which obliges us to look at it as of a totally different nature, as belonging to a different order of literature from the literature of any other country? It is different in many respects, no doubt. It has a higher antiquity, imparts more valuable information, and is inspired with grander ideas. But why should it be different in kind? It is written in human language, reveals human sympathies and passions, embodies human imagination and poetry. The thoughts of other nations in the earliest ages clothed themselves in legend: why should we not allow that those of the Jews did the same? "The ass said unto Balaam," "*Bos locutus*,"—where is the wide interval between the two assertions, beyond the fact, which we readily allow to the credit of the Jew, that his representation of the marvellous times of old bears a higher stamp of moral and religious earnestness? The gradual change in the tone of the earlier books of Scripture is exactly similar to that of the primitive records of all nations; it begins with pure myths,—surely few will deny that the material Garden of Eden, with its apples of knowledge and of evil, is, whatever its import be, a *myth*,—some idea of good and evil, happiness and sorrow, enshrined in a framework of physical and unreal circumstances. Gradually it advances through the legendary stage, where true and solid history is blended with the subjective colouring of a period which thinks it unsuitable to the dignity of past ages to represent them as exactly like the present; finally, it comes down to the stage when facts are given as they are, with only the errors that accident or imperfect information introduces. How genuine, how real, the offspring of the national mind appears, if viewed in this light! No one who has not tried can tell the delight with which the critic, when he has once thrown off the cramping influence of a fancied superhuman infallibility, enters into the study of the sacred narrative, as something with which he can freely sympathise; and sees in

the early history of the Hebrew race a field for the exercise of all the ingenuity, patience, and skill, which the stories of Greece and Rome have for ages monopolised to themselves.

Jacob, when dying, had Joseph's sons brought before him; Ephraim was the younger, and Manasseh the elder; but the patriarch crossed his hands when he blessed them, and gave Ephraim the birthright before his brother. So it runs in the early traditions of a race of men like ourselves. If stated in the pages of a heathen poet or annalist, we should know how to interpret the story, and we should fix no stigma in our minds on the veracity of the age that produced it. When it comes before us in Genesis, what are we to say? If we are bound to take it as literally true, we read it, and wonder, and pass on. But if no special interpretation or passive acquiescence is prescribed, we may then give it a life and meaning: we may find in it some allusion, it may be, to the fact that Manasseh was the most important tribe at the outset, but was eclipsed by the rising greatness of Ephraim; we may trace its issue in the division of the "eldest" tribe, the varied pursuits, the diverging dialects of the two, their jealousies and fratricidal wars, the dramatic story of Abimelech, the perplexing language of the Psalms.* In which view is the Bible more worthy of study? Balaam's ass, says the book of Numbers, spoke with human voice. With reverence for the Almighty Power which gave us our intellectual faculties as well as our religious instincts, we think it more probable that this quaint legend arose at a later day, from some tradition at which we cannot even guess, than that an ass did really speak as a man. Are we profane for saying so? and are Tholuck and Hengstenberg pious, who conservatively interpret in the very teeth of the narrative itself, and, afraid of sinning against common sense, afraid of impugning the dogma of infallibility, pronounce the scene a vision? It is a question, say Dr. Colenso's opponents, of vast importance. We allow it. That the ideas of Christian men and women of our age should be limited by the thoughts and assertions of the writers of the Pentateuch cannot be lightly thought of. The authors of these books thought that the God of all the earth showed part of his body to Moses. They thought that he commanded the destruction of fifty thousand Midianites, reserving for the priests a number of virgins, which an accurate calculation shows to be just fourteen to each. They thought that he gave directions for ascertaining a fact by evidence of a certain kind, which medical science has proved to be quite inconclusive. They thought that he allowed a slave to be beaten

* Ps. lxxx. 1, 2. The less obvious of the references at the end of this paragraph are to Deut. xxii. 13 21 and Levit. xxvii. 28.

almost to death. On man, and not on God, let us charge these errors. Before a Creator whose goodness is over all his works, a Redeemer who receives the penitent, a Sanctifier who gives purity and courage, we reverently bow the head. In a God who walks in the garden in the cool of the evening—in an Almighty Spirit who gets worsted in a physical wrestling-bout—in a Father who commands human slaughter, if not human sacrifice—we cannot and will not believe.

But our Lord gave his sanction to the belief in the truth of the books of Moses. This, it is plain from all that we have heard and seen of the present controversy, is the real ground of the distrust commonly felt to the advanced school of Biblical criticism. It is a difficult question to handle; and it is one which it is impossible to settle by abstract and metaphysical discussion alone.

The argument seems to be this. Every thing that is reported by the Evangelists as having been spoken by our Lord must be absolutely and perfectly true, admitting of no artificial interpretation, no theory of accommodation to the hearers, or acquiescence in the thoughts of the period, no "explaining away." Now our Lord says that "Moses wrote of me." Therefore the "books of Moses" were actually written by him, and no one else; and—though the argument here becomes less cogent—they are infallible *throughout*.

Early in the history of Hebrew literature, a kingly poet, on one special occasion, found himself almost overwhelmed by reflection on the greatness of God and the littleness of man. He saw every where evidence of a power immeasurably above his own, and gazed with wonder and awe at the puny race to whom the Most High yet deigned to declare his majesty, and even in part to delegate his government. He looked on their ways and doings, and then, in sublime adoration, his thoughts rose up to the glorious universe which the very Godhead filled, the heavens, far above him, which were once the work of his fingers. Of *what!* Can we have read rightly? The eternal Being, whom no human thought can embrace,—the awful Presence, before whom angels veil their faces,—the God of the spirits of all flesh,—does he work with a man's joints and nerves and sinews? The answer is obvious. David so spoke because it was natural to him to speak thus, and other language would have seemed unnatural to his hearers. He did not mean that his words should be taken in a rigidly accurate sense; he meant to convey an idea to his countrymen, and he chose the expressions which they knew, understood, and valued. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the explanation, and nothing would

be more harsh than to expect that the Psalmist, whatever might be the nature of his inspiration, would speak differently. That his words were an instance of simple and natural "accommodation," we shall fully agree in concluding with the most orthodox interpreters of Scripture. We have only, then, to remark that our Lord himself uses the very same expression in the 20th verse of the 11th chapter of St. Luke. "In a metaphorical sense." No doubt; in a sense, that is, in which the words are not to be taken as implying exactly what their obvious and literal acceptation would involve.

Now let us look at the passages upon which this controversy turns. "When Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." No one will deny that "the books of Moses" was the term by which the Pentateuch was known to the Jews. He was the subject of those books; and gradually, though not, as far as we can tell, till a late period, the idea sprang up that he was the author too. We, too, speak of the book of Joshua as the book which tells of Joshua's doings, without reference to the question of authorship. "For Moses declareth the righteousness," &c. That is, the book of Moses does so. What other term was St. Paul to use, even supposing, what we could not grant seriously, that St. Paul was omniscient in matters of literary criticism, and was perfectly aware who it was that penned the very words? If an angel from heaven were to come and speak of the Sonnets of Anacreon, or the Second Epistle of St. Peter, we should not think him bent on deceiving us, on the ground that neither poems nor epistle were, in all probability, written by the authors whose names they familiarly bear. "Moses hath in every city them that preach him." The same argument holds good. "If ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me." We say, with confidence and with seriousness, that it holds good still. "He wrote of me." The emphasis, it will be remarked, is on the last word of the sentence, not on the first. The sentence does not mean that the author of the Pentateuch distinctly and lucidly composed certain writings on the professed subject of our Lord's person; it means that the bearing and aim of what he wrote was towards Christ's kingdom and revelation. If such be the case, as it clearly is, why should one word of the sentence be forced into rigid accuracy more than the rest? Moses wrote of me: that is, the "books of Moses" implicitly contain what points to me. There is no more forcing of an unnatural sense here than there is in the explanation which we are compelled to put upon the phrase "the finger of God."

Do we, then, mean to assert, it may be asked, that the earlier books of the Jews are a mere tissue of fable and falsehood? Certainly not. No race has given to the world such insight into primitive history, or inspired it with so lofty a religious spirit. Compare it with the Vedas; the early traditions of a race akin to ourselves are worthless by the side of the records of this Semitic people, whose history is the only history, and their poetry the only poetry, that millions of Christians have ever read or heard. Four thousand years ago, one family, the sons of Abraham, who traced their origin to the plains of the Euphrates, separated themselves from the Canaanites, perhaps their kinsmen, and carved out a history for themselves. All we know of their religious institutions at that early period is, that they, with some few others, of whom but a trace is left, served the most high God. The necessities and chances of an Arab life made them dwellers for a time in Egypt, the land of civilisation and culture. Of their hegira from that house of bondage, the genius of their leader, the rapid organisation which he planted among their still half-savage tribes, the wild life which they led for years in the country south and east of Jordan, the long struggle by which they won their land,—tradition only, which yet left the name of Moses to lie dormant among them for centuries, and a few fragmentary documents, preserved the marvellous record. But it was handed down among them with a fidelity which lasted through centuries of trouble and anarchy, that the God whom they served had led his people like sheep, and done wonders in the field of Zoan. It is this belief, this determinate monotheism, the sacred heirloom of the tribe, which gives to the political history of Israel its wonderful charm and interest. For a change came quickly over the temper of the nation. In what way the kingly spirit and the centralising tendencies of the priesthood struggled against the old simplicity of worship and government, we have but here and there a trace. In the conflicts of Samuel and Saul, maintained in spirit through generations of kings and prophets, we have these two elements at work—the element of political order and religious ordinance, and the element of patriarchal loyalty to the theocracy. David, the most wonderful character of Jewish history, after long warfare, and not without the aid of foreign body-guards, usurped and held the kingdom, and to some extent reconciled the two. But succeeding ages show the same struggle again. Ceremony and system—the Scylla of a nation which is in peril of losing the early vividness of its faith—battled with fanaticism, its Charybdis. Priests against prophets,—we know which side our European sympathies will take. Not that the priestly spirit

had not its good side; it was for political progress, for order, for literature. The devotional spirit, which it combined with its own ritualism and engrafted on the fervour of its opponents, shows itself in the loftiness of Jeremiah, and the impassioned oratory of Deuteronomy. But the prophets were the salt of the Hebrew nation. When liberal alliances would have endangered the faith of the nation, these aristocrats of religious purity denounced them in words of fire. When a corrupt priestcraft held up its sacrifices and cleansings for a people to fall down and worship, it was they who tore the veil from its hypocrisies, and claimed the sacrifice of the heart. And in the end, when the miserable and defeated nation saw no hope or refuge left for their ambition, and were ready to bow down to the idols which it had been their ancestral mission to denounce, it was they who held up Messianism before their weary eyes, that never-failing solace of the oppressed, and even dared to proclaim, in lieu of their earthly sovereignty, a spiritual supremacy of the world, and a kingdom that should never pass away. So runs the history of the race who seem, more than all others in the world, to have lived indeed in earnest. They are our religious forefathers; their old records have a meaning for us, and the very poetry which colours them is almost sacred to our eyes. To condemn them to oblivion would be to sacrifice much more than the mere tale of the journeys and battles of a tribe. They are the treasures of a nation of whose mission in the world we ourselves have reaped the fruit. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!

And yet Christianity, civilisation, labour, have educated us to see the defects of what we so highly prize. We miss, as it is natural we should, severity of historic truth in a nation in whom the critical faculty absolutely had no existence; and we detect unworthy ideas of the Deity and his government in the writings of men whom it needed a higher faith to purify and exalt. The result is, that of the exact nature of the events recorded, the historic reality of many details, the extent to which fact has become mixed with legend, we must patiently remain in ignorance. A "mythic" theory has tried to sift this, as other narratives, and failed; pure rationalism has tried, and with no better success. No one who has studied Exodus with care will deny that much of it is true. A conscientious inquiry makes it evident that part of it is not. Where the line is to be drawn, how far we may implicitly trust the record, no labour can with certainty determine. Here, as elsewhere, the truest philosophy will be the first to confess its own impotence.

There is one school of writers from whose enervating in-

fluence English theology may specially pray to be delivered. Open intolerance, stubborn prejudice, are obstacles which may be attacked with simple arguments, and from a sure footing. The most useful auxiliary to the cause of reactionary interpretation is that tone of mingled patronage and contempt which implies an involuntary respect for the theories to which outward circumstances alone necessitate an apparent opposition. There are some writers whose views are just liberal enough to add additional zest to their hatred of intellectual thoroughness. So far as they know the truth, the truth has made them slaves. It is a poor compromise between conscience on the one hand and literary obligations on the other, to imply an obscure assent to an opinion, and make up for it by abusing its advocate. Writers in such a position are forced into a dogmatism which betrays itself by its very acrimony. To urge that Dr. Colenso's book is worthless because some texts are quoted inaccurately, shows feebleness of judgment. To infer that because he states questions in detail, his arguments must therefore be superficial, indicates want of logical power. To blame the bishop for publicly supporting a view, and at the same time to hint its truthfulness, is an inconsistency which argues either dulness or hypocrisy, or both. Such writers may be simply told, that the contempt which they profess recoils on them with augmented force from the candid students of theology. Even their half-hearted and disguised support brings little credit to the cause of honesty and courage. Not with such weapons as these, nor with such champions to lead the fight, is the battle of progress and of religious liberty to be fought.

The mass of Englishmen would be surprised if they knew how tumultuously the spirit of rebellion against religious dogmatism, and specially the dogma of biblical infallibility, is seething in the breasts of men who yet shrink from notoriety and the odium which it brings. As a body, the educated world has discarded these notions already. Among the younger generation of students the Bible is freely regarded as open to unfettered criticism. It is only in public and in print that they fear to be candid; among one another they take the question for granted. Religious liberty is the watchword of the tacit understanding which prevails in literary society on the subject. For severe criticism all men have not the leisure or the inclination; but upon the right to criticise, and the general result of this particular discussion, the writers and thinkers of the nation are in an accordance of which the dogmatists little dream. It is not a healthy state of things. It is a bad thing that the students should be so far ahead of the actors in the world; and it presses

with a terrible weight upon those who are newly setting out on the path of study. The sense of encountering at every onward step the mandate of opinion and authority, the consciousness that the road to biblical investigation is paved with anathemas, bears more heavily on the candid inquirer than we care to picture. For that terror, that agony, which rolls with overwhelming pain upon so many minds when they first are forced to examine the truth of what they have been taught, the fatal prejudices of past generations are responsible. Perhaps there is no suffering in the world more keen than that of religious doubt. May Heaven forgive those who, by overloading belief and stifling inquiry, make its pangs more severe! "A shell shot into the fortress of the soul! Cast it out!" cries episcopal placidity. "Doubt manfully on, till labour brings conviction!" we reply. He who despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful, will care as much for the distresses of honest scepticism as for the panics of startled orthodoxy.

"These difficulties are left as a trial of our faith." From our childhood up we have ever regarded *that* as a cruel and wicked fallacy. Doubts are to be solved either by intellectual or by moral means. If by intellectual reasoning, the issue cannot depend upon religious faith; if by moral determination, we reject with all the emphasis of which we are capable the doctrine, that there is any other virtue which can enter into the examination of a controversial problem than honesty, energy, and perseverance. Yes; perhaps they are given to us as a trial of faith, to see if we have strength to work them out. That courage and trust can be but faint which shrinks from inquiry from dread of its uncertain issue. Let us repay God's gift of intellect by honest and trustful use of it. Fear indeed hath torment; but perfect love casteth out fear.

There are some who look into these questions, some who read this treatise of the bishop, who will feel, as they concede a reluctant assent to its arguments, that the prop of life has suddenly been taken from them. They will think, sadly enough, that if the Book on which they have learnt to depend for strength and solace is now withdrawn from their adoration, there is nothing left to fill its place. For years perhaps they have hung on its pages with rapture; they have yielded implicit obedience to its laws; they have fled to its promises for comfort; they have trusted to its sentences for wisdom. Now it seems as if a heartless criticism were stepping in between them and their God, and robbing them of all that is precious in the world. As the awful divinity of its pages seems to fade away, they fancy that

the air they breathe seems colder, and the scenes they gaze upon less bright. The newer interpretations may be true, the old theories may turn out mistaken; but it is all that they have had to bear them through the manifold trials of life. Like Sir Bedivere, they seem to step onward into a world that knows them not.

> "And I, the last, go forth companionless,
> And the days darken round me, and the years,
> Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

So be it. God fulfils himself in many ways. To such as these a superhuman record may have been the fit instrument to lead them through the perilous journey of the world; none the less must those who live with the labours of the past and their own consciences to guide them tread boldly wherever their judgment leads. The camps are not hostile; the paths are not divergent. Or, if human passions and the ignorance that is in us bring trouble and enmity for a time between those who profess each to fight for truth, there is yet a unity that lies deeper than their differences; there is a harmony which in the sight of Heaven their discords cannot avail to drown; there is a sympathy which, beyond the feuds of criticism and the jarring subtleties of debate, binds in one those who labour for the same high calling, and name the same holy name.

Art. II.—ORLEY FARM.

Orley Farm. By Anthony Trollope. Chapman and Hall. 1862.

M. Forgues has recently taken occasion, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to express, under the unflattering title of "Dégénérescence du Roman," his views as to the present state of English fiction, and the future prospects of English morality. As he grounds his opinion in the one case on a survey of about a dozen of the most worthless stories of the day, and in the other on the revelations of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's court, it is natural enough that the account which he gives of us should be of a somewhat gloomy and humiliating character. With perfect good humour, and with a polite vindictiveness, the fruit evidently of prolonged provocation, he turns the laugh of his audience against the affected severity of our social code, the delicacy of our taste, and the boasted prudery of our literature. British mothers, he says, look upon a French novel as "the

abomination of desolation," and British youths veil their faces in pious horror before the innuendos of Paul de Kock, the eager voluptuousness of Dumas, or the ingenious impurity of Ernest Feydau. And yet, continues our frank monitor, England stands a good chance of descending from her pinnacle, and proving herself, in outward demonstration, no better than her neighbours. Such exposures as the Windham trial show that profligacy is much the same on one side of the Channel as the other, and the activity of the Divorce Court bespeaks an unhallowed restlessness in the matrimonial world. On the other hand, free trade is likely enough to extend from material to intellectual productions: along with the vintage of Bordeaux and the silks of Lyons, the sturdy Puritans are day by day imbibing the lax notions of less austere communities; and England, whose *métier* it has been to lecture the rest of Europe on improprieties, already possesses a race of novelists who want only the liveliness of their neighbours and the tricks of the trade, to be as viciously entertaining, and to gratify their own and their readers' improper cravings and unchastened sensibilities, by delineations as daring, a levity as complete, a license as openly avowed, as any thing that Eve's latest and most degenerate daughters can pluck from the fruit-trees of forbidden knowledge in the lending libraries of Paris.

Such a work as *Orley Farm* is perhaps the most satisfactory answer that can be given to so disagreeable an imputation. Here, it may fairly be said, is the precise standard of English taste, sentiment, and conviction. Mr. Trollope has become almost a national institution. The *Cornhill* counts its readers by millions, and it is to his contributions, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that the reader first betakes himself. So great is his popularity, so familiar are his chief characters to his countrymen, so wide-spread is the interest felt about his tales, that they necessarily form part of the common stock-in-trade with which the social commerce of the day is carried on. If there are some men in real life whom not to know argues oneself unknown, there are certainly imaginary personages on Mr. Trollope's canvas with whom every well-informed member of the community is expected to have at least a speaking acquaintance. The disappointment of Sir Peregrine, the boyish love of his grandson, the conceited transcendentalism of Lucius Mason, the undeserved prosperity of Graham, the matrimonial troubles of the Furnival establishment, and the high life below stairs to which Mr. Moulder and his travelling companion introduce us, —have probably been discussed at half the dinner-tables in London, as often and with as much earnestness as Royal Academies, International Exhibitions, the last mail from America,

Sir William Armstrong's newest discovery in the science of destruction, or any other of the standing conversational topics on which the conventional interchange of thought is accustomed to depend. The characters are public property, and the prolific imagination which has called them into existence is, without doubt, the most accurate exponent of the public feeling, and of that sort of social philosophy which exercises an unperceived, but not less actual, despotism over the life and conscience of every individual who forms a unit in the great aggregate of society. More than a million people habitually read Mr. Trollope, and they do so because the personages in his stories correspond to something in themselves: the hopes, fears, and regrets, are such as they are accustomed to experience; the thoughtfulness is such as they can appreciate; the standard of conduct just that to which they are prepared to submit. It becomes, therefore, an interesting inquiry to see what are the principal characteristics of an author in whom so large a section of the community sees as it were its own reflection, and who may himself unhesitatingly be accepted as the modern type of a successful novelist:—how far are we justified, with *Orley Farm* in our hands, in rebutting M. Forgues' accusations, and in maintaining that neither in literature nor morality has the period of English degeneracy as yet commenced.

One part of the charge may, we think, be very speedily disposed of. If the popularity of the portrait is the result of its truthfulness, and English life is at all what Mr. Trollope paints it, whatever its other failings may be, it is at any rate a very correct affair; writer and readers alike look at the performance from a strictly moral point of view: there is a general air of purity, innocence, and cheerfulness. The Bohemians that now and then flit across the stage are the tamest imaginable, and are only just sufficiently Bohemian to be picturesque without violating propriety. There are occasional villains of course, but they seem to belong to an outer world, with which the audience has so little in common that it can afford to treat their crimes as a matter of mere curiosity. The low Jewish attorney, the brass-browed Old Bailey practitioner, Mr. Moulder in his drunken moods, Dockwrath in his revengeful spite,—are none of them models of what gentlemen and Christians should be; but they are never brought sufficiently near to display the full proportions of their guilt, or to suggest the possibility of contamination. The real interest of the story is concentred upon well-to-do, decorous, and deservedly prosperous people, who solve, with a good deal of contentment and self-satisfaction, the difficult problem of making the most both of this world and the next.

The family of the Staveleys is in this way perhaps the most characteristic group which Mr. Trollope has as yet produced. They are thoroughly successful, and their success is well deserved; they have a calm, well-ordered, and healthily unobtrusive religion; they are quite above intrigue, shabbiness, or malevolence. Lady Staveley is a model as wife, mother, and mother-in-law; and Madeline, though she falls rather more precipitately in love than that *bien rangée* young lady should, is on the whole just such a daughter as a Lady Staveley would wish to have. The Christmas party at Noningsby could have been written only by a man who had experienced and appreciated the enjoyment of a well-ordered, hospitable, unpretentious country-house, where there are plenty of children, wealth enough to rob life of its embarrassments, simplicity enough to allow of a little romping and flirtation, and where every member of the family is on confidential terms with all the rest. Among the guests are a vulgar scheming young woman, the daughter of a London barrister; a nice simple lad, heir to a neighbouring baronet; and Felix Graham, clever, talkative, and agreeable, but ugly and penniless, and encumbered moreover with "an angel of light," in the shape of a young lady whom he has rescued from poverty, supplied with the rudiments of education, and promised, some day or other, to make his wife. Every thing is, however, perfectly innocent; and Graham, having been guilty of nothing but a generous indiscretion, proceeds forthwith to throw the angel of light into the background, and to fall in love with the young lady of the house. There are Christmas games in the evening for the children; and Graham is selected by one of them as her champion, and effects on her behalf a successful raid upon the snap-dragon, over which Miss Staveley is presiding as ghost and dragoness.

"'Now Marian,' he says, bringing her up in his arms.

'But it will burn, Mr. Felix; look there, see, there are a great many at that end. You do it.'

'I must have another kiss, then.'

'Very well, yes, if you get five;' and then Felix dashed his hand in among the flames and brought out a fistful of fruit, which imparted to his fingers and wristband a smell of brandy for the rest of the evening.

'If you take so many at a time, I shall rap your knuckles with the spoon,' said the ghost, as she stirred up the flames to keep them alive.

'But the ghost shouldn't speak,' said Marian, who was evidently unacquainted with the best ghosts in tragedy.

'But the ghost must speak when such large hands invade the caldron;' and then another raid was effected, and the threatened blow

was given. Had any one told her in the morning that she would that day have rapped Mr. Graham's knuckles with a kitchen-spoon, she would not have believed that person. But it is so that hearts are lost and won."

All the point in this sort of scene depends on the innocence of the performers; and it is because Mr. Trollope can manufacture passages of the kind in any quantity required, that he has made himself the favourite writer of the day. The people on whose behalf he interests one are thoroughly sterling, warm-hearted, and excellent. Every body would be glad to spend Christmas at Noningsby, to go for a walk on Sunday afternoon with the good-natured old judge, to have a chat with Lady Staveley, and to receive a rap on the knuckles from Miss Madeline. What every body would be glad to do, every body likes to read about, and hence a universal popularity without either an exciting plot or forcible writing, or the least pretence at real thoughtfulness, to support it. Contrast Mr. Trollope in this respect with such a writer as the author of *Guy Livingston*, his superior certainly in melodramatic conception, in vivid scene-painting, brilliant dialogue, and in familiarity with several amusing phases of life. Not all the ability, however, of *Guy Livingston* and its successors can force them into popularity against the steady dislike and disapproval which their loose tone excites. Throughout them there is an aroma of indelicacy, a half-admiration of profligacy, a familiarity with crime, which an English audience finds it impossible to forgive. There are, no doubt, sets of people whose proceedings and sentiments they correctly represent; but the great mass of readers regard them with aversion, and if they consent, for the sake of an amusing story, to make a transient acquaintance with the personages who play it out, accord them no welcome to their memories, and reject the whole picture as a libel upon modern society. When M. Forgues assures us that we are corrupt, and that our novels prove it, it would be enough, as regards this country, to contrast the fate of such books as *Sword and Gown* with that of *Orley Farm*, and, with respect to France, to remind him that such a volume as has within the last few weeks proceeded from the pen of M. Edmond About, at one time the most decent as well as the wittiest of his profession, would be unhesitatingly refused admission to every English library or railway-stall, and would certainly forfeit for its author not only literary reputation and general popularity, but would make him an outcast from all respectable society.

But if we reject the imputation of one kind of degeneracy, it should be admitted that the success of Mr. Trollope's school of writing suggests the possibility of another. Such delinea-

tions are, to say the truth, but very low art; and while they do not corrupt the morals, they may degrade the tastes, and foster the weaknesses of those for whose edification they are contrived. Mr. Trollope, it has been truly said, is a mere photographer; he manipulates with admirable skill, he groups his sitters in the most favourable attitudes, he contrives an endless series of interesting positions; but he never attains to the dignity of an artist. He has a quick eye for external characteristics, and he paints exclusively from without. He does not make us intimate with his characters, for the excellent reason that he is very far from being intimate with them himself. He watches their behaviour, their dress, their tone of voice, their expression of countenance, and he makes very shrewd guesses at their dispositions; but there is a veil in each one of their characters, behind which he is not privileged to pass, and where real conceptive genius could alone suffice to place him. Almost every nature has depths about it somewhere, with all sorts of moral curiosities at the bottom, if one has plummet deep enough to sound them. It is the inclination to do this, and the mental energy to do it with ability and discrimination, that constitute poetic power, and which give to writers like Charlotte Brontë or the authoress of *Adam Bede* so deep a hold over the interests and affections of the reader. When they have finished a portrait, one seems to have seen it through and through: it is a conception, created in their minds and brought visibly before their readers, by scenes so contrived as to bring the most secret passions into play, "to try the very reins and the heart," and to show the true nature of the actor more clearly even than he sees it himself. Mr. Trollope sets to work in quite another fashion. He arms himself, in the first place, with a number of commonplaces on religion, morals, politics, social and domestic philosophy. These supply his theory of life, and beyond them, in his most imaginative moments, he never raises his eye; but, accepting them as a creed, and as the ultimate explanation of all around him, he watches the society in which he lives, and elaborates a series of complications, which interest, partly from the sympathy one feels for pretty, nicely-dressed, and well-behaved young ladies, and partly from a natural curiosity to see how the author will get himself out of the scrape into which the evolution of the story has brought him. This sort of writing can never produce a profound emotion, and leaves us at last with a sense of dissatisfaction. Mr. Trollope himself seems to feel that it falls short of the requirements of a real emergency, and screens the defect by implying conversations, feelings, and expressions which he does not choose precisely to delineate. It is precisely these that we want to have, if we are to care in the

least about the characters of the tale, and in their absence we feel a void exactly proportionate to the interest previously excited. Take, for instance, the case of Lady Mason: nothing could be more exciting than the position assigned to her. She is beautiful, engaging, refined; an old country gentleman of high standing is her accepted lover, and she has just confessed to him that she has for twenty years been living on the proceeds of perjury and forgery, for which she is about, in a few weeks, to be brought into a court of justice. Sir Peregrine Orme, who was to have been her husband, sees of course the impossibility of his marriage; and Mrs. Orme, his widow daughter, and Lady Mason's confidential friend, proceeds to offer advice, consolation, and forgiveness. "Many," says Mr. Trollope, "will think that she was wrong to do so, and I fear it must be acknowledged that she was not strong-minded. By forgiving her, I do not mean that she pronounced absolution for the sin of past years, or that she endeavoured to make the sinner think that she was no worse for her sin. Mrs. Orme was a good churchwoman, but not strong individually in points of doctrine. All that she left mainly to the woman's conscience and her own dealings with her Saviour, merely saying a word of salutary counsel as to a certain spiritual pastor who might be of aid. But Mrs. Orme forgave her as regarded herself."

This seems to us about the most feeble way of getting through a striking scene that it is possible to conceive, and the suggestion of calling in the clergyman puts the finishing touch to the "mildness" of the whole. Contrast it, for instance, with the description of Miriam and Donatello, in *Transformation*, after the commission of the murder, or with that of the heroine of the *Scarlet Letter* after the discovery of her guilt. It is mere trifling to slur the scene over with hack religious phrases, to send for the parson just as one would for the parish engine, and calmly to pretermit the exact tragical *dénouement* to which the whole story has been leading up. Later on in the book we have a glimpse of the sort of consolation which, we suppose, the "certain spiritual pastor" administered on his arrival. "No lesson," the author more than once informs us, "is truer than that which teaches us that God does temper the wind to the shorn lamb." A shorn lamb! and this of a woman whose whole life has been one long lie, whose every act has been studied for a hypocritical purpose, and who is driven to reluctant confession at last, not from any sudden conviction of guilt, not because she finds the burden of her solitary crime becoming absolutely intolerable, not because in an agony of fatigue and remorse she tears off the mask she has worn with such suffering endurance, —but because she is not wretch enough to incur the infamy of

involving a noble old man in the disgrace and ruin which she knows, and which other people know, is shortly about to break upon herself.

There are, no doubt, people going about the world with secrets locked up in their hearts, to the safe custody of which, as of some ferocious wild beast, their whole existence is devoted. The Spartan lad with the hidden fox gnawing his flesh is probably no exaggeration of the agonies they endure, and the heroic self-restraint which concealment necessitates. "Let the great gods," cries Lear in the thunder-storm,

> "Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
> That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
> Unwhipped of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
> Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,
> That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
> That under covert and convenient seeming
> Hast practised on man's life!"

The tragedy of such careers is a dark one, and the artist who essays to paint it must be prepared with a courageous hand, intense colouring, and shades and lights in more striking contrast than are to be found in the mere conventional routine of ordinary society. Hypocrisy is a painful trade, and must make itself felt over an entire character, where once its employment has become essential. Lady Mason, after twenty years of it, would have been something very different from the calm, handsome, well-dressed, but impressible and half-coquettish woman to whom Mr. Trollope introduces us. Her experience would have put her beyond the reach of such gentle ministrations as Mrs. Orme's, and would have made it impossible for her in the crisis of her fate to behave like a silly impressible school-girl. Imposture "should be made of sterner stuff," and the sternness should be evidenced by a resolution, a courage, prepared nerves, a daring spirit, a readiness to run risk and encounter disaster, such as we find no trace of in Mr. Trollope's creation. Repentance, when it comes, must be the result of something more than accident, and remorse, if it is to be real, must require deeper comfort than little bits of texts, pet curates, and pretty proverbs.

How tragical does such a position become in the hands of a really pathetic writer! Who has not almost shuddered at Hood's description of the utter isolation, the nervous watchfulness, the growing horror of the secret criminal living alone amid the crowd of innocent school-boys?—

> "Peace went with them one and all,
> And each calm pillow spread;
> But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
> That lighted me to bed,
> And drew my midnight curtains round
> With fingers bloody red."

Eugene Aram lives in one's thoughts as a reality; Lady Mason fades into indistinctness as soon as Mr. Millais's pretty sketches of a graceful sentimental woman, always *bien mise* and always in an appropriate attitude, have ceased to enlist our sympathies or arouse our curiosity.

But if Mr. Trollope's position in the artistic world is not very high, it is to this very circumstance that he probably owes much of his reputation. He travels with great agility, it is true, but never in a region where the million readers of *The Cornhill* find the least difficulty in following him. He paints life in its easy, superficial, intelligible aspects. Felix Graham and Lucius Mason, who are intended to be originals, deviate in no essential quality from the ten thousand other young men who might with equal propriety have been introduced to fill their place. Lucius is on the whole a greater fool than Graham, and being less of a gentleman, lets his folly escape in more disagreeable ways; but neither of them suggests any real rebellion against the actual constitution of society, the theories by which life is shaped, and the maxims which the majority at once obey for themselves and inflict upon others. The whole picture is full of sunshine; the tragedy of life, of which every man is conscious in his graver moments, and which at some particular crisis absorbs his thoughts,—the grave doubts, the painful struggles, the miserable anxieties, the humiliating defeats, all that makes the world something else than a mere playground for children or a bed of roses for idlers,—find no place in the cheerful, sanguine, well-to-do philosophy which feeds the perennial font of Mr. Trollope's fictions. "Si vis me flere," says the Roman instructor in the art of influencing others, "dolendum est Primum ipsi tibi." People like Charlotte Brontë speak out of the fulness of their heart, when they depict the sufferings of our existence, and they infect us with sympathy for vicissitudes, disappointments, or regrets, with which each of us has something in common. They go nearer the truth, and they teach us a worthier lesson than he whom a good-natured superficiality and a perilous influx of success prevent from looking into the gloomy caverns which surround him, from visiting the chamber where he, like his neighbours, has a skeleton on guard, and from indulging in the aspirations to which suffering flies for refuge, and which alone saves the miserable from despair.

A world of Lady Staveleys would be, after all, a poor concern, and angels like Madeline would be the inhabitants of a duller heaven than even that which conventional theology has depicted as the future residence of the blest. Contentment is a noble achievement, but it must not be the content of a mere material well-being, of shallow thought, of slight insight, of

narrow scope. It is to this sort of mood that Mr. Trollope's stories are calculated to minister; and by fostering it, they perhaps do as much towards lowering the dignity, enfeebling the energies, and coarsening the prevailing taste of the times, as if they in any tangible particular violated the conventional standard of decorum. The mass of second-rate people is preserved from corruption only by a leaven of genius, and the world goes its way in peace only because a few men here and there are sensitive enough to appreciate its catastrophes, and bold enough to infringe its rules, question its methods, and attack its abuses. Without them we should degenerate into that Lilliputian congeries of petty interests, timid thoughts, and unworthy ambitions, which Béranger, with a gloomy mirth, depicted as the approaching condition of his countrymen:

"Combien d'imperceptibles êtres!
De petits jésuites bilieux!
De milliers d'autres petits prêtres
Qui portent de petits bons dieux!
Béni par eux tout dégénére,
Par eux la plus vieille des cours
N'est plus qu'un petit séminaire:
Mais les barbons regnent toujours!

Tout est petit,—palais, usines,
Science, commerce, beaux arts,—
De bonnes petites famines
Désolent de petits remparts;
Sur la frontière mal fermée
Marche, au bruit de petits tambours,
Une pauvre petite armée:
Mais les barbons regnent toujours!"

Some such danger seems to us, we confess, to impend over a generation for which such contrivances as *The Cornhill* secure an infinity of "Orley Farms," and which seduces an artist like Mr. Millais from his legitimate occupations to draw little commonplace sketches of commonplace life, with be-crinolined young ladies fresh from the pages of *Le Follet*, and incidents whose trivialities his pencil alone could rescue from being absolutely vulgar.

When we have said, however, that Mr. Trollope is incapable of conceiving a tragedy, or of doing justice to it when circumstances bring it in his way, we have well nigh exhausted the complaints that need be brought against him. It is a more agreeable task to touch upon the many excellent qualities which have concurred in recommending him to the good will of his countrymen. His pages are unsullied by a single touch of malice, unkindness, or revenge. His amusing sketch in *The Warden* of three bishops, given as a burlesque account of

the three sons of the archdeacon, proves that he could, if he pleased, be personal to the greatest effect; and every author must have little spites and dislikes of his own, which only a resolute good feeling can prevent from intruding upon his canvas. Mr. Trollope never sins in this respect, and his immunity from this failing might well be accepted as an apology for a host of minor delinquencies. Another great charm is, that the author is for the most part kept well out of sight, and if he appears, shows himself thoroughly interested in the piece, and sincerely desirous that his audience should be so likewise. Mr. Thackeray's curious taste for careless, rambling, "round-about" writing, and the clever knack he has of making the most of "an infinite deal of nothing," has set the fashion to a host of imitators, who do not scruple to stop at every convenient point of their narration to indulge in a few personal confidences, and enunciate their views about their story, themselves, or the world in general. Mr. Thackeray, in particular, loses no opportunity of, so to speak, yawning in public; saying how dreadfully tiresome his novels are to him, how he falls asleep over them at the club, and strongly recommends his friends to do the same. Mr. Trollope has no touch of this affectation; he does his very best: he believes in the piece, he detests the villains, admires the heroes, and can scarcely refrain from caressing his pet heroine when she crosses his path. If he comes for a few moments on the stage, it is only to bustle about, to adjust the ropes, to hurry the scene-shifters, and to assure the beholders that no pains are being spared for their entertainment. Mr. Thackeray, on the contrary, lolls in dressed in a dressing-gown and slippers, stretches his arms, cries, "Eheu! fugaces,—monsieur, mon cher confrère;" and acknowledges that he has often done vilely before, but never so vilely as on the present occasion.

Mr. Trollope does not, however, invariably preserve the wholesome rule of impersonality. Though a thorough optimist, and believing in his heart that the world is the best of all possible worlds, he has one or two little grievances which keep us just short of absolute perfection. With characteristic carelessness and high spirits, he points out the tiny flaw which he has discovered, and adds a scarcely serious murmur to the general chorus of complaint. One of his troubles, for instance, is, that there should be such wicked people as lawyers in the world, and he grows quite sentimental over the circumstance that gentlemen should put off their consciences when they put on their wigs, and consent, for the small remuneration of one guinea, to make the worse appear the better cause. In support of his views, he has constructed an elaborate trial scene, with a proper appa-

ratus of bullying counsel, lying attorneys, frightened witnesses, and, finally, frustrated justice. A discriminating critic, who appears to write with professional enthusiasm, has been at the pains to tear the whole thing to pieces, and to show that in every essential particular Mr. Trollope did not know what he was talking about, that no such facts as those on which he grounds his insinuation could possibly exist, and that all but a few black sheep in the profession do precisely what Mr. Trollope says that they ought. So much good labour seems to us in a large degree wasted upon a writer with whom instruction is necessarily subsidiary to amusement, and who scarcely pretends to any but the most superficial acquaintance with the evils of which he complains. Some of the details of the trial, especially the cross-examination by the counsel for the defence, are so ludicrously unlike real life, that it is evident Mr. Trollope's visits to a court of justice have been few and far between, and have left on his mind only a vague and indistinct impression, which nothing but the haze in which it is involved preserves from instant exposure. Ideas of this kind hardly admit of being definitely stated, but may be easily insinuated in the course of a story constructed for the purpose of exemplifying them. Witnesses, no doubt, are sometimes bullied into confusion and even forgetfulness; but Mr. Trollope cannot seriously mean that when a poor fool like Kenneby gets into the box to swear away another person's life or character, his capacity to remember any thing, and the degree in which he actually does remember the particular facts in question, ought not to be tested with the utmost severity. It is curious that, in the very case which Mr. Trollope frames in his own support, the performers do precisely that which justice required. Mr. Chaffanbrass, from the Old Bailey, may have been a great rogue; but he acted quite properly, and served the general interests of society in demonstrating that Dockwrath had private motives of the very strongest kind for supporting the prosecution, just as Mr. Furnival acted quite properly in showing that Kenneby had only half his wits about him, and had no such accurate recollection of a matter which happened twenty years before as to justify a conviction for perjury. Mr. Trollope probably meant nothing more than that barristers are sometimes vulgar and unscrupulous, and judges sometimes petulant and overbearing; but he should beware of discussing as a grievance that which is really a necessity, and of grounding on imaginary and impossible facts an imputation on the honour and good faith of a profession which certainly contains in its ranks as many scrupulous and high-minded gentlemen as any other.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the same sort of unsubstantial complaint thrown in without any real conviction,

as a sort of sentimental garnishing to a matter-of-fact narrative. In his last tale, for instance, the author stops in the midst of the description of a village to contrast our present ideas of rural grandeur with those of our forefathers. In old times the good squire "sat himself down close to his God and his tenants," and placed his house so as "to afford comfort, protection, and patronage" to those around him; nowadays "a solitude in the centre of a park is the only eligible site; no cottage must be seen but the cottage *orné* of the gardener; the village, if it cannot be abolished, must be got out of sight; the sound of the church-bells is not desirable," &c.; in fact, the present race of country gentlemen are a sad falling away from the traditional benevolence of their race. Does Mr. Trollope, we wonder, really believe this? What is the golden age with which the present iron epoch is contrasted? Does he look back with a loving eye upon feudal times and the "droits de seigneurie"? or are we wrong in believing that the maxim, that property has duties as well as rights, has never been more thoroughly accepted than in our day, and that the squires of England, more perhaps than any other class of proprietors in existence, are alive to the responsibilities of their position, and struggling conscientiously "to afford comfort, protection, and patronage" of the most substantial sort to their poorer neighbours?

We can afford to touch only upon one other characteristic of Mr. Trollope's writings, to which he would, we think, do well to pay attention,—their occasional broad vulgarity. He drops every now and then with suspicious ease into a society which is simply repulsive in its stupid coarseness; and as he has not the extravagant fun that Dickens pours over low life, and which has immortalised such personages as Mrs. Gamp, these parts of Mr. Trollope's writings are singularly tedious and unattractive. Some people have a genius for such descriptions: the authoress of *Adam Bede* can draw a set of countrymen drinking in a public-house so humorously that we forget every thing but the fun of the scene; but Mr. Trollope's commercial gentlemen, lodging-house keepers, and attorneys, are simply snobs, into whose proceedings one feels no wish to pry, and who might with great advantage be banished altogether from the picture. A stupid violent man like Moulder, coming home half tipsy, and proceeding to complete the process of intoxication before his wife and friends, must be very amusing indeed meanwhile, if we are to look on without disgust; in Mr. Trollope's hands he is any thing but amusing, and tries to atone for his dulness by being unnecessarily coarse. Mr. Trollope succeeds capitally in depicting nice young ladies like Madeline Staveley, and pleasant gentlemanly lads like Peregrine Orme; and he may con-

tentedly resign the portraiture of Moulders, Kantwises, and Kennebys, to artists whose knowledge of life is more varied than his own, or whose conceptive ability enables them, as in some rare instances is the case, to dispense with the experience from which all but the very highest sort of artists are obliged to draw.

Art. III.—THE CRISIS IN PRUSSIA.

The politics no less than the scenery of north-eastern Germany are by no means attractive. The interminable marshes of the Havel, the dreary sand-waste which surrounds the capital, the rich but unlovely plain of Magdeburg, have all their antitypes in the history of Prussia. From time to time some enterprising English newspaper sends a correspondent to Berlin; but the editor soon discovers that not one reader in a thousand pays any attention to his letters, and the veil once more descends upon those confused struggles, of which, even more truly than of the pictures of Wouvermans, it may be said, that it is difficult to make out "which is plaintiff and which defendant."

But Prussian politics have a meaning after all, and sometimes, as at this moment, very grave issues are depending on the decisions of Prussian rulers and the good sense of the Prussian people. Our object in this article will be to point out, as clearly as we can, the present state of parties at Berlin, sketching the antecedents of rival politicians, and attempting to form an estimate of the chances of the future. In order to do this, it will be necessary to review at some length the recent history of Prussia, in which it is easy to distinguish four well-marked periods.

The first of these extends from the accession of Frederick William IV., in June 1840, to the opening of the United Landtag, in April 1847.

The second commences with that event, and terminates with the dissolution of the National Assembly and the proclamation of the new Constitution on December 5th, 1849.

The third begins with the proclamation of the new Constitution, and extends to the assumption of the regency by the Prince of Prussia.

The fourth opens with that occurrence, and is still in progress.

To the three first of these periods we may with confidence assign the names of the period of *expectation*, the period of *revolution*, and the period of *reaction;* but he who could with con-

fidence give a distinctive name to the fourth, would know the secret of the future of Germany, perhaps the secret of the future of constitutional government upon the Continent.

In June 1840, Frederick William III. closed his long and chequered career. Tried by both extremes of fortune, he had shown few great qualities in either, and the numerous expressions of regret, which followed his decease, proved only the loyal sentiments of his deceived and long-suffering subjects. A quarter of a century had passed away since he pledged his kingly word to give a constitution to Prussia, and death surprised him before he had made up his mind to do what he had promised. The advent of his successor was heralded by many hopes. The Crown Prince was not very well known; but those, who had been admitted to his society, spoke highly of his accomplishments, his learning, and his liberal opinions. His good disposition had not, people said, been changed by his altered position. He had remarked, it was reported, to Alexander von Humboldt, that as Crown Prince he was necessarily the first noble of the realm, but that as king he was only the first citizen. The new reign opened with a series of gracious and popular acts. A general amnesty for political offences; the recal to high office of Schön, the illustrious and beloved fellow-labourer of the deeply venerated Stein; the advancement of Boyen, who was regarded as the inheritor of the traditions of Scharnhorst and of Gneisenau, cheered the hearts of all enlightened and liberal Prussians, and excited no little alarm at Vienna and St. Petersburg. The morning which dawned so brightly was not, however, destined to be long unclouded. The first untoward event was the answer given by the monarch to the states of East Prussia, when, on the occasion of the *Huldigung* (homage) ceremonial at Königsberg, they ventured to express their hopes that the long-promised Constitution would at last become a reality. Somewhat later an order in council appeared, which left no doubt on the minds of reflecting men, as to the real intentions of the king. It was clear that the sort of change which he contemplated was not that which the nation wished. Some half middle-age, half lower-empire organisation might take the place of the old order; but of a constitution founded on abstract ideas of what was right and just, or on the actual necessities of the nation, there was no chance whatever. The appointment of Eichhorn, a member of the ultra-pietistic and absolutist party, to the important office of minister of public instruction, in the room of the wise Altenstein, the one man of enlightenment who had contrived to the last to retain the favour of the old king, further increased the uneasiness of the public mind. With the advancement of this mischievous tool of obscurantism began a series of coercive and ill-

conceived measures, which had their natural result in the antagonistic follies and excesses of 1848. The censorship grew ever stricter and stricter; numerous press prosecutions took place, the most famous being that of which Dr. Jacoby of Königsberg was the victim, and which ended in the acquittal of the accused by the High Court of Berlin, much to the disgust of the king and of the government. Eichhorn extended his mischievous activity into all departments. Students were encouraged to denounce the religious or political heresies of their professors; the books in the libraries of schoolmasters were carefully inspected; the standard of elementary education was intentionally lowered; men were advanced in the various gymnasia and universities, not on account of their attainments, but on account of their attachment to the views of the pietists. The régime of the most literary of contemporary monarchs seemed destined to result in the same hostility to all real learning which was openly avowed by the Emperor Francis. It was, however, too late. In vain Stahl, who had succeeded the liberal jurist Gans at Berlin, repeated the watchword, that science must retrace her steps. In vain Hengstenberg and his crew tried to bring in a Prussian if not a Roman popery; in vain Eichhorn travelled from university to university, suspending here, denouncing there; in vain successive ministers of the interior seconded him with all their power,—ordering domiciliary visits, turning liberals from other German states out of the country at two hours' notice, suppressing newspapers, and so forth. In vain the king himself, for seven long years, scolded now this city and now that—Breslau one day and Berlin another; in vain he speechified, and in vain he cajoled; in vain he dismissed petition after petition, which the provincial state assemblies addressed to him; in vain he tried to make the Prussian people content with a representation formed of an agglomeration of committees, chosen from the different provincial state assemblies, and possessed merely of a deliberative voice. The pressure from without grew too strong; and at length, after mature consultation with confidential advisers, the "patent" of February 3d, 1847, was given to the world.

The king was a most ardent, as he was certainly a most influential, disciple of the "historical" school of publicists and jurists. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the merits of Savigny and his fellow-labourers, as long as they confined themselves to explaining the present by the past; but unfortunately these same men, when they came to be ministers of state, made an altogether improper use of their own researches. They were justly proud of having shown how baseless were the speculations by which their immediate predecessors had

attempted to account for existing phenomena in the domain of politics. They hated the *à priori* verbiage which had been the cant of the day during the French Revolution, and they jumped to the conclusion, that all the state arrangements which were historically explicable, and which had once been reasonable, should still be kept unimpaired, or at most should be developed. They forgot that for more than half a century the people for whom they had to legislate had been sitting at the feet of those often mistaken but still effective teachers against whom they had made war.

The United Landtag, which was called into being by the "patent" of the 3d of February, was a masterpiece of learned reconstruction; but it was not a body likely to be of much use in a world of hard realities. It met on the 11th of April, and sat through a considerable part of the summer. The king had told it that the last thing in the world which he wished its members to do, was to represent the feelings of the people. "Die Rolle sogenannter Volksrepräsentanten" ("the roll of so-called people's representatives") was an object of supreme contempt to the royal *savant*. Nevertheless, the one good result which it produced was to give vent to the popular uneasiness. Already the names of Vincke and others, who have since been famous for their advocacy of liberal opinions, began to make themselves familiar to the public ear. The king talked theocratic nonsense: "Never, never will I allow a piece of written paper, like a second Providence, to force its way between our Lord God in heaven and this land, to rule us with its paragraphs, and to supersede by them the old holy loyalty." No wonder, then, that he was embittered by the language held by some of the deputies, and that he closed the session in no good humour. It is difficult to say how long the farce might have lasted if events had not occurred beyond the frontier which changed altogether the aspect of affairs.

The news of the outbreak in Paris came to Berlin on one of those sunny February days which cheer the long cold spring of the great German plain. Groups were soon gathered on the Linden, and the exciting intelligence, passing from mouth to mouth, quickly reached the remotest quarters of the city. The tidings of the flight of Louis Philippe, and of the fall of the monarchy of July, followed in quick succession. On the 6th of March the first public meeting took place in the Thiergarten. The events of the 13th at Vienna brought the revolution nearer, and on the 18th Berlin was in full revolt. No little mystery still shrouds the occurrences of that day and of the one which followed it. Thus much is, however, clear: there was no intention on the part of the people to provoke a conflict; and, on the

other hand, the two shots which were fired by the soldiery were fired without orders. In the palace the greatest indecision prevailed. The king lost his head, and his nearest relatives were more occupied in intriguing for their own advantage than in taking measures to insure his triumph. At length, while the contest was still undecided, when the military were in full possession of the principal streets and squares, and the insurgents had fallen back into the side streets and suburbs, the order went forth from the highest authority, that the troops should be withdrawn. Withdrawn they were, to the annoyance of many moderate liberals, who felt that either the conflict should have been avoided altogether, or the insurrection should have been effectually crushed.

With the withdrawal of the troops began eight uneasy months, in which no party, and hardly any public man, in Prussia gathered any laurels. The first scene was the deep humiliation of the king, who was made to stand with uncovered head before the bodies of those who had fallen in defence of the barricades, while a hymn composed by his ancestress, the wife of the great Elector, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht" ("Jesus, my trust"), was sung by the immense crowd which had gathered under the windows of the palace. In the beginning of April the United Landtag was called together, but merely for the purpose of preparing the way for the National Assembly, which was to succeed it, and which was opened on the 22d May. This body, which ought to have fulfilled the functions of a constituent assembly, proved itself curiously incapable of useful work. The king, whose imaginative and excitable temperament had been impressed by the grandiose proportions of the popular movement, seems really at first to have wished to deal honestly by his people; but he was pushed further and further towards the reactionists, partly by the blunders of the national representatives, and partly by the growing insolence and atrocity of the mob. The plundering of the arsenal on the night of the 15th June—the outrageous attack on the hotel of the liberal minister Auerswald in the month of August—the revolutionary harangues of such wretched demagogues as Held and Müller of the Linden—the assaults which were made upon unpopular journalists, showed that the lower classes of the population as little understood the difference between liberty and license, as the reactionary cliques amongst the nobles, the clergy, and the military, understood the distinction between order and servitude.

The National Assembly was divided into unnumbered cliques and fractions of cliques; but we may distinguish in it four very well-marked shades of opinion. First, there was the "extreme left," the foremost names of which were Waldeck and Jacoby;

the former an impetuous and able speaker, who united strong Romanist religious sympathies with extreme popular opinions —the other, the author of that famous pamphlet of which we have spoken above, and which had been to the Prussian revolution what the tract of the Abbé Siéyès on the Tiers Etat had been to that of France. This section leant to republican ideas.

Next to it, but separated by a real though narrow division, stood the "left centre," which was led by Rodbertus, and was distinctly anti-republican, although determined to carry out to their fullest logical consequences the concessions made by the king in the month of March, and to turn the old absolutist Prussia into a limited monarchy governed on advanced liberal principles. To this section also belonged Schulze-Delitzsch, of whom we shall have something to say hereafter.

The true "centre" was led by Von Unruh, who was for some time speaker, and whose name was associated with the last adventures of the short-lived and unfortunate body over which he presided.

The "right" numbered amongst its foremost names the gifted Catholic lawyer August Reichensperger, well known as a passionate lover of Gothic architecture, and the celebrated Protestant preachers Jonas and Sydow, both names to be had in honour, and the last of whom is still closely connected with the liberal *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung*, and represents the traditions of Schleiermacher in the pulpit of Berlin.

On the whole, however, there was less ability in the Assembly than might have been expected, and, above all, there was a deplorable want of political experience and tact. The successive ministries which had to deal with it were not more skilful. The so-called "transition" ministry of Camphausen, which was called into existence on the 29th of March, gave way in the course of the summer to the Hansemann cabinet, which called itself somewhat self-consciously the "ministry of action." When the king had begun to despair of any good results being attained by the National Assembly, and the intriguers who surrounded him had cast their eyes on Wrangel and his battalions, whom they regarded as the destined means of restoring the old state of things, the Hansemann ministry was succeeded by that of General von Pfuel, and that again in a few weeks by that of the king's half-brother Count Brandenburg, who on the 9th of November announced to the assembled deputies that their sittings were adjourned to the 27th, and that their next meeting was to be held, not at Berlin, but at Brandenburg. We need not follow the Assembly through its last inglorious days. On the 11th the national guard was disbanded, on the 12th the state of siege was proclaimed at Berlin, and on the 5th Decem-

ber the National Assembly was dissolved and the new Constitution announced.

Arrived at the end of the revolutionary and at the opening of the reactionary period, we may pause, and ask whether the Prussian people had gained any thing by the agitations and losses of 1848. The answer must be in the affirmative. The Constitution of the 5th of December was not by any means perfect, and some of the modifications introduced into it in the years which followed were far from being improvements; but the step in advance was not the less great and real. It was more than worth the blood which had been shed and the property which had been wasted.

The dissolution of the National Assembly had been pronounced by M. Manteuffel; and as it was his influence which was in the ascendant during the whole of the reaction, this is the proper place to say a few words about him. The Freiherr Otto von Manteuffel was born in Lusatia in 1805, and belongs to an ancient family. He entered the Prussian bureaucracy early in life, and rose rapidly through all its grades, giving ever new proofs of his diligence, his attorney-like acuteness, and his knowledge of administrative detail. In the Landtag of 1847 he defended the bureaucratic method of government against the advocates of the parliamentary system; and when he came into power in the end of 1848, he lost no time in showing that he regarded himself simply as a servant of the Crown, and that he was absolutely indifferent to the opinion of the parliamentary majority. Those who have read the *Gespräche aus der Gegenwart* ("Conversations from the Present") of Radowitz—which is, we may remark in passing, one of the best helps to understanding the state of things in Germany on the eve of 1848—will remember the character of Œder. M. Manteuffel was the spokesman of all the Œder class; the bureaucrat *par excellence*. He is a man of few illusions and of no high aims. He was clear-sighted enough to understand that the Kreuzzeitung party was an anachronism, but he could not reconcile himself to an honest constitutional policy. There is something mean and underhand in the nature of the man, as there is something singularly dry and unattractive in his manner. His favourite weapon is intrigue, and his favourite department is the police. To keep his own place and to advance his own fortune, was his first object; to prevent sudden changes and to keep things quiet, was his second aim.

The first parliament elected under the new Constitution assembled in the beginning of 1849; but the Second Chamber was dissolved in the month of April, chiefly on account of its vote against the maintenance of the state of siege. Before

allowing the elections to proceed, a new electoral law was enacted by the simple process of a royal edict; and the democratic party, seeing that it had no chance of success, retired from the contest, and brought forward no more candidates till 1861.

When the new Chamber met in August, it was found that the ministers had not been mistaken in their calculations. The reactionists were in a decided majority, and immediately proceeded to revise the Constitution in an anti-liberal sense. When their labours were finished, the revised Constitution was laid before the king. In the first days of 1850, he replied by a message, in which he asked for further concessions. The Chambers took the royal proposals into consideration, accepted some, and rejected others. At last a compromise was arrived at, and the king, with much solemnity, swore to the Constitution in the Rittersaal of the palace at Berlin. In a speech which he delivered on the occasion, he explained the reason which had led him to proclaim the much more liberal Constitution of December 1848, in which, however, it must be remarked, stood a clause which enabled him to issue edicts having the force of law. He then thanked the Chambers for having revised his own work, and diminished its dangerous liberalism.

The "German question," in the mean time, grew ever more important. Prussia, which had definitively broken with the Frankfort Parliament, and had given up all hopes of obtaining the hegemony of the whole of Germany, had been trying plan after plan for a smaller federation, in which she might have the undisputed lead. Alliances quickly made and as quickly broken, a congress and a college of princes, a parliament at Gotha, and what not, the affairs of the Germanic confederacy in 1849 and 1850, are not a labyrinth into which our readers would thank us for conducting them. Suffice it to say, that in December 1850 the question presented itself in the form of submission to the dictates of Austria and peace, or adherence to the Germanic pretensions of Prussia and war. Brandenburg died of chagrin. Radowitz was dismissed. Manteuffel was not the man to play double or quits; he hurried to Olmütz, and gave up every thing.

The disaster of Olmütz soon led, by way of the Dresden Congress, to its natural result,—the reëstablishment of the federal relations which had been overturned in 1848, and the revival of that ill-contrived body the Frankfort Diet, which one of the most rising of German statesmen, M. de Roggenbach, has aptly called "the contradiction of thirty-five wills." In internal as well as external affairs the party of reaction grew ever bolder. M. Manteuffel declared in so many words, in the first days of 1851, that the government meant to break finally with the revolution. M. von Westphalen, who repre-

sented in the cabinet the feudal section of the conservative party, called once more into life the old provincial assemblies, which all Europe had thought finally laid to rest by the legislation of the previous year. The journey of the king to meet the Emperor Nicholas at Warsaw added to the uneasiness of the liberals, and the *coup-d'état* of the 2d of December in France encouraged the pamphleteers of M. Manteuffel to call loudly for a new revision of the Constitution. The year 1852 brought no change for the better, except in so far as it showed more distinctly the diversity of opinion between the two halves of the dominant party; Manteuffel and the bureaucratic conservatives looking across the Rhine for a line of conduct to imitate, and the feudalists vehemently denouncing the French ruler, and reserving their sympathies for the Emperor of Russia, who visited Berlin in the month of May. The elections, which took place in the autumn, were so managed by the government that very few liberals were returned; and the power of the reactionists, from this time to the end of 1857, was modified only by their internal dissensions, and by the presence in the lower House of a powerful body of Catholic representatives, who frequently voted with the opposition, to subserve the special interests of their coreligionists.

The negotiations which preceded the Russian war, and that war itself, diverted for a considerable period the attention of Prussian liberals from their internal affairs. They had given up all hope of a speedy change for the better at home; but they trusted that if the government could be forced into siding with the Western powers, a new turn would be given to the fancies of the king. The nation was soon divided into three parties, —the liberals of all shades desiring an alliance with France and England; the feudal faction urging the government to assist Russia; and Manteuffel's adherents determined to uphold the neutrality of Prussia at any sacrifice.

The name of the Kreuzzeitung party became now for the first time familiar to Europe. This name was, as many of our readers are aware, given to the feudalists in consequence of their having for their principal organ the newspaper started to assist the reaction, and called the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, but which, in order to show its orthodoxy, bore a large black cross on its first page. The leaders of this party were Stahl and Gerlach. The former, who is recently dead, was originally a Jew, but changed his religion at seventeen. He was born in 1802, at Munich, and studied chiefly at the small Bavarian university of Erlangen. In time he became a professor there, and was summoned thence to Berlin in 1840 by Frederick William IV., for whom his Biblico-juristical mysticism had a

great fascination. From first to last Stahl's influence was simply mischievous; intolerant and obscurantist, he would, if he had appeared earlier on the scene, have been a most dangerous counsellor; but the cause of religious liberty was virtually gained in Prussia before he arose. As it was, he and his friends did infinite evil.

Otto von Gerlach, and his brother the general, were devoted to the same cause. The name of the latter was mixed up with the disgraceful intrigues by which the Kreuzzeitung faction tried to support their influence at court, and of which so much was said in the papers of the day, in connexion with the names of the spies Lindenberg and Techen. Otto von Gerlach is a man of great although misused ability. He was born in 1795, and is sprung from a respectable family, but one which by no means belongs to the old gentry, whose cause he has always supported. He served in the war of independence, and after its conclusion entered the bureaucracy. Unlike Manteuffel, however, his nature is not bureaucratic. Nay, rather he is the enemy of centralisation, the friend of local government. The government which he prefers is not, however, self-government, but that of an infinite number of petty despots—a parish and county government, administered by squires and parsons. From the first he has been consistent. Already, forty years ago, he contributed to a newspaper which took for its motto, "Not counter-revolution, but the contrary of revolution;" and before 1848 he got into great trouble with the *bourgeoisie* for maintaining that only men of noble birth should be permitted to be officers in the army. He would have the nobles gathered into chapters, the citizens gathered into guilds, and all things as like the golden days of the German middle age as they well can be. He is a friend to England, but it is the old church-and-king England of which he thinks. He dislikes the autocratic system of Russia, but leans to her as a friend of order, and sympathised with her during the Crimean war. A ready and powerful debater, he was ever at the breach attacking the Constitution, and holding aloft the banner of "German Right and Evangelical Christianity."

The liberals at this time were led by Vincke, one of whose speeches made a great sensation in England in 1854. The descendant of an old Westphalian house, the Freiherr von Vincke was born in 1811. His father, and most of his ancestors, had been in the bureaucracy, and the young Vincke, after studying at Göttingen and elsewhere, was for some time a judge. Perhaps, however, his most valuable training was gained in the provincial assemblies, and when he appeared in the United Landtag of 1847 he was already an orator. He

spoke in favour of a real constitution, of the liberty of the press, of the Polish nationality, against the disabilities of Jews and Christian dissenters, and connected himself with all the best movements of the time. In 1848 he sat on the right, and opposed revolution as strongly as he had opposed absolutism. So great was his influence over the moderate conservatives and liberals at Frankfort, that the Club Milani, to which Radowitz, Count Schwerin, and Bruck, who was afterwards finance-minister in Austria, belonged, was called "The fortyfold-repeated voice of Vincke." He has since been accused of being sometimes too fond of fighting for his own hand, and preferring the fame of a daring guerilla to that of a wise general. His oratory would seem to have something of the character of Mr. Bright's, but his political sympathies and his party connexions are quite different. He is more of a whig, or liberal conservative, than a radical; though perhaps we can hardly use these terms in relation to Prussian affairs without giving rise to confusion and misunderstanding.

The most remarkable result of the differences of opinion about the Russian war, was the breach between the Prince of Prussia and the government. The heir to the throne had no great liking for the Emperor Nicholas, who was by no means over-courteous in his treatment of his Prussian relatives. Nor did he believe in the success of the imperial system of repression. On one occasion, after Nicholas had been expressing himself with more than his wonted violence against coquetting with liberalism, the prince asked a Russian who stood high in the favour of his master, whether he thought that revolutionary notions had been effectually kept out of Russia. "So far am I from thinking so," was the answer, "that I do not believe my head, or the head of any of the emperor's advisers, is worth ten days' purchase after his eyes are closed."

The prince represented the old Prussian military spirit, which never forgave the emperor for telling the officers at Berlin, as he had the want of tact to do, that they were his advanced guard; and his feelings grew more and more bitter as Prussia sank lower and lower in the estimation of Europe. No doubt his conduct was not without its influence in determining the semi-hostile position which Prussia assumed towards her great neighbour just before the conclusion of the struggle.

During these years, the various sections of the conservative party maintained their ascendency in the internal politics of Prussia. The long-adjourned question of the definitive organisation of the upper House was settled in October 1854 in a manner which, although it did not entirely meet the views of the

feudalists, was at least far more favourable to them than they had any right to expect. The provincial and communal legislation of 1850, which was redolent of the modern theories of 1848, was seriously modified in 1852, but rather in the sense of the bureaucratic than of the feudal faction. This last, however, succeeded in giving the name of "Herrenhaus" ("House of Lords") to the first, and that of "Abgeordneten-Haus" ("House of Deputies") to the second Chamber; a trifling matter, which it had much at heart. The elections of October 1854 were extremely unfavourable to the liberals, in spite of the strong support of the Catholic clergy, who, for reasons relating to their own church-affairs, were opposed to the government, and more especially to the High-Lutheran and Kreuzzeitung zealots who presided over the ministry of the interior and that of public instruction. Vincke, who had been the great orator of the constitutional opposition in the two preceding parliaments, declined to stand, and his friends in the lower House were led by Count Schwerin and by M. Patow. The Kreuzzeitung faction was very strong, and was commanded as usual by Gerlach. As well without as within the walls of parliament, it asserted itself in a very offensive way, and the adherents of M. Manteuffel were almost forced into the position of liberals. The bad feeling between the two conservative factions reached its height in 1856, and was made notorious to all Europe by the duel between the bureaucratic Hinckeldey, the director-general of the police, and M. von Rochow, a young officer, and a member of the Kreuzzeitung party in the Herrenhaus.

No material change took place in the situation of parties until the king's illness in October 1857. It was clear that if the Prince of Prussia should succeed to the regency, the days of the Manteuffel ministry were numbered. Nevertheless, the friends of the future ruler observed a wise silence, and made no sign. The Kreuzzeitung faction at court did what it could to prevent the heir presumptive succeeding to the regency with full powers, as provided by the Constitution. Their efforts were, however, in vain, and a royal ordinance of October 1858 put an end to the exceptional state of affairs, and conferred the regency upon the prince, who summoned the Chambers to meet him on the 20th of that month.

The first change was the retirement of the detested Westphalen, who had been deeply concerned in all the intrigues against his new master. On the 26th the regent swore to the Constitution, and on the 6th November the Manteuffel ministry was dismissed. The leading spirits of the new cabinet were the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, MM. von Schleinitz, Patow, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Auerswald.

The Prince of Hohenzollern, the head of the new cabinet, was, up to 1849, an independent prince. In that year he concluded a treaty with Prussia, by which he surrendered all his sovereign rights, retaining only the title of Hoheit (Royal Highness) and the position of a younger son of the royal house. His mother was a niece of Murat, and one of his daughters married the late King of Portugal. Another, born in 1845, is reputed to be, as the fairy-tales have it, "the most charming and accomplished princess in the world." He is a Catholic; and his appointment had a good effect upon the Rhenish populations, who had been teazed by the small proselytising of M. von Westphalen and his friends. For the rest, he is a man of wide political knowledge, and of moderate and enlightened ideas, while his practical adhesion to the views of those who think that the position of the smaller princes is becoming impossible makes him acceptable to all who desire the reform of the German Confederation.

The Freiherr Alexander von Schleinitz was born in 1807, and belongs to the Brunswick branch of his family. He has been employed principally in the home and foreign departments of the diplomatic service, and owes his political importance chiefly to the friendship of the prince regent, whom he had sheltered on the memorable night of the 19th March 1848, when his life was in considerable danger. He is an indolent and pleasure-seeking man, not without ability, but inspiring little respect or confidence; and he made a very indifferent minister for foreign affairs.

M. Patow was born in 1807, and was a schoolfellow of Manteuffel's. He has spent nearly his whole life in the bureaucracy, and up to 1848 was understood to belong to the "Œder" section of administrators, to which we have alluded above. Summoned to take the place of minister of commerce and public works in the Camphausen cabinet, he had the sense to recognise the signs of the times, and has ever since been a good constitutionalist. His qualifications for the post which was given him in the Hohenzollern cabinet,—that of finance minister,—are unquestionably very great.

A far more interesting though not more useful personage is M. Bethmann-Hollweg, to whom was assigned the delicate task of inaugurating the new system in the management of religious and educational matters. He was born in 1795 at Frankfort, and was the son of a M. Hollweg, who married a daughter of the wealthy house of Bethmann, well known to travellers in connection with the Ariadne of Dannecker. His private tutor was the great geographer Carl Ritter, and his early education, conducted partly at home and partly at the Frankfort gymnasium, where

Schlosser and Matthiæ then taught, was as careful and thorough as admirable management and large means could make it. He became professor of jurisprudence at Berlin, after a distinguished university career. Thence he went to Bonn, where he held a similar position. In 1840 he entered the service of the government, and has ever since been an important public character in Prussia. Like the late king, he has been influenced very strongly by the romantic school; but he possesses a better head and a deeper culture. In church-matters, to which he has ever given great attention, he belongs to the "mediation" school; and his tall figure and grave countenance may often be remarked at Nitzsch's sermons. He is a great patron of the Evangelical Alliance, which has at least the merit of being bitterly hated by the zealots who follow Hengstenberg, and which should hardly be judged by the names of the persons who are connected with it in this country. M. Bethmann-Hollweg became some years ago the proprietor of Rheineck, which he has restored with great splendour.

Rudolf von Auerswald is one of several brothers belonging to an excellent family at Königsberg, who were brought up in close intimacy with the present and the last king of Prussia during the residence of the royal house in East Prussia. All of them had the good sense not to wish for the position of court favourites, but worked, each his own way, by surer although slower methods. The eldest, a distinguished officer, was murdered with Prince Lichnowsky at Frankfort. The youngest sat in the Camphausen cabinet, and the second in that which followed it. It is he who again appeared as an important actor in 1858. He was for some time in the army, but his chief training has been that of a county magnate and a provincial administrator. All the Auerswalds belonged to the school of East-Prussian liberals, of which Schön was so great an ornament, and in which the influence of Kant and the hated neighbourhood of Russia tempered the old aristocratic and exclusive traditions.

Conservative influences were not entirely unrepresented in the cabinet. Von der Heydt, a clever time-server, kept his place as minister of commerce, and M. Simons remained for a time as minister of justice. Later, too, General von Roon, who leans to the Kreuzzeitung party, superseded the liberal General von Bonin.

Flottwell, who took for a time the department of the interior, is an enlightened bureaucrat, who was much employed under Schön, and Count Schwerin, who soon succeeded him, is a strong constitutionalist, who belongs to the family of the celebrated general of Frederick the Great, and has, as the son-in-law of Schleiermacher, always taken a strong part on the liberal

side in Prussian ecclesiastical affairs. Perhaps he is most in his place as president of an assembly—the Shaw Lefevre of Prussia.

The Regent lost no time in issuing a manifesto, in which, while making many reserves, he acknowledged the necessity of amending the communal legislation, which had, as we have seen, been much altered since 1850 by the efforts of the feudal party, and pronounced strongly against the mixing up religion with politics, which had been so characteristic of his brother's rule.

The new elections completely changed the balance of parties. The feudalists, who, thanks to the zeal of M. de Westphalen, had been so successful in 1852 and 1854, were reduced to 62; while the ministerial liberals counted 236: 38 Catholics and 18 Poles made up the Assembly.

It may be asked by those who remember 1848, how it was that the accession of the Prince of Prussia to the regency excited the hopes of the liberals, and was followed by the advent of a liberal ministry. In that year it is notorious that the absence of the heir presumptive from Berlin was considered necessary to his personal safety; and if we turn to the political writings of the time, or even to so impartial an authority as the remarkable article on Prussia in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 1847, we shall see that he was regarded as any thing but a friend to popular rights.

The answer to this question will throw some light on the occurrences of the last few months. The Prince of Prussia was in one respect radically different from the king. He had not a particle of his religious mysticism; nay, rather his homely somewhat sceptical common-sense revolted from the maudlin follies of his brother's court. When, then, the reactionary party began to be all-powerful, and such advisers as General von Gerlach ruled the day, the prince made no secret of his annoyance and disgust. Again, the events of 1848 had shown the extreme weakness of his brother's character, and for a time it seemed that he was likely to be forced into the position of a mayor of the palace. Further, the attitude of Prussia during the Russian war, as we have seen, irritated him excessively, and led to something very like a breach between him and his brother's ministers. The influence of his wife, a woman of talent, the granddaughter of Karl August, was exerted in a liberal direction, as well from choice as from policy; and, above all, his experience of Kreuzzeitung rule in the Rhineland, and his personal quarrel with Kleist-Retzow, the tool of the Westphalen section of the cabinet, who occupied part of the same palace at Coblentz, tended effectually to open his eyes. Subsequent events have shown that his liberalism did not go very deep.

The democratic party took no part in the elections of 1858.

They did not wish to alarm the new ruler, and they thought that the Vincke party had a fair right to reap what it had sown. The outbreak of the Italian war, however, caused an immense agitation in Germany. The old dream of a united fatherland came back more vividly than ever. Internal questions, too, had arisen, more especially that relating to the organisation of the army, which seemed to the advanced liberal leaders to afford them an opportunity for action, and the democratic candidates appeared in great numbers at the elections of 1861. Very wisely, however, they changed the name of their political connexion, and called it the "Deutsche-Fortschritt-Partei," to signify that they were at once zealous for internal reforms and for the settlement of the German question.

The principal aims of this party may be summed up thus:

1. Reform of the upper House.

2. A liberal system, conscientiously carried out in all the details of the administration, with a view to avoiding the scandals now of frequent occurrence, when an obstinate or bigoted official sets at defiance the liberal inclinations of the government, trusting to backstairs influence.

3. Ministerial responsibility.

4. An easy method of bringing to justice guilty officials, who are at present, as in France, in all conflicts with simple citizens, like men armed *cap-à-pie* fighting with the defenceless.

5. The abolition of all disqualification on account of religious opinion.

6. An improved system of national education, which has, since the victory of the reactionists, been deliberately, and of malice prepense, lowered and corrupted, with the express purpose of subjecting the minds of the young to the yoke of the feudal and fanatical party.

7. The abolition of certain privileges of the land-owners, such as the appointment of their own police.

8. A revision, in a liberal sense, of the laws relating to trade.

9. Economy in the management of the army, maintenance of the *Landwehr*, physical training of the youth of the country.

10. The adoption of a firm line of policy, with a view to place Prussia at the head of a united Germany.

Parliament met on January 14th, 1862. The Haus der Abgeordneten was constituted pretty nearly as follows:

Ministerialists	156	
Party of Progress and Fraction Harkort	100	
Roman Catholics	50	
Poles	18	
Feudalists	16	
Doubtful	12	—352

The cry which the party of progress had raised most loudly at the elections was the cry of economy. In the former parliament the ministry had brought forward a proposal, to which it was understood the king attached the greatest possible importance, relative to the organisation of the army. Of this we shall presently give some account; but before doing so, it may be well to state a few particulars as to the principal persons who had seats in the new Chamber.

The leading man of the Fortschritt party was perhaps Waldeck, nicknamed by his enemies the Bauern-König, from his constant advocacy of the cause of the humbler classes. His tall commanding figure and striking countenance do not bear so many traces of political persecution as might have been expected in one who suffered so much at the hands of the reactionaries. Close beside this white-haired leader, but differing from him on several points, notably on the German question, is Schulze, called from his birthplace Schulze-Delitszch, a man still in the prime of life: he is best known as the apostle of coöperative associations in Germany, but is also honourably distinguished as an orator, a poet, and a magistrate. Waldeck is "Grossdeutsch;" that is, he wishes for a united Germany including Austria. Schulze wishes for a narrower confederacy, exclusive of Austria; he is, in other words, "Kleindeutsch." Virchow, a most eminent medical professor at Berlin, is another active member of the Fortschritt party. He is a very young man, just old enough to sit in parliament,—the minimum of age is twenty-eight,—but has already achieved considerable success in debate, in spite of a certain dryness of expression and perhaps a touch of pedantry. Franz Duncker edits the organ of the party, the clever and popular *Volkszeitung*. Other members are: Becker, known, from his appearance and the supposed colour of his politics, as "Red Becker;" Prince Smith, whose English name well fits a free-trader; Hagen, who brought forward the motion which led to the dissolution.

We have reckoned along with the Fortschritt party the section known as the Fraction Harkort; so called from M. Harkort, an old man who was wounded at Ligny, and has since led a most active and useful life, promoting the material prosperity of his native Westphalia and other districts,—advocating railways and steam-navigation, enlightening the peasantry, and fighting in Berlin, now the mob and now the reaction. To the same *nuance* belongs Diesterweg, the Pestalozzian school-reformer.

The chief persons of the less advanced liberal party were: Grabow, who was chosen president, and Simson, an ex-professor of jurisprudence at Königsberg, who is celebrated in Prussia as one of the ablest of her orators and as a model president. Some imprudently over-loyal remarks at the time of the coronation

festivities lost him his old seat, and he was returned for a small place too late to be chosen president, although he was better fitted for that office than the excellent Grabow, who is somewhat deaf. Vincke declined to stand, and remained watching events. The great point at issue was the military question. The old system of Scharnhorst, excellent for its purpose, was, in the opinion of the king, no longer suited to the circumstances of the nation. He determined to change it, and the chief alterations which he introduced were as follows: he abolished the exemptions, which had gradually crept in, and obliged not 40,000 but 63,000 young men every year to take up arms. He extended the period during which Prussians are obliged, if necessary, to serve in the regular army to eight years, out of which three are to be spent by the infantry, and four by the cavalry, in actual service; the rest is to be passed in the reserve. He placed the *Landwehr* of the first "ban" on the same footing as the regular army, and so made the old Landwehr of the second "ban" the only real Landwehr; and he created permanent "cadres" for all the troops who were liable to be called out in case of the army's being "mobilised."

By these means he trusted to make mobilisation much more easy, and to obtain a much more effective force. All this, however, could not be done without money; and for the obtaining of money it was necessary to go to parliament. We cannot ask our readers to follow us through the tangled skein of complicated questions which have arisen; but so much we may ask them to remember. The changes in the army were first debated in the session of 1859-60; the government carried its point in the Herrenhaus, but failed in the Haus der Abgeordneten. They returned to the charge in 1861 with similar results; and again in 1862 it was this question that led to the motion of the Fortschritt deputy Hagen, which brought about the resignation of the liberal government, and the dissolution of the second Chamber.

In May the elections took place, and in the same month the deputies formed themselves again in Berlin. Things looked worse for the king than ever, for the Fortschritt party had gained considerably. The new ministry was very inferior to the old. Its more prominent members, in addition to Von der Heydt, were: M. von Jagow, a man much hated for his annoying and arbitrary measures when he was director of police; Prince Hohenlohe, a member of one of the less violent sections of the Kreuzzeitung party; M. Mühler, who, as the author of the excellent bacchanalian song "Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus," deserved some reward, but for whom a place more suitable than that of minister of instruction and public worship might possibly have been found.

He is said too, by his enemies, to atone for the merriment of his youth by the fanaticism of his age. Von Roon kept his place, and Bernstorff, well known and but little admired in England.

These were not the men to meet and manage such an assembly as that with which they had to deal. Most of the leading Fortschritt politicians had come back fiercer than ever; and the moderate liberals, although they tried to prevent the last extremities, were not by any means friendly.

The principal speakers of the moderate liberal party in the present parliament are, Vincke, who has again appeared on the scene; Twesten, who was ranked in January last with the Fortschritt section, but who seems more recently to have inclined to those politicians who desire to postpone discussions about internal reform to energetic action in the German question; and Professor von Sybel, the well-known and popular historian.

Twesten is the son of the theologian of that name, and is best known by his duel with General von Manteuffel. Small and slight, but possessed of a singularly clear enunciation, he is said to be a successful debater.

Heinrich von Sybel, born at Dusseldorf in 1817, is the son of a well-known Prussian liberal and parliamentary speaker. He studied at Berlin, and became a passionate admirer of Ranke, whose method he has adopted. His most important historical works relate to the Crusades and to the French Revolution; but his studies in old German history have been those which have most influenced his political career. He was the youngest member of the Parliament at Erfurt, by which Prussian statesmen hoped to arrive at some satisfactory settlement of the German question; and, in a speech which excited much attention, he urged Prussia to fulfil her great mission, and to raise up anew a German empire. His ideas on this subject did not prevent his being called to Munich by King Maximilian; and he remained there in great favour till the events of 1859 resuscitated the hopes of the Gotha party, which had slumbered since the disaster of Olmütz. Munich then became too hot to hold him, and he accepted the chair at the University of Bonn left vacant by the death of Dahlmann. He was elected in 1861, but was prevented by illness from taking his seat. In 1862 he was again returned, and has, as we have said, acted chiefly with the Vincke section.

The recognition of the kingdom of Italy brought some good-will to the government, and they carried the ratification of the commercial treaty with France by a large majority; but the fatal question of the military expenditure could at last

no longer be postponed, and an unusually fierce debate ended, on the 20th of Sept., by the absolute rejection of the demands of the government, with regard to the money required for the reorganisation of the army. Bernstorff and Von der Heydt had the wisdom to retire, and Count Bismark Schönhausen took the unenviable post of president of the council. His first act was to withdraw the budget of 1863, which was about to meet the fate of its predecessor; his second, to send to the Herrenhaus the budget of 1862, and to have the military part of it, which had been eliminated by the representatives of the tax-payers, reintroduced and authorised by that imprudent assembly; his third was to prorogue the second Chamber, which had protested against the unconstitutional proceedings of the other House, until the 13th of January 1863.

Our readers are now, we trust, in a position to understand the views of the several parties which are contending for power in Prussia, and the leanings of most of the politicians, on whose resolves the near future of that country, to a great extent, depends. It remains to offer, with great diffidence, some suggestions as to the probable course of events.

The simplest and most satisfactory solution of the present difficulty would be the king's abdication. Public opinion forced Louis of Bavaria to resign, and placed the Austrian diadem on the head, not of the rightful heir, but of his son, the young Francis Joseph. There is every thing to be said for, and nothing to be said against, this plan. William I., junior to his brother by only seventeen months, was an ensign at ten years old, and never till comparatively lately contemplated his accession to the throne as a probable event. His time was occupied by the cares of the garrison and the parade-ground, or by pleasures, not always of the most exalted character. He is simply incapable of comprehending the position of a monarch with a real constitution. His views are analogous to those of an old French legitimist duke who remarked to Niebuhr, when asked whether he had not had a hand in framing the *Charte*, "Oh, yes, I had; but, good God! do you suppose I ever imagined that the king was not to do what he liked, in spite of it?"

In the event of his abdication, his son would be able gracefully to retire from an untenable position, and the state machine might at length be got into good working order. We only fear that such a course is too wise a one to have any chance of being adopted. True it is, that the brood of "court theologians, missionary deaconesses," and the like, who enraged Alexander von Humboldt, no longer flit about the palace. Marcus von Niebuhr, the unhappy son of an illustrious sire, has been stricken by a malady not unlike that which destroyed his royal

master. General von Gerlach caught cold at the funeral of the late king, and died a few days after; but the influences now brought to bear on the royal mind are, although different, not much better. The king is in the hands of a military clique—of the "Ungeist (reaction) in uniform," as the Berliners say; and the policy which it is likely to recommend will hardly be one of concession. M. von der Heydt, the Elberfeld banker, who was the moving spirit of the last ministerial combination, is a man of shifts and expedients; a keen intellect, but of a coarse low type, both mentally and morally. In his heart he was probably not disinclined to yield,—witness the incident of the stolen letter, which was used last spring to influence the elections. M. von der Heydt, at the commencement of his political career in 1847, took the side of the constitutionalists; and, according to Prussian ministerial *convenances*, he is perhaps not quite responsible for all the reactionary proceedings of the cabinets of which he has formed a member. M. Bismark Schönhausen never was a constitutionalist. From the first he has been the avowed enemy of free government. He was one of the founders of the Kreuzzeitung; and although he has of late rather drawn off from it in the direction of French absolutism, he still holds most of its heresies.

Many seem to think that his policy will be to bid for the support of the Gotha party throughout Germany, and of those politicians of the constitutional and Fortschritt sections in the Prussian parliament who care more for the German question than for internal reforms, by picking a quarrel with Austria, or by attacking Denmark. That personal hatred to Count Rechberg, and strong political feeling, would impel him to persuade his royal master to buckle on his old sword, and begin a new thirty years' war, is likely enough; but those who, relying on his known admiration for the success of the imperial legerdemain at Paris, expect him to inaugurate a brilliant despotism at home, and "to flood Hesse, Hanover, and the Mecklenburgs with troops," do not give him the credit of knowing the difference between the world of dreams and the world of realities. If, again, any arrangement satisfactory to Germany is to be arrived at with Denmark, it will hardly be by violence. We who hold that Lord Palmerston's proposal for dividing Schleswig was about the best likely to be hit upon, would tremble for the results, if Prussia, by her rash proceedings, forced all peace-loving Europe to become distinctly Danish. The powers will hardly allow this international chancery-suit to end in a war.

A more satisfactory turn of events, as it seems to us, would be the following. The government will meet the Chambers in January. August Reichensperger, or some such person, might

propose a vote of indemnity to the ministers for their unconstitutional proceedings, which might be carried, on the understanding that henceforward all the estimates should be presented before any money is paid, except under most peculiar circumstances. The government project for the reform of the army organisation might also be accepted, as it is a *fait accompli*, the king yielding the popular demands about introducing the non-noble element more largely into the far too close corporation of officers.

It must be admitted, we fear, that, from the military point of view, the king is to a great extent right in his proposals. The old Prussian army would appear to be a very indifferent force, likely to be swept away as easily as at Jena in any contest with France. Further, the king ought to concede the reform of the Herrenhaus. His most reactionary ministers will find it hard work to get on with that absurd body.

All we are now saying may be destined to be merely what the Germans call *fromme Wünsche* ("pious hopes"); and before these pages see the light, events may occur to render what we venture to propose entirely impossible. The king is angry. The liberals are, most naturally, exasperated. The chief of the cabinet is a violent and headstrong man. Any day may bring us evil tidings; but, next to the king's retreating from a position to which he is quite unequal, we should think that the solution which we have sketched would best save the dignity of all parties, and lead to the most permanent gain, alike to the internal constitutional life of Prussia, and to her position in Germany. The minor states will never rally round a despotic or half-despotic power. A thoroughly liberal system should rise before the eyes of the King of Prussia, like the cross of Constantine: "In hoc signo vinces."

Art. IV.—SHELLEY'S POETICAL MYSTICISM.

Relics of Shelley. Edited by Richard Garnett. Moxon, 1862.

Memorials of Shelley. By Lady Shelley. Moxon, 1859.

Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawny. Moxon, 1858.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. Vols. I. and II. Moxon, 1858.

The little volume which stands at the head of our list will not add much, probably was not intended to add much, to the fame of Shelley. One poem, indeed, of rare beauty, printed before only in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, it contains; but for the rest we have nothing but sparkling fragments of fancy—like powdered diamond-dust—to prove, what no one doubted, that even the clippings of Shelley's bright imagination had caught the intrinsic lustre of his mind. Perhaps the literary part of the volume is rather an excuse to usher in Mr. Garnett's reply to Mr. Peacock's reflections on Shelley's conduct towards his first wife. But even this is scarcely wise; for though it is a convincing argument for an arrest of judgment in the case, until the further evidence promised by the poet's family shall in due time be produced, few would have been inclined to pass sentence wrongfully in anticipation of that publication, and these unfortunate instalments of an incomplete apology have the effect of concentrating a needless and fatal attention on the morbid places in the poet's life. Whenever the private reasons that still induce his family to withhold circumstances which they regard as clearing his memory from the only grave moral imputation ever cast on it shall cease to operate, it will be the proper time to estimate Shelley's character and career as a whole. In the mean time, with the fresh materials that the last few years have given us,—in Mr. Trelawny's *Recollections*, Mr. Hogg's satirical and vulgar but still important biographical volumes, and Lady Shelley's *Memorials*,—this seems no unfit occasion to review afresh the general character of his poetry in special relation to the intellectual influences which it has exerted, and will continue to exert so long as the young continue to thirst for the intoxicating ether of intellectualised passion and to spurn the clay of common earth.

Shelley was a poetical mystic, but a poetical mystic of a very unique kind. Usually the word denotes a tendency to bore deep into the world of divine Infinitude, a disposition to prostrate the mind before the Eternal Will, and to bring the

mysteries of faith close to the simplest acts of daily life. This is not only the common tendency of the religious mystics, but it was the characteristic of some of Shelley's own contemporaries: in philosophy, of Coleridge; in poetry, of Wordsworth. In this sense, however, mysticism is usually the characteristic of a mature, not of a youthful, mind; and Shelley's poetical mysticism is,—in the quick throb of its pulses, in the flush and glow of its hectic beauty, in the thrill of its exquisite anguish and equally exquisite delirium of imagined bliss,—essentially and to the last the mysticism of intellectual youth. Shelley's poetry is the poetry of desire. He is ever the *homo desideriorum*;—always thirsty, always yearning; never pouring forth the strains of a thankful satisfaction, but either the cravings of an expectant rapture, or the agony of a severed nerve. This is the great distinction which separates him from the other poetical mystics of his day. Wordsworth, for instance, is always exulting in the fulness of nature; Shelley always chasing its falling stars. Wordsworth gratefully pierces the homely crust of earth to find the rich fountains of life in the Eternal Mind; Shelley follows with wistful eye the fleeting stream of beauty as it for ever escapes him into the illimitable void. Hence Shelley's great admiration for Goethe's *Faust*, as a poem expressive of illimitable desires. He says, in one of his letters to Mr. Gisborne, that "it deepens the gloom, and augments the rapidity of ideas;" "and yet," he adds, "the pleasure of sympathising with emotions known only to few, although they derive their sole charm from despair, and the scorn of the narrow good we can attain in our present state, seems more than to ease the pain which belongs to them. Perhaps all discontent with the *less* (to use a Platonic sophism) supposes the sense of a just claim to the *greater*, and that we admirers of *Faust* are on the right road to Paradise. Such a supposition is not more absurd, and is certainly less demoniacal, than that of Wordsworth, where he says:

> 'This earth,
> Which is the world of all of us, and where
> *We find our happiness, or not at all.*'

As if, after sixty years' suffering here, we were to be roasted alive for sixty million more in Hell, or charitably annihilated by a *coup-de-grace* of the bungler who brought us into existence at first." This passage, written not in Shelley's earlier days, but within a few months of his death, when he was thirty years of age, brings out with striking force, in its utter blindness to Wordsworth's meaning, how impossible it was for the eager-souled poet of unsatisfied desire—the poet of perpetual flux and reflux, the Heraclitus of the modern world—to enter into the mind of

the poet of intellectual rest and "lonely rapture." Of course Wordsworth had no such theological meaning as Shelley indicates. He merely intended to affirm, that if the springs of infinite joy are not to some extent discoverable in man *here*, as he was sure that they were, they can scarcely be inherent in human nature at all, and therefore not in the world to come. But it was so impossible for Shelley to conceive any fulness of joy in the present world, that he supposed Wordsworth to be launching a thunderbolt against the school of the Unsatisfied,—the school who sang with him:

> "Nor was there aught
> The world contains the which he could approve,"—

when he was in fact only testifying to the spiritual opulence of this homely earth. The same extraordinary contrast comes out in two of the most beautiful poems which our language contains,—Shelley's "Skylark" and Wordsworth's "Skylark." Shelley's "Skylark" is a symbol of illimitable thirst drinking in illimitable sweetness,—an image of that rapture which no man can ever reach, because it soars so far from earth, because it is ever rising with unflagging wing, ever exhausting old delights. Shelley will not recognise its earthly form or abode at all; it is not a bird whose nest is on the ground; it is a winged desire, always rising, aspiring, singing, "like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun:"

> "Hail to thee, blithe spirit,—
> Bird thou never wert,—
> That from Heaven, or near it,
> Pourest thy full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
>
> Higher still, and higher,
> From the earth thou springest;
> Like a cloud of fire
> The blue deep thou wingest;
> And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
>
> In the golden lightning
> Of the sunken sun,
> O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
> Thou dost float and run,
> Like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun."

Yet even this symbol of a thirst ever new, and ever slaked from sweeter fountains, throws him into utter dejection before this most marvellous of English lyrics closes:

> "We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not;
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught;—
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near."

How strong is the contrast with Wordsworth's "Skylark"! Shelley's is far the more wonderful poem, for the quick pulses of his panting measure seem to give us the very beats of those quivering wings, while Wordsworth's stately lines are obviously the expression of the thoughts of a meditative watcher. But while Shelley has ignored the earth and the real bird altogether in his ideal flight, the firm grasp of Wordsworth's thought gives the green earth her full due in her "ethereal minstrel's" rapture, and bids us observe, that it is not the distance from earth, but the nearness to it, which inspires the celestial joy:

"To the last point of vision and beyond
Soar, daring warbler; thy love-prompted strain,
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain.
Else mightst thou seem—proud privilege—to sing
All independent of the leafy spring."

It was Wordsworth's lifelong faith, that fidelity to the "kindred points of heaven and home" made both earth the more joyous, and heaven the more sublime. Shelley's was a different creed,—the creed of longing and of loss, which sought to spring from earth and to create its own heaven,—in which it is not easy to succeed.

Shelley, then, was essentially the poet of intellectual desire, not of mere emotion. The thrill of some fugitive feeling, which he is either vainly pursuing, or which has just slipped through his faint intellectual grasp, gives the key-note to every one of his finest poems. His wonderful description of the Hours in the *Prometheus Unbound*,—one of the few passages in which Shelley has given a great subject to any painter capable of entering into him,—is a description in fact of the two poetic postures of his own mind:

"The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingèd steeds,
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars;
Others with burning eyes lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward."

As it seems to us, Shelley himself, in one of his moods of wild-eyed breathless inspiration,—"l'Inglese malincolico," as the poor people called him at Florence,—leaning passionately forward into the future or backwards to the past, should be the impersonation of these spirit-charioteers of time. Eager, visionary, flashing forms, "drinking the wind of their own speed," they are wonderful impersonations of his most characteristic poetic moods. If we look at any of the lyrics on which he has set the full stamp of his genius, we find that it images one of these two attitudes of intellect,—the keen exquisite sense of want, looking wildly forward or wildly backward, but vainly striving to close on something which eludes its grasp.

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow,"—

that is the true burden of every song. Sometimes the gaze is fixed on the future, and sometimes on the past; sometimes it is,

> "Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
> Spirit of Night!
> Out of the misty eastern cave,
> Where all the long and lone daylight
> Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
> Which make thee terrible and dear,—
> Swift be thy flight!"

and sometimes,

> "When the lamp is shattered,
> The light in the dust lies dead;
> When the cloud is scattered,
> The rainbow's glory is fled;
> When the lute is broken,
> Sweet tones are remembered not;
> When the lips have spoken,
> Loved accents are soon forgot;"

but whether forward or backward gazing, the attitude of unsatisfied desire is always the same, distinguishing Shelley from the many great contemporaries who, like Goethe himself, for instance,—except in *Faust*, where he had set himself to delineate the pangs of an insatiable heart and intellect,—sing out of the wealth of happy possession even more melodiously than out of the gnawing ardour of desire. And even between the animating spirit of *Faust* and the poetical essence of Shelley's poetry there is one very marked distinction. Faust's passion is a hunger for experience,—human experience in the largest and most universal sense; but the thirst which breathes through Shelley is a continual thirst for those rare moments of tingling veins and flushing soul, those instants when the whole frame of

nature and human life seems a transparency for sweet emotion, which are but one element in Faust's pursuit. What the portions in *Faust* were which fascinated Shelley most intensely he himself may tell us. Speaking of some fine German etchings of *Faust,* he says: "I never perfectly understood the Hartz Mountain scene until I saw the etching; and then Margaret in the summer-house with Faust! The artist makes one envy his happiness that he can sketch such things with calmness, which I only dared look upon once, and which made my brain swim round only to touch the leaf on the opposite side of which I knew that it was figured." This is of the very essence of Shelley. He is the poet, not of human yearning in general, but of the yearning for that youthful ecstasy which bounds like fresh life through every nerve. He cannot be satisfied without a *thrill* of his whole soul. He knows nothing of serene joy. He thinks the whole universe should be ever thrilling in every fibre with mysterious tenderness. The nature of this thirst cannot be better described than in his own musical words:

"With a spirit . . . trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment. Thou demandest, What is love? If we reason, we would be understood: if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's: if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own,—that the beams of her eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own,—that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best food. This is love;—this is the bond and the sanction which connects not only the two sexes, but every thing that exists.

We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant we live and move, thirsts after its likeness. This propensity develops itself with the development of our nature—to this eagerly refers all sensations thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype—the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating the deductions of our own—an imagination which can enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret—with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibration of our own—and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands,—this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that without which there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence, in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, and the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring—in the blue air, there is found a secret correspondence with our heart that awakens the spirits to a

dance of breathless rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says, that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere wreck of what he was."

It is this constant longing to have ever sweet pulsations of feeling coursing through a transparent organism of life and nature which constitutes the "lyrical cry," as Mr. Arnold has so admirably termed the distinguishing note of lyrical poetry, in Shelley's poems. Sometimes, after a long strain on the nerves of intellectual desire, the cry rises almost to a shriek, as, for instance, in the closing lines of *Epipsychidion*:

> "Woe is me!
> The winged words on which my soul would pierce
> Into the height of love's rare Universe,
> Are chains of lead around its flight of fire;
> I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!"

And his most characteristic poem, *Alastor*, is a mere picture of a mind pierced with sweet susceptibilities rushing in mad pursuit of an empty vision of the night that has set those susceptibilities throbbing with liquid fire. "Quærebam quid amarem, amans amare," is the motto that he takes for it from St. Augustine. Other lyrical poets write of what they feel, but Shelley almost uniformly of what he *wants* to feel. The source of his idealism and mysticism lies in this constant protest against the manifold dross of an opaque life, through the thick films of which he could not discern—nay, could not well imagine that he discerned—any sweet fountains of warm life.

And Shelley's idealism betrays its genuineness in the sorrowful wail, the even hoarse discordant note, which frequently rings through it. A true idealist must become restless as he leaves the earth and finds that he is getting into a drearier and colder atmosphere. There is a kind of faith or quietism, the very opposite of proper idealism, which is sometimes confounded with it because it is always finding, like Platonism, that earth is full of the thoughts of God. Shelley thought himself a Platonist, but with the least possible insight into Plato's true faith. In that constant yearning which he felt for a tingling thrill of new intellectual life, there was at times, as there is in all profound love of excitement, a jarring nerve, a thread of discord, which even reflected itself in his general demeanour, as all craving for excitement is apt to do. Hazlitt, keenest of observers, describes him as having the general *physique* of a fanatic. He had "a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggot in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the

philosophic fanatic. He is sanguine-complexioned and shrill-voiced." Mr. Hogg, too, tells us that the voice, which in poets at least is apt to denote some quality profoundly rooted in the character,* was "of the most cruel intension; it was perpetual and without any remission,—*it excoriated the ears.*" And Shelley was quite aware of this hectic fever in his own nature. In one of his latest letters he writes to Mr. Gisborne: "As to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in these articles; and you might as well go to a ginshop for a leg of mutton as expect any thing human or earthly from me." There were many of his contemporaries whose poetry had infinitely more in it of mere stimulant than Shelley's; for the excitement he craved was of a highly distilled intellectual kind, a stimulant for the finest sensibilities—never for the senses. What he loves to feel is a new quiver through his soul,—a quiver of delicious flame, if it may be, but a shiver of horror, if it may not. The high treble key of Shelley's poetry is sometimes a cry of yearning; but sometimes also a cry of ghastly revulsion at a spectre raised by himself. His early poems especially are full of "wormy" horrors; and the loathsomeness of the incident on which the plot of the *Cenci* turns, evidently had a dreadful fascination for him. Mr. Hogg tells a playful little story of his vegetarian days, which reflects this side of Shelley's nature:

"He broke a quantity, often, indeed, a surprising quantity, of bread into a large basin, and poured boiling water upon it. When the bread had been steeped awhile and had swelled sufficiently, he poured off the water, squeezing it out of the bread, which he chopped up with a spoon; he then sprinkled pounded loaf-sugar over it, and grated nutmeg upon it, and devoured the mass with a prodigious relish. He was standing one day in the middle of the room, basin in hand, feeding himself voraciously, gorging himself with pap. 'Why, Bysshe,' I said, 'you lap it up as greedily as the Valkyriæ in Scandinavian story lap up the blood of the slain!' 'Aye!' he shouted out with grim delight; 'I lap up the blood of the slain!' The idea captivated him; he was continually repeating the words; and he often took panada, I suspect, merely to

* Compare Hazlitt's description of Coleridge and Wordsworth's voices, both of them most expressive of their poetic character. "When I got there," Hazlitt says, "the organ was playing the Hundredth Psalm; and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: 'And he went up into the mountain to pray, himself *alone*.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes'; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe." Wordsworth, says the same close observer, "sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the Northern burr, like the crust on wine."—From *My First Acquaintance with Poets.*

indulge this wild fancy, and say, 'I am going to lap up the blood of the slain! to sup up the gore of murdered kings!'"

The story might, no doubt, be told of almost any one; yet the fascination of this not very striking joke for Shelley's mind is partly explained by the character of much of his poetry, which not unfrequently and purposely dips into curdling subjects, simply for the sake of the chill to the blood, the vibration to the nerves. When he says to Nature in *Alastor*,

> "I have made my bed
> In charnels and on coffins, where black death
> Keeps records of the trophies won from thee,"

he probably scarcely exaggerates the reality. At least, one of his letters to Mr. Hogg begins with an excuse for a bad handwriting on the ground of cold, because "I have been pacing a churchyard all night." And there is not one of his longer poems in which he does not alternate the breathless upward flight of his own skylark with occasional plunges into a weird world of morbid horrors. He has described to us, in his hymn to Intellectual Beauty, how intimately connected in his mind was the first thrill of his adoration for the universal Beauty with these moods of startled and fascinated dread:

> "While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
> Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
> And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
> Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
> I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed:
> I was not heard, I saw them not;
> When musing deeply on the lot
> Of life at that sweet time when winds are wooing
> All vital things that wake to bring
> News of buds and blossoming,
> Sudden thy shadow fell on me;
> *I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!*
>
> I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
> To thee and thine; have I not kept the vow?
> With beating heart and streaming eyes even now
> I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
> Each from his voiceless grave: they have, in visioned bowers
> Of studious zeal or love's delight,
> Outwatched with me the envious night:
> They know that never joy illumed my brow
> Unlinked with hope that thou would'st free
> This world from its dark slavery,
> That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
> Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express."

"Awful Loveliness" Shelley calls this only object of his adora-

tion; and there is, we suppose, no doubt that he ascribed some real significance to the term; but certainly not the significance which we assign to it,—certainly not that bending of the humiliated spirit before a free Power from whom it craves much, from whom it can compel nothing, that expresses to our minds the essence of "awe." The loveliness which he called "awful" was one which he hoped to unveil and take by storm, the awe only whetting the force of his desire;—not a generous, liberal power, but a discernible secret of anticipated rapture. Profound awelessness, indeed, characterises all Shelley's poetry, both on subjects of human and divine mystery. No doubt the habit of tearing the veil rudely from all subjects over which the reverence of nature or custom had cast them was natural to the revolutionary era in which Shelley was born, and cannot have been counteracted by either the companion of his youth or the companion of his maturity. His college friend and biographer, Mr. Hogg, seems, by his own account, to have acted the part of a very conceited Mephistopheles to Shelley's Faust, mocking his enthusiasm and encouraging all his wildest irreverence. Such an influence as is shown by the following story cannot but have tended to render Shelley even less inclined to bow before the object of others' worship than he was by nature:

"Shelley took me one Sunday to dine with his father, by invitation, at Miller's hotel, over Westminster Bridge. We breakfasted early, and sallied forth, taking as usual a long walk. He told me that his father would behave strangely, and that I must be prepared for him; and he described his ordinary behaviour on such occasions. I thought the portrait was exaggerated, and I told him so; but he assured me that it was not.

Shelley had generally one volume at least in his pocket whenever he went out to walk. He produced a little book, and read various passages from it aloud. It was an unfavourable and unfair criticism on the Old Testament—some work of Voltaire's, if I mistake not, which he had lately picked up on a stall. He found it amusing, and read many pages aloud to me, laughing heartily at the excessive and extravagant ridicule of the Jewish nation, their theocracy, laws, and peculiar usages.

We arrived at the appointed hour of five at the hotel, but dinner had been postponed until six. Mr. Graham, whom I had seen before, was there. Mr. Timothy Shelley received me kindly; but he presently began to talk in an odd unconnected manner; scolding, crying, swearing, and then weeping again; no doubt he went on strangely. 'What do you think of my father?' Shelley whispered to me.

I had my head filled with the book which I had heard read aloud all the morning, and I whispered, in answer, 'Oh, he is not your father. It is the God of the Jews; the Jehovah you have been reading about!' Shelley was sitting at the moment, as he often used to sit, quite on the edge of his chair. Not only did he laugh aloud, with a wild

demoniacal burst of laughter, but he slipped from his seat and fell on his back at full length on the floor.

'What is the matter, Bysshe? Are you ill? Are you dead? Are you mad? Why do you laugh?'"

It was not likely that a man who was thus early taught to throw away in one cast the reverence of nature for an earthly and a heavenly father, could have ever permitted the mere shrinking of instinct to deter him from entering in imagination into the arcana of any subject where the stream of desire led him; and the only wonder is, that in later life he should, in comparison at least with Byron, have shown a spirit of lofty reverence and self-restraint.

Shelley's awelessness of nature—"curiosity," as Hazlitt calls it—is only the result of the limitless desire with which he seeks to tear the veil from almost any secret, human or divine; and yet not in the spirit of a thirst for new *truth*, so much as a thirst for a new effervescence between knowledge and feeling. This characteristic in Shelley is an exceedingly different thing from that species of scoffing wit in which Byron attained such preëminence, and which consists in dashing cold water, as it were, in the face of a mysterious or sacred Power, without ever caring to penetrate the secret of the mystery. Shelley's intellect was far subtler than Byron's, and betrayed no fascination for mere acts of intellectual impertinence. Byron was a grown-up schoolboy, with a keen pleasure in playing practical jokes on solemn Powers in which he half believed. Shelley crept up to them with an irresistible longing to peep under the veil, and receive a new electric shock for his own nature. Still, as we said, his temptation was not to scoffing, but to a morbid subtlety of imagination on unhealthy subjects; and the irreverence cherished in the external relations of life by the unhappy peculiarities of a coarse and obstinate father, and the petty sarcastic egotism of his most intimate friend, cannot but have had an influence in dissolving the spell of that inward awe which arrests the curious imagination on the verge of subjects which it is not good for it to touch.

And, quite apart from the influences of his early culture, we must admit that Shelley's mind resembled the Greek mind in not being clothed with that instinctive "mutual awe" which Plato makes, in his Protagoras, the natural guarantee of all human society. There is a mental characteristic, setting a bound to what we may call spiritual *familiarities*, which the Jews, the Romans, and the English have in common, and in which Greeks and Frenchmen always seem to be comparatively deficient, which Voltaire had almost eradicated from the minds of his pupils,

which is not very easy to define, but which we all recognise as existing at once both in the spirit of worship, and in the repelling shame which acts like a molecular force to limit the mutual approaches of human beings, and to guard the precincts of certain subjects from the invasion even of imagination,—to which we give this name of awe. It is flagrantly violated in the anecdote we have quoted from Mr. Hogg. It is best illustrated perhaps by the spirit which breathes in the old Hebrew tradition of Jacob's dream, or that vision of Moses which taught him to "put off the shoes from his feet." When Jacob rises from the sleep in which he had seen the ladder connecting earth and heaven, he says, "How dreadful is this place! Behold the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not. This is no other than the house of God. This is the gate of heaven." That is the spirit of awe,—which sees a shadow of mystery cast from above even on the colour of a dream. It is a spirit which may pass into slavish superstition, but which still gives us the true attitude both for worship, and for appreciating best the depths of human character. The opposite to it is the spirit which is attracted, by the very sight of a veil to pierce it, by a shadow of power to brave it, by a secret recoil of nature to overcome it, by an indefinable reserve to defy it. Shelley seems to have been a shy man; but, like many shy men, he seems almost to have revelled in breaking, in imagination, through all the boundary-walls of nature, and following the wave of desire into the penetralia of life, both human and divine. "Superstition" was his one great foe. "Thou taintest all thou look'st upon," he said, and forthwith strove to banish the attitude of reverence from his spirit in dealing with religious subjects. This was his usual style:

> "Gray Power was seated
> Safely on her ancestral throne;
> And Faith, the Python undefeated,
> Even to its blood-stained step dragged on
> Her foul and wounded train, and men
> Were trampled on and deceived again."

And so on *ad nauseam*. The same spirit of almost morbid fascination for any thing positively *nefas*, penetrated into the human subjects treated by his imagination. In his delineations of love, he is always urging on passion to the impossible leap over the boundaries of personality itself:

> "The fountains of our deepest life shall be
> Confused in passion's golden purity,"

he sings; and he can scarcely bear to admit any vestige of per-

sonal distinction at all,—beating as it were almost frantically at the barrier between mind and mind:

> "We shall become the same, we shall be one
> Spirit within two frames: oh, wherefore two?
> One passion in twin hearts which grows and grew,
> Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,
> Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
> Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever still
> Burning, yet ever inconsumable:
> In one another's substance finding food,
> Like flames too pure and light and unimbued,
> To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
> Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away;
> One hope within two wills, one will beneath
> Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
> One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality,
> And one annihilation."

We do not quote this as an instance of the violation of natural reserves, of which we think Shelley is often guilty, but to show the force of impulse which led his imagination to violate such reserves, when once he had ceased to respect them. That eager mind rushing breathlessly along the track of imaginative desire, would have needed much to convince it that any precincts were inviolable.

Thus far it would seem that Shelley's genius was almost the opposite of mystical,—that instead of halting on the edge of the spiritual world, and bending before its mighty mysteries, he dissipates, as he imagines, a whole host of illusions, by pursuing with frantic eagerness one or two hasty trains of ardent personal impression, which he does not hesitate to spur into a region of thought far beyond their legitimate bounds. This is the spirit of an enthusiast, no doubt, but certainly not of the mystic. When he told Mr. Hogg that there could be "no entire regeneration of mankind till laughter was put down," he spoke in the spirit not of the mystical but of the most explicit enthusiasm,—of a man who had what seemed to him the most definite notions, and did not love to hear their foundation shaken by irony. And Shelley's mysticism does certainly arise much more from a refusal to recognise some very large regions of life and nature,—from the exceedingly limited sphere of his wonderful imagination, and the complete *abandon* with which he trusts its guidance in the reconstruction of the spiritual universe, than from any conscious recognition of a great world of unexplored mystery. This a little examination will, we think, suffice to prove. Shelley never shows his full power in dealing with either intellectual or spiritual or moral or physical beauty. His appropriate sphere was what we may call swift sensibility,

the intersecting line between the sensuous and the intellectual or moral. Mere sensation is too literal for him, mere feeling too blind and dumb, mere thought too cold; but in the line where sensation and feeling are just passing into thought, where the stream of desire receives a new poignancy from the chill current of subtle discrimination with which his mind penetrated it, his great power lay. Nothing can illustrate it better than the one new and exquisitely beautiful poem which Mr. Garnett has given us in this volume:

"She left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And, like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I stayed alone,
Thinking over every tone
Which, though now silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever—O too much!—
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim.
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The dæmon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts; but thus disturbed and weak,
I sat and watched the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-winged chariots sent
O'er some serenest element,
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of sleeping flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Was scattered over the twinkling bay.

And the fisher, with his lamp
And spear, about the low rocks' damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!"

But this is more tranquil than is usual with Shelley in poems of equal beauty. The feeling of want which sighs through it is less bitter, the effervescence between the sense of beauty and the longing for it is less vivid; there is more of still reflectiveness, of patient thought, than is quite characteristic of him. Generally, in the more perfect minor poems, you almost see the angel troubling the water,—the very thrill of intellectualised impulse,—the fixed air of thought bubbling up through the intermittent springs of hot desire. Mr. Trelawny has given us a very graphic account of this:

"The day I found Shelley in the pine-forest, he was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines:

'Ariel, to Miranda take
This slave of music.'

It was a frightful scrawl; words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in most 'admired disorder;' it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks; such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius. On my observing this to him, he answered, 'When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch, as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing."

This gives us one key to Shelley's mysticism. Shelley's mind was heated through at a much lower comparative temperature, if we may be allowed the expression, than almost any other English poet's. We would not say, as Mr. Emerson has said of some minor poet, that the susceptibility of his imagination illustrated the proverb, "little pot soon hot;" for Shelley stands in the very front rank of English poets. But still there was something of tenuity in the essence of his genius, which is clearly connected with this liability to rapid excitation. We would rather say, that his genius resembles the water taken to a mountain-top, and which, under that attenuated atmospheric pressure, boils with far less heat—or at all events what *seems* to general observers far less heat—than other men's. Under the influence of a sentiment which would at most warm the surface of other poets' minds into a genial glow,

Shelley's bubbles up from its very depths, in a sort of pale passion, and seethes with imprisoned thought. This alone produces a mystifying effect on ordinary minds. To feel that Shelley breathes an exceedingly rarefied atmosphere of abstract sentiment, and yet see this rarefied air intoxicating his imagination into the bounding pulse of a most ardent passion, is like hearing a flow of hot thought from the lips of a spectre, or seeing the bloodless ichor coursing furiously through its veins. There is something necessarily mystifying in this. The sentiment is half abstract; the ardour is almost unparalleled even in the most eager pursuits of human passion; and the crowd of impressions and images which rush in so thickly, merely to amplify an apparently thin, if not unreal, sentiment, is perfectly dizzying to any reader at the first onset.

If we examine wherein consists the abstract and ideal air which colours Shelley's even most ardent poetic passions, we shall find it partly due to the ideal susceptibilities of his mind, but in some measure also to the habit he had of writing down trains of secondary feeling, of which the living explanation was contained in his own memory, and nowhere else. *Epipsychidion*, for instance, to ordinary readers the most mystical of all his poems, was probably to him one of the most simply expressive; but then it paints the impressions made upon him by persons and events that remain entirely beneath the horizon of the poem. The practical centre or focus of his meaning lies concealed in his own heart, while all that he pictures for us is the secondary effect exerted upon himself, without the causes which produced it. We are in the position of the prisoners in Plato's myth, who see the flickering shadows on the wall of the cave, but never the real objects which cast those shadows. In the poem we have mentioned, *Epipsychidion*, Shelley intends to describe apparently the three abstract types of feminine influence which he had keenly and vividly experienced; but he can scarcely be said to give us so much as their *shadows* on his imagination; rather he gives us three distinct aromas; and notwithstanding this, the fire with which the verse seems almost to pant, is more electric than in most poems of direct passion. Here is the first feminine influence he is subjected to; the deleterious enchantress:

> "One whose voice was venomed melody
> Sate by a well, under blue nightshade bowers;
> The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers;
> Her touch was as electric poison; flame
> Out of her looks into my vitals came;
> And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
> A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew

Into the core of my green heart, and lay
Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
With ruins of unseasonable time."

It would be impossible to describe the poisonous subtlety of beautiful falsehood with more intensity; this being diffuses an atmosphere of killing excitement, which enters and blights at every pore. But still it fails to make the reader understand the intensity of the poet's horror, because it does not present even a phantom to his mind, does not give even a glimpse of the cause,—only of the effect. We can scarcely imagine here that the glow of the poet's own feeling is purely ideal in origin; at all events, it may relate to some painful personal experience. Yet it has all the mystical effect of a phantom passion, the object of it, if not purely ideal, being beyond our view. And the same is quite as true of the other personifications in that remarkable poem.

But this certainly is not the rule even in the most passionate of Shelley's poems. *Alastor*, for instance, is the picture of a purely ideal passion, and yet of one so hot and ardent, that it draws the hero, who is an imaginative copy of Shelley, across the Balkan, over the steppes of Southern Russia, into a little leaky boat on the Black Sea, where, using his cloak for a sail, he drives for two days, with his hair very naturally turning gray all the time; and having sailed up one of the rivers that flow down from the Caucasus, he dies in a spot of apparently impossible geography, his whole career being a wild pursuit of a vision presented to him in a dream, the personality of which dwindles into a pair of visionary eyes:

"When his regard
Was raised by intense pensiveness, two eyes,
Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
And seemed, with their serene and azure smiles,
To beckon him."

No theory of the eyes can dispel the apparent incommensurability between the cause and the effect. Had Lord Jeffrey reviewed the poem, he would assuredly have passed a very short and rude criticism on the eyes, and perhaps on the poet too. And yet this is certainly one of Shelley's most characteristic and most beautiful poems. It is a ghostly kind of passion described, but the ghostly passion throbs as high as ever did that of man.

The truth seems to be, that Shelley's mind was powerfully excited neither by the proper spiritual nor by the proper physical world, neither by the supernatural nor by the natural, but in an ideal region peculiar to himself, where the uninteresting part, as he thought it, of *reality* was purged away, and the

solemn shadow of unseen power was not yet reached. His imagination does not seem to have been strong enough to weld together the invisible and visible, the spiritual causes and the earthly phenomena, into a single imaginative whole. "Lift not the painted veil," he said, "which those who live call life," even "though unreal shapes be pictured there." He had tried to lift it; and it only made him lose his hold of life, without gaining any hold of unseen realities. And this just represents the true sphere of his genius. He recoiled from the world of living reality; he had not penetrated to the world of unseen might; his imagination remained suspended between the two, wielding a wonderful power over ideal essences, but neither giving them a strong hold in life nor reaching their root in eternity. His intellect, subtle as it was, had no muscular comprehensiveness in it; if we may use a somewhat pedantic expression, it had no *integrating* power. It was swift and infinite in fertility; but the only string by which he ever bound his thoughts firmly together was continuity of desire. There was but the faintest measure of binding strength in his thought, the faintest possible *will* in it. Hence he had no enjoyment at all of *reality* as such. There never was a poet who had less sympathy with the pre-Raphaelite school of art. Poets and artists, and theologians and thinkers and politicians, who hunger after reality, hold, we suppose, that the *actual* combination of qualities and substances and personal influences, as God has made them, contains something much better worth knowing and imagining accurately, than any recast they could effect of their own. They believe in the infinite significance of actual ties. And those who feel this, as modern society does usually feel it, must have a certain spirit of faithful tenacity at the bottom of their minds, a respect for the mere fact of existence, a wish to see good reason before they separate things joined together by nature, and perhaps, they will think, by divine law; a disposition to cling to the details of experience, as having at least a *presumptive* sacredness; nay, even a higher love for such beauty itself as is presented to them in the real universe, than for any which is got by the dissolving and recomposing power of their own eclectic idealism.

Shelley shows no trace of this feeling. He is idealist to the heart's core. In the first place, the root of much of this sort of feeling is adhesiveness of temperament, and Shelley had but very little of this; he did not instinctively cling to things or persons as he has seen and known them, simply because he had so seen and known them. In the next place, a good deal more of it is due to a spiritual preference of that beauty and goodness which has penetrated and conquered a resisting medium, as

compared with the natural beauty of simple transparency, which has exerted no such moulding power. Shelley had no such feeling. He shrank from the resisting medium as intrinsically ugly, *because* it resisted the sunshine of beauty; and his only idea was to refine away the coarse material of earth until the sunshine remained pure and undiluted. His adoration is all for the ease and richness and warmth of overflowing, passionate, lavish beauty. Asia, in his *Prometheus Unbound*, is his true goddess, and he paints her thus:

"Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy lips are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender,
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing."

Nothing could express better the ideal of melting beauty; the beauty which, like a rich odour, makes us "faint," according to Shelley's own favourite expression.

Further again, as we have said, Shelley's intellect and imagination were not of a sort to handle and master a complex whole. There was no *grip* in them. Infinitely subtle they were; and if they had had more volition, they might perhaps have been less subtle; but of volition they were almost destitute. His imagination was of one dimension only,—a point of moving fire generating myriads of beautiful shapes, but never illuminating any thing beyond the single series of connected positions which the spark traversed between the moment of kindling and the moment of extinction. Hence the far greater perfection of his shorter lyrics, and the superiority of the *Cenci*,

which is constituted by one single thrill of preternatural horror, to any other of his longer poems. He never holds up either a subject or a character steadily before his mind to examine it in all its parts; even the *Cenci* is a passion, not a drama,—the silver gleam of a winter torrent down a terrific precipice, leaving a shudder behind, and no more.

Thus Shelley's intellectual, moral, and emotional nature alike made him a pure idealist. There was no moulding, no subduing, no conquering element in the Beauty he worshipped. It conquered by passive fascination alone, not by any inherent dominating force. There was no inherent *strength* in his conception of beauty. He *abstracted* it from the world, instead of impressing or imposing it on it. His intellect had no grappling-irons wherewith to cling to the existing order of things till he had exhausted its possibilities; his conscience showed the finest feminine qualities and faithfulness in the sense of mere endurance, but recoiled abruptly from all aggressive exploits against the coarse jumbled evils of the world; his affections were not dumb conservative things, which fastened on the forms consecrated by time and usage, but swift gleams of chameleon-like rapture. His creed on this head he has versified for us, though he was perhaps higher than his creed. The passage throws a considerable light on his whole cast of intellect:

> "I never was attached to that great sect
> Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
> Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
> And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
> To cold oblivion; though it is the code
> Of modern morals, and the beaten road
> Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
> Who travel to their home among the dead
> By the broad highway of the world, and so
> With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
> The dreariest and the longest journey go.
> True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away;
> Love is like understanding, that grows bright
> Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light,
> Imagination! which from earth and sky,
> And from the depths of human fantasy,
> As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
> The universe with glorious beams, and kills
> Error, the worm, with many a sunlike arrow
> Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
> The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
> The life that wears, the spirit that creates
> One object and one form, and builds thereby
> A sepulchre for its eternity."

This is the natural creed of an inconstant imagination.

Rapid change, strung together only by the continuity of a flash of feeling, being thus the law of Shelley's imagination, all his longer poems, except the *Cenci*, are very defective in unity. Even *Adonais* is only a shimmer of beautiful regret, full of arbitrary though harmonious and delicate fancies; while the *Witch of Atlas* gauges for us the spontaneous tendencies of Shelley's volatile and inconstant imagination, when it happened to be entirely free from the spell of any strong desire, and shows us how loose was the texture of his genius when not dominated by such feelings. No other poet could make us take the slightest interest in the subject. The witch is the impersonation of Shelley's own fancy-free imagination, and is said to be the spirit of love, but exhibits it only in the shape of that pale gentleness of disposition which Shelley so often confounded with love. She, like the poet himself, has storehouses of all essences of beauty, "sounds of air," "folded in cells of crystal silence:"

> "Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
> Will never die; yet, ere we are aware,
> The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
> And the regret they leave remains alone."

And then, too, she has essences of dreams, "swift, sweet, and quaint," each "in his thin sheath like a chrysalis;" and "odours in a kind of aviary" which are commissioned to stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds; and even "liquors clear and sweet,"—a sort of essence of healing influences, the agreeable quintessence of a celestial apothecary's shop, without any of the unpleasant terrestrial alloys,—in fact, all the beauties which Shelley had distilled in thought out of this miscellaneous world;—and wonderful atoms of detailed beauty they are, most exquisitely combining thoughts with perceptions, but wanting as a whole just in the very thing in which Shelley's imagination was wanting,—connecting purpose or subduing comprehensiveness. The Witch does not sleep at night, but lies in trance, "with open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm," in the fountain, watching the constellations reel and dance over her; or, in winter, in a well of crimson fire, watching the flakes of snow melt as they touch it. She moulds a sexless companion out of snow and fire "tempered by love," and with it voyages about, "circling the image of a shooting star," and otherwise investigating all the subtle dreams of Shelley's fancy. But her most characteristic occupation is the one Shelley assigns her in human affairs: here she would defeat all the crooked purposes of priests and hypocrites, but without changing the heart of deceit; she would gratify lovers' passions, and save them from the results; in short, she would remove all the natural obstructions to the sweeter desires of

human life, defeat the unnatural vices, and smooth the way to a placid adjustment of wants and pleasures. This is an exact reflection of the spontaneous reverie of Shelley's imagination when not illuminated by some glowing flash of feeling. It busied itself with fusing together mental and sensuous impressions into symbols of rare beauty; in shaking them up in the kaleidoscope of his delicate fancy; or in using them more thoughtfully to construct a world from which all wrong and violence should be eliminated;—a thin world of distilled loveliness and spontaneous instinct, but containing nothing that could be called the strength of divine love,—a world in which evil should be foiled or evaporated rather than conquered.

This interlunar sphere, in which Shelley places the activity of his Witch of Atlas, is, we believe, the region with which his own imagination was most familiar,—the sphere of ideal beauty lying midway between Divine Power and human life. His mysticism arises quite as much from his refusal to acknowledge the world beyond, as from his reluctance to meddle with the coarse details on this side of his appropriate world. His Witch of Atlas puts forth nothing which can be called constraining power at all,—she only removes friction; and it was a characteristic of Shelley's mind that he could scarcely conceive either Power or Government, properly so called, except as pure evil and tyranny. This alone gives much of the apparent mysticism both to his political and his religious poems. It is obvious, we suppose, that politics involve a faith in government, religion a faith in the divine *Will*. Shelley had no such faith. He believed rather in the abolition of government than in government; in the divinity of love perhaps, but love of the thinnest naturalistic type, certainly not in the love of infinite *power*. Hence there are no poems that seem more hazy to our own age than his political and religious dreams. In both he is striving to delineate something to which beneficent power is essential, and he does it by an elision of the very idea. He paints a mere shadow of Influence, a white symbol of Acquiescence, thinner and less real than the Witch of Atlas herself, and puts the reins of this headstrong universe into its hands. In his political poems, indeed, Shelley scarcely takes the trouble to sketch even a shadow of government, while he carefully erases all the distinctive features which give force and reality to the meaning of the word:

> "The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains,
> Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself, just, gentle, wise."

All that is wanted to his imagination is the rejection of the

tyrannical yoke, not the imposition of a just one. Man would be greater if "sceptreless, free, equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless," than under the laws which are the growth of history, and which recognise the actual distinctions between nation and nation. From the sceptre on the one hand, from the vulgar details of national prejudice and peculiarities on the other, his ideal mind alike recoiled. When Shelley was writing his poem of *Hellas*, Trelawny insisted on taking him to see actual Greeks on board the ships at Leghorn, that he might better know what he was writing of. They found the Greek crews "squatting about the decks in small knots, shrieking, gesticulating, smoking, eating, and gambling, like savages." "'Does this realise your idea of Hellenism, Shelley?' I said. 'No; but it does of Hell,' he replied." The skipper was opposed to the Greek revolution because it "interrupted trade." "Come away," said Shelley; "there is not a drop of the old Hellenic blood here. These are not the men to rekindle the ancient Greek fire; their souls are extinguished by traffic and superstition. Come away; I had rather not have any more of my hopes and illusions mocked by sad realities." This is a striking picture of the recoil of Shelley's mind from the actual men concerning whose political state he dreamed and poetised.

And of course he neglected to notice not only the vices and faults which render some government necessary by way of remedy, but also many virtues and capacities for a life in common, which render all such government valuable as a concentration of the energies of a united race. His abstract man might live perhaps "sceptreless, tribeless, and nationless;" but with the actual qualities shared by the tribe and the nation the value of the sceptre begins. We can easily understand, therefore, the feeling which Shelley is said to have expressed to Mr. Hogg: "With how unconquerable an aversion do I shrink from political articles in newspapers and reviews! I have heard people talk politics by the hour, and how I hated it and them! I went with my father several times to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! what faces! what an expression of countenance! what wretched beings!" Here he raised his voice to a painful pitch with fervid dislike. "Good God! what men did we meet about the House, in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them —to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust!" Of course he did: here he found the stringy fibre of real politics,—power in its coarse form, wielding vulgar motives and machinery, —the *gristle* of government. Shelley had no belief in such government. He wanted to see man "tribeless and nationless," following gentle instincts without any friction or any yoke.

But if Shelley's political view of men is confusing, because it ignores the governing power and the need of government in man, his religious view of the world is still more so, from a corresponding *hiatus* in his spiritual creed. It is curious that both in politics and in religion he has a tendency to give us feminine softness as the sovereign power, where he will allow us any. In the *Revolt of Islam*, Laone, if any one, fills the vacuum left by the throne,—certainly Laone more than Laon, who is himself feminine enough. In the *Prometheus Unbound*, while Prometheus brings about the catastrophe by patient endurance, Asia, as we have said, is the only positive representation of the "ruling" spirit of love; and Asia is a rich overpowering perfume rather than a power. Demogorgon, the genius of Eternity, who, in form at least, dethrones the tyrant Jupiter when the fated hour comes, is a form of Zero. He sits waiting for his task in the gloom, and never appears to do any thing again after it is performed. The whole catastrophe is significantly enough brought about by passive virtues; and Demogorgon is therefore fitly enough the pure Nothing, the "reine Nichts," or at best, let us say, Kant's pure idea of *à priori* Time seated in *à priori* Space, who overthrows the tyrant at last simply because the tyrant's day is done. *Panthea* describes him thus, and he is even more negative than he is described to be:

> "I see a mighty Darkness
> Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
> Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
> Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither limb,
> Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
> A living Spirit."

The reader does *not* feel it at all, and certainly Shelley as a poet did not feel it,—nothing can be more imbecile than Demogorgon's function in the poem. Prometheus only represents created beings; and his virtues are summed up in lines which tell how anxiously Shelley wished to inculcate that the highest virtues of the creature are purely passive:

> "To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
> To defy power which seems omnipotent,
> To love and bear, to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent,—
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

In this fine poem Shelley in reality puts no personal Power over Jupiter. Tyranny he represents as personal will; but the

power that dethrones tyranny is a breath, a shadow, nothing. In short, Will falls from the throne of the Universe by its own weight, and there is nothing to take its place. To Shelley all will is obstructive; the only being he can really worship is the rich radiant spirit of feminine loveliness, through whom alone even Prometheus can find his rest; and even for her he feels not worship, but "the desire of the moth for the star."

The characteristics, then, of Shelley's poetical mysticism seem to us to be the spirit of unsatisfied desire which kindles it, the intellectualised character of that desire, impregnated as it is every where with the fixed air of subtle thought, and yet never dominated or controlled by that thought,—a consequent awelessness of instinct, which rushes on its way with a craving only whetted by the desultory stirrings of a minutely luminous intellect into the curiosity of passion,—an eclectic idealism, which recoils from every thing unattractive,—a love of beauty, which excludes the attribute of strength, and includes only passive virtues,—all culminating in the substitution of either Time or Zero in the place of the power of God. We do not think that his genius, trained as it was, could have taken any other path of development. He received in his earliest days the severest shock of repulsion from the world as it was. His whole genius led him to the elaboration of ideal beauties. There was something of his own "sensitive plant" in his mind, which made him start away from repulsive qualities, and rendered him incapable of reconciling contradictions, or holding together with a strong hand the various elements of a complex problem. Into one side of human perfection he had a far higher insight than most men of his day,—the passive nobility of beautiful instinct and endurance. But the very idealising tendency which repelled him from human politics repelled him also from all human creeds, and the very first objection he took to them was to their demand of deference for a spiritual King. From all arbitrary authority he recoiled, and never apparently conceived the reality of *authority* properly so called, not arbitrary. Hence, to save his faith in human nature, he was almost compelled to seat a shadow on the throne of the Universe. The only marvel is, that his imagination still kept a throne of the Universe at all, even for a shadow. His ideal world was one "where music and moonlight and feeling are one," and in such a world probably no throne or sceptre would be needed. The result of his idealism, as of all idealism, was, that he nowhere found any true rest for his spirit, since he never came upon any free and immutable will on which to lean. The sense of weakness, of a longing to lean somewhere and no strength on which to lean, runs through his whole poems:

> " Yet now despair itself is mild
> Even as the winds and waters are;
> I could lie down like a tired child,
> And weep away the life of care
> Which I have borne, and yet must bear,"

is a burden that reappears habitually in his poetry. There is but one passage in all Shelley's exquisite poetry which rises into pure sublimity,—because power is of the essence of sublimity, and Shelley had no true sense of power. But one does, and that is, characteristically enough, the passage in which he puts into Beatrice Cenci's heart the sudden doubt lest the spiritual world be without God after all:

> " Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
> No God, no Heaven, no Earth, in the void world,—
> The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!"

A sublimer line was scarcely ever written. It casts just a gleam on the infinite horror of an empty eternity, and then drops the veil again, leaving the infinitude of weakness and emptiness intensified into a sublimity. Yet here is the true root of Shelley's restlessness—the suspicion that when desire fails, the object of the heart's desire may fail with it,—that " the One" who " remains" is a thinner, fainter, less living thing than the " many" which " change and pass,"—that there is nothing substantial at the heart of the universe,—no Will behind the fleeting beauty, no strength of self-sacrifice behind the melting love. Shelley was no Atheist. His Pantheism was sincere, and at times no doubt a kind of faith to him; but belief in a universal essence gave no solidity to the order of the world, no firm law to the flux and reflux of human desire, had no power to say, " Be still, and know that I am God." Behind this " form and flush of the universal beauty" there always lay a dreadful phantom of possible emptiness. He felt of Pantheism as he felt of the pictured falsehoods on the surface of the individual mind, that they might be all an illusive scenic effect. " Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life." What if we were to find even behind the fresco of universal loveliness nothing but a " wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world"?

Art. V.—ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The Revelation of God the Probation of Man. Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. London: J. H. and Jas. Parker, and J. Murray. 1861.

Notes on the Parables. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

Parochial Sermons. By John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 1844.

An Exposition of the Creed. By John Pearson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Chester.

Sermons. By George Bull, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. David's. Oxford, 1846.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. London: J. Murray. 1855.

Scripture Revelations of a Future State. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn.

Theological Essays. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1853.

Essays and Reviews. London: Longmans. 1861.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, newly translated and explained from a Missionary point of view. By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1861.

Forgiveness after Death: Does the Bible or the Church of England affirm it to be impossible? A Review of the alleged Proofs of the Hopelessness of the Future State. By a Clergyman. London: Longmans. 1862.

The preceding list of works will at once show the nature and extent of the task which we have imposed on ourselves in the present article. We are not going to enter on any discussion of abstract theories, or on any analysis of the philosophical arguments which are brought forward in support of them. Our work is at once more simple and more urgent. The controversies which find their battle-ground in the Church of England seem to multiply almost as rapidly as the heads of the Lernæan hydra; but, like these heads, they spring from one root, and on this final question we purpose now to insist with that plainness of speech which has never been more imperatively needed than at the present time. Behind all discussions on the authority of the Bible lies the one absorbing subject of human destiny. It

is better and more honest to declare at once, that on this question only one answer will be accepted by the English people; but it is no light thing, if, as we believe, it can be said with truth that the Church of England has returned this answer. In her interest, next only to that of truth and justice, we desire to speak. She is facing a great danger; but that danger arises from the progress, not of historical criticism, but of a feeling of doubt whether her voice is raised to proclaim unreservedly the absolute righteousness of God. Her authority is claimed for a vast scheme of popular theology. Among her ministers, some few openly denounce parts of this scheme, many practically ignore it; while others uphold it by arguments which would make it indifferent whether we worship God, or whether we worship Moloch. It bodes no good to a church when its lay members begin to suspect that the clergy are upholding a system of dogmas in some part of which at least they do not believe. It is a still darker sign if they come to think that these dogmas impute what, amongst men, would be called the worst injustice to a Being who is represented as infinitely merciful and loving. It becomes therefore a subject of paramount importance to ascertain what is in fact the practical teaching of the clergy on the subject of Eternal Punishment, and whether that teaching is consistent with itself and with the religion on which it professes to rest.

The subject cannot possibly be put aside. The course of thought and criticism at home, the more urgent needs of missionaries abroad, will again and again demand answers to questions which all feel to be of greater moment than any other. The age, which has fearlessly scrutinised the histories of Greece and Rome, which has laid down the laws by which these are to be judged, and has applied these laws with rigid impartiality to all researches or speculations, whether they tell for or against the orthodox belief,* will not be hindered from examining the grounds of the doctrines which fix the destinies of all mankind. It is impossible to doubt that the clergy generally are well aware of this. The old language on the subject of hell-torments is by comparison seldom heard at the present day; and the passing reference to them is commonly followed by the tranquil announcement of a just retribution for all sin. While in this

* The criticisms of Sir Cornewall Lewis are directed with equal severity against the reconstructed Assyrian history of Mr. Rawlinson and the Egyptology of Baron Bunsen. The former is supposed to corroborate the history of the Old Testament, the latter to upset it. To the historical critic either issue is wholly beside the question; but of course his weapons may strike that which he had no conscious intention of assailing. Minucius Felix never thought of the labours of Samson when he thrust aside those of Heracles by the famous criterion, "Hæc, si facta essent, fierent: quia fieri non possunt, ideò nec facta sunt."

country the clergy feel that any thing more would be practically thrown away, they find it at once an easier and a more worthy task to insist on those truths which neither they nor their people in their secret hearts deny. From time to time men of greater honesty and greater courage give utterance to what is working in the minds of others, and plainly show that not merely the course of modern criticism, but our first religious instincts, make the subject of Eternal Punishment the great question of the age.

Twice at least within the last ten years something like a plain answer has been given to this question. The *Theological Essays* of Mr. Maurice roused an opposition scarcely less vehement than that which denounced *Essays and Reviews;* but it was easy to see that the former lost half their force by the writer's seeming love of paradox; while the latter have been commonly regarded as the ambiguous utterances of men who felt more than they dared to put down in words. The practical needs of the missionary will not be so easily set aside. It is one thing to speak, in this country, of heathens as being destined to torments which shall have no end, and another to insist, before the heathen themselves, that all sin not repented of at the hour of death will plunge the sinner into endless misery. In his commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Bishop of Natal admits that the task of teaching Christian doctrine "to intelligent adult natives, who have the simplicity of children, but withal the earnestness and thoughtfulness of men, . . . is a sifting process for the opinions of any teacher who feels the deep moral obligation of answering truly and faithfully and unreservedly his fellow-man looking up to him for light and guidance, and asking, 'Are you sure of this? Do you know this to be true? Do you really believe that?'" The Zulus of Southern Africa are not slow in drawing the logical inferences from the dogma of Eternal Punishment, as ordinarily understood and set before them; but they are more ready to question its justice than to adopt the belief which drove Antony and Macarius into the Nitrian desert.

These are things on which the nation at large will soon have to make up its mind. But while the doctrine of an endless punishment for all men dying with unrepented sin is asserted judicially* to be the doctrine of the Church of England, and while from time to time we have explanations of its nature which leave us in no doubt of the speaker's meaning, how are we to explain the fact that it should be less and less frequently brought before the people? A real conviction of its truth would lead men to dwell on it to the exclusion of almost every

* Judgment of the Court of Arches in the case of Fendall *v.* Wilson, p. 44.

other dogma, to enforce it by night and by day with a vehement and untiring energy. Instead of this, the Bishop of Natal asserts, and asserts truly, that the dogma "is very seldom stated in plain words in the presence of any intelligent congregation." If prominently brought forward, it is generally before the ignorant and before children.

Put in the simplest way, this doctrine asserts that the condition of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of his death,—that, owing to the fall of Adam, the natural doom of all his children, without exception, is an unending existence of torment,—that the death of Christ has indeed redeemed mankind, but procured salvation only for those who believe the Gospel and are baptised into his church,—that, further, every Christian must die in a state of penitence, and that the slightest failing not repented of at the moment of death consigns him to endless flame. Thus a sharp line is drawn which divides all mankind into two classes; and from the number of those who are saved not only all openly evil-livers are cast out, but all heathen who, having not the law, have not been a law to themselves; and among Christians, all who have not died in the faith of Christ. Thus the gates of hell close on all who may be set down as careless and indifferent, or as mere moralists, or sceptics, or philosophers, all, in short, who do not at the hour of death with true penitence place their conscious trust in the great sacrifice of Christ. This doctrine knows nothing of shades of character or degrees of guilt. It may admit the salvation of really good heathen men to whom the Gospel has never been preached, and possibly of all children dying before the commission of actual sin.* Ignorant Christians it regards as heathen, and there can be no reason to exempt them from a doom which awaits the vast mass, nay almost the whole of the latter.

This dogma may of course be enforced in ways indefinitely various. It may be so put as to make God's hatred of all sin the prominent idea, or it may be clothed with the coarseness of the most vindictive passion. It may be urged with the earnestness of the saint who is ready to die for others, or with the horrible selfishness of the blasphemer who professes to see the mercy of God in the damnation of infants. But, in whatever form it may be put, the doctrine is in itself repulsive. Human nature shrinks from a penalty which it cannot comprehend, and of which it certainly cannot see the justice or the purpose. In the words of Dean Milman, "to the eternity of hell-torments there is, and ever must be, notwithstanding the peremptory decrees of dogmatic theology, and the reverential dread of so

* The Church of England speaks positively only in the case of *baptised* children who die before such commission of sin.

many religious minds of tampering with what seems the language of the New Testament, a tacit repugnance."* Doubtless there are many truths of Christianity which may at first shock or startle those who have grown up in a different philosophy. The cross of Christ may be to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks an offence; but it is possible to mistake the nature of this antagonism, or to exaggerate it until it becomes a fiction. But there is no other doctrine which leaves on the mind and heart an aching sense as of irremediable pain; no other of which the real belief must throw a dark shade over all human life, and tempt the believer to gird himself with the cord of Dominic and Francis, and go forth to snatch if but a few brands from the burning. There is no other which sets the purest and most natural of human affections in direct conflict with what is held to be the revelation of the divine will. If on the night of the Passover there was not a house in Egypt in which there was not one dead, there must be many dead in almost every Christian home, unless the terms of this dogma are set at naught. There is no man living who has not loved those of whose conscious faith he can say nothing. There is not one who does not still love some, perhaps many, such, on whose bodies the grave has closed. There is not one who will not continue to love them till he himself comes to die; and in the mean while he will vainly seek to understand how after that time he can become indifferent to the doom of those whom he has loved, and feels that he must love, on earth.

It is clear that only the most stringent authority will bring men to believe such a doctrine as this. Their own conception (whether innate or acquired) of divine qualities and attributes will never guide them to it; they can only receive it on the express revelation of God himself that it is really true. Christians have come to believe that He has so revealed it, and that the statement of this doctrine is found in the Bible. They have brought themselves to believe that all morality falls to the ground, if the endlessness of hell-torments is called in question; and hence to all such doubts, however faint and however calmly urged, the great barrier presented is the bulwark of plenary inspiration. The very vehemence with which all doubts are denounced as impious, seems to show that there must be something which can only be maintained by the exclusion or suppression of all doubts. The Roman church is under no necessity to assert the absolute truth even of all doctrinal statements in the Bible: she has not shown her wisdom when she has done so. The Protestant, who does not admit the existence of any living infallible expositor of truth, is compelled to rest every

* History of Latin Christianity, book xiv. chap. ii. vol. vi. p. 253, ed. 2.

thing on the authority of a book; and on this he must take his stand the more obstinately, if he feels that there is any one doctrine which only on such authority he would himself maintain. The tendencies of modern thought are sufficiently clear; and it is manifestly against the truth of facts to suppose that the disposition to a general unbelief is greater now than it was fifty years ago, or so great. But if the wants and yearnings of the human heart, if a sense of perfect harmony with every moral perception (whether implanted or acquired), are leading and will lead men to a belief in the Incarnation, the Trinity in Unity, or any other truth flowing out of these; there are other dogmas from which the very same wants and yearnings, the same perceptions of the essential agreement between divine and human goodness, will altogether repel them. The strong arm of ecclesiastical authority, or the dictates of temporal interest, or a dread of public opinion, may lead men to profess belief in them; but if the doctrine of endless punishment were suffered to rest on the grounds which have led some, who denied it before, to believe that Jesus Christ is God and man, no one can doubt that the great mass of Englishmen would thankfully and indignantly reject it.

Nor would this rejection arise simply, or at all, from merely selfish fears. The main thought in the minds of the most sincere believers will be not for themselves, but for others; nay, the feeling of thankfulness at being rid of the dogma will be the more intense, that now they can really, and without any sophistry and equivocation, justify the ways of God to man. The charge that they, who will not allow the everlasting fire and endless punishment to mean and to be the same thing, wish to introduce a wild license and crush all sense of law and duty, is an idle slander or a childish dream. The Roman Catholic consigns to the remedial fires of Purgatory all who, though dying penitent, have yet made little advance towards Christian perfection. The Protestant, who in theory condemns to endless perdition all but the few of whose faith and goodness there can be no question, can hardly in practice bring himself to speak of any as undergoing the pains of hell. At the least, he cannot so think of those whom he has himself known and loved. Each Protestant, at least in England, is loud in maintaining that all sinners are consigned to endless punishment; each is equally anxious to express his belief, that his own friends are not to suffer such a doom. Clearly then he, and not they who reject his doctrine, is making the laws of God of none effect, and tampering with his absolute and unswerving justice. By his system they who are wholly unfit for so immediate a change are transferred from the feeblest and most imperfect Christian life here to the full blessings of the

saints who have surrendered their wills wholly to the will of God. It is the orthodox Protestant, and not his opponent, who is undermining the convictions of men, that God is of a truth the Righteous Judge. There is not the faintest evidence that they who insist on gradations of punishment are lessening the "terrors of the Lord," far less that they are upholding any theories of what is called Universalism. They have learnt, and their hearts tell them, that all sinners must sooner or later be brought face to face with the everlasting wrath of God. With the questions of amount or duration they resolutely decline to deal. They cannot in terms deny that the resistance of the sinner may be infinite, or presume in such case to determine the issue; but they maintain most strenuously that the wrath of God will be felt by all who need it, without exception.*

Thus, in the present aspect of theological controversy, we have a strange sight. Almost every science runs ultimately into collision with some one or more of the statements of the Bible, and so calls into question indirectly its general authority. The science of geology seems utterly to contradict the cosmogony of the book of Genesis. Astronomy knows nothing of any pause in the course of the earth round the sun. The science of language appears not altogether to favour the idea of an original unity for all mankind; while the analysis of the speech, and still more of the mythology, of the great Aryan race furnishes no proof whatever that man started with high blessings, which he forfeited by sin. Meanwhile they who uphold the orthodox belief know well that these sciences, carried to their utmost limits, are not likely to come into conflict with the great truths of the incarnation of Christ, and of the redemption wrought by him. They know that the keenest scientific criticism cannot endanger the doctrine of that eternal life which here and hereafter belongs to all who do the will of God. If these were the only truths to be defended, perhaps the questions of inspiration and authority might be discussed more calmly. But there remains the one dogma of endless punishment, which, if any flaw is found in the popular theory of inspiration, must straightway fall; and its defenders fight therefore with a vehement intolerance, only to be excused by their strange conviction, that a denial of it removes the groundwork of all morality.

The judgment of the Court of Arches, whether reversed or not, can only hasten the crisis. It refuses (and, it must be admitted, rightly) to allow any reference to the statements of Scripture on one side or the other. It concerns itself simply with the law of the church, and professes only to bind the clergy. But

* See especially Colenso's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, pp. 202, 210, 202; and the tract on Forgiveness after Death, p. 18.

the laity remain free to range over the statements of the Bible, and are not bound to shut their eyes to inconsistencies and contradictions. They will not be slow to see that the great body of the clergy do not preach "hell-fire;" as, indeed, no one with full practical conviction believes in it. They will be able to distinguish the warning of a due recompense for all sin from the threat of an indiscriminate vengeance against all sinners. They will remember further that, while their teachers speak to them generally of God's absolute justice, as well as his infinite love, the dogma of endless reprobation is yet asserted judicially to be the doctrine of the church to which they belong; and finally, they will learn that a body of men maintain in the letter a dogma which they do not in reality believe; and sooner or later they will act upon this knowledge.

In a few years the contrast will be more startling than it is now. There yet live some who do not shrink from putting forth this doctrine in its most uncompromising form. Men of great power, the spell of whose eloquence has not yet been broken, draw out the picture in its minutest details, knowing that its strength lies in concrete images, not in unsubstantial generalities. There yet remain some who seem eager to maintain with Bishop Bull, that all who die with any sin not repented of "are immediately consigned to a place and state of irreversible misery,—a place of horrid darkness, where there shines not the least glimmering of light or comfort."* Such of course are the logical results of the alternative which severs all men at the hour of death into two classes, and fixes accordingly their irrevocable doom. But when the Bishop of Natal asks, "In point of fact, how many thoughtful clergy of the Church of England have ever deliberately taught, in plain outspoken terms, this doctrine?" the answer must be given, that some whose names stand among the highest in the land have set it forth in more glaring colours than he has himself ventured to imagine. It is the duty of all who know this to be the case, to show simply under what forms this doctrine is sometimes presented to English children, and what conclusions are boldly drawn from axioms which utterly contradict them.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the alternative of which we have spoken more forcibly stated than in a sermon by Mr. Newman on the Individuality of the Soul.† Even over a dogma to which, in Dean Milman's words, all have a tacit repugnance, his single-hearted earnestness sheds some light and comfort, if not for the dead, yet for the living. Knowing that for the good and the wicked eternal life and eternal death are already here begun, he

* Sermon iii., Works, vol. i. p. 80, Oxford, 1846.

† Parochial Sermons, vol. iv. sermon vi.

insists that the sinner is at present under God's eternal wrath, and not merely that he will be so at some future time. Yet he shrinks not from complying with the inexorable demands of his system. The invisible line divides all mankind into these two classes; and, at the moment of their death, all who die unsanctified and unreconciled to God pass at once into a state of endless misery. But he did not fail to see how little men generally believed "that every one who lives, or has lived, is destined for endless bliss or torment;" and how the popular convictions of Protestants open the door of hope far more widely than the Purgatory of the Church of Rome. If a theology so lax rises in part from their inability "to conceive it possible that they should be lost," he does not forget that it is partly accounted for by natural affection. "Even the worst men have qualities which endear them to those who come near them;" therefore they cling to the memory of the past, and derive from it a vague hope, which they do not care to sift too strictly. But death not merely fixes the doom of the sinner; it changes his nature, not in degree only, but in kind. "Human feelings cannot exist in hell." Others have not hesitated to draw out the many inferences involved in this axiom: Mr. Newman drew from it simply a warning to fight the Christian's battle more earnestly, and to hate the sin against which the wrath of God is eternally burning. In that church where he professes to have found both refuge and solace, he has to propound a more merciful doctrine. The two classes* remain; but the way of penitence and of hope is open to vast numbers who, in the strict belief of Anglicans, would be shut up with the sinners. Thus far, in his new home, he has been removed some steps at least from "the house of bondage."

The full meaning of Mr. Newman's axiom cannot be comprehended until we bring before ourselves the various shades of

* The tests laid down by Mr. Newman, the Bishop of Oxford, and others, are clear enough. The only question is as to their application. This exhaustive classification has reference to the tares and wheat, the sheep and goats, in the parables of our Lord. Mr. Jowett (on the Epistle to the Romans, &c., vol. i. p. 416, Essay on Natural Religion) will not say in which of these two divisions we should find a place for the majority of mankind, "who have a belief in God and immortality," but "have nevertheless hardly any consciousness of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel;" who "have never in their whole lives experienced the love of God, or the sense of sin, or the need of forgiveness," but who are often "remarkable for the purity of their morals," for their "strong and disinterested attachments" and their "quick human sympathies;" and of whom "it would be a mistake to say that they are without religion." Theologians would not share Mr. Jowett's hesitation. These men, although members of the church outwardly, do not die consciously in the faith of Christ, and they must therefore be shut out for ever from the presence of God. But they are just the men of whom Protestants speak as having "gone to heaven," although their theory consigns them to a very different doom.

character which are included under the class of impenitent sinners. One effect of such theology is to paralyse the will for action where action is most of all needed. If such a line of severance exists, there must be those in heaven who were very nigh to hell, and some in hell who were very near to heaven. To tell the young that there are millions in endless torments who have failed in sight of the goal, millions who have only not won the prize, millions who have been *all but* saved, is not likely to supply the readiest motive to be up and doing. The hardness of the conflict is yet further increased by theories on post-baptismal sin, which tend practically to put it almost beyond the reach of pardon; and faults which, if committed before receiving the sacrament of regeneration would be of but little moment, avail to crush down the soul of the baptised for ever. But as long as the exaggeration consists in making still more narrow the strait road which leads to life, no other difficulty arises than the thought that God, who is all-merciful, lays on his weak creatures a burden which they are scarcely able to bear. When, however, we compare the teaching of one man with that of others on this subject of eternal punishment, we begin to see that their doctrines not merely represent the Divine Being as implacably revengeful and utterly unjust, but rest on axioms which entirely contradict each other, as well as certain articles of faith in which all alike profess their belief. Mr. Newman grounded his description of the doom of sinners on the maxim that human affections cannot exist in hell; the teaching of the Bishop of Oxford on this subject rests, or rested, on a very different idea.

In a sermon preached in the parish church of Banbury, on the 24th of February 1850, the Bishop of Oxford dramatised the day of judgment.* He was preaching especially to the

* We have not hesitated to make use of notes, taken (approvingly) at the time, of a sermon which certainly cannot be charged with prophesying smooth things. A discourse addressed specially to children on their confirmation may be more fitly alleged as a specimen of ordinary parochial teaching than a sermon preached before a University audience. Yet the two sermons on "The Revelation of God the Probation of Man," preached by the Bishop of Oxford before the University in 1861, are entitled to all the credit due to the sermon at Banbury for plainness of speech. We cannot even enter on an examination of the equivocal sophistry which runs through these sermons. We content ourselves with remarking that, on evidence which has been much called in question, he makes a young man of great promise, and much simplicity of character, die "in darkness and *despair*" before he had "reached the fullness of earliest manhood." The alleged cause is indulgence in doubts,—of what kind we are not told. Yet there is some difference between the promulgation of an impure Gnosticism and doubts on the accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony. Unquestionably the bishop is referring to doubts of the latter kind; and we can only say, that to condemn to endless torments a young man of good life because he doubted whether the sun and moon really stood still at Joshua's bidding, is almost worse than to consign to the same fate the school-girl of the Banbury sermon.

children who had on that day been confirmed by him; and he judged rightly, that nothing could enable them to realise the state of the lost more vividly than a series of portraits representing the several classes of impenitent sinners in judgment. But inasmuch as the example of the worst sort of mankind would be of little practical use, he sought his warnings chiefly from those on whom the world would be disposed to look favourably. The poet, the statesman, and the orator, the scholar and philosopher, the moralist, the disobedient child, the careless youth, were each in their turn described as standing before the judgment-seat. No touch was wanting in each case to complete the picture; and if the object was to awaken the passion of fear, the preacher's effort could fail only with those who saw that the picture was inconsistent with the constantly recurring statement, that hell contains nothing but what is simply and utterly evil. As addressed to the young, his words ought not to do violence to a sense of right and wrong, probably in most of them sufficiently weak, or tend to lower and confuse ideas respecting the Divine Nature which were already sufficiently inadequate. How far the sermon was likely to produce such a result may perhaps be determined by taking a few of the examples brought forward. After describing the death of the impenitent,—sometimes in torment, sometimes in indifference, more often in self-deceit,—the Bishop of Oxford depicted them before the judgment-seat, still possibly deceiving themselves, until the delusion is ended by the words which bid them go into the lake of fire. "What," he asked, "will it be for the scholar to hear this, the man of refined and elegant mind who nauseates every thing common, mean, and vulgar, who has kept aloof from every thing that may annoy or vex him, and hated every thing that was distasteful? . . . How, again, shall it be with many of whom the world thinks highly, who are rich and well-to-do, sober and respectable, benevolent and kind? Such an one has been esteemed as an excellent neighbour; he has had a select circle of friends whom he has bountifully entertained; and when he dies, there is a grand funeral, and it is put upon his tombstone that he is universally lamented. What is the Scripture comment on all this?—in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." He placed his hearers by the deathbed of the rich man. "See, in the house of Dives there are hurrying steps and anxious faces. Dives is sick, and his neighbours are sorry, because he has been a good neighbour to them, polite and hospitable, and ever ready to interchange the amenities of life. Dives is sick, and his brothers are sorry, because he has been a kind brother to them, and now they must lose his care and see him no more. Soon all is over. The body lies in state. His friends come together and attend it to the

tomb, and over it is placed the recording tablet stating him to be a very paragon of human virtues. And while this is going on upon the earth, where is Dives himself? suffering in torments, because in his lifetime he had received his good things." But more terrible still (and chiefly as being addressed to children) was the picture of a school-girl cut off at the age of thirteen or fourteen. In her short life she had not seldom played truant from school, had told some lies, had been obstinate and disobedient. Now she had to bid farewell to heaven and to hope, to her parents, her brothers and her sisters. What was her agony of grief, that she should never again look on their gentle faces, never hear their well-known voices! All their acts of love return to her again—all the old familiar scenes, remembered with a regret which no words can describe, with a gnawing sorrow which no imagination can realise. Henceforth she must dwell among beings on whom there is no check or restraint. The worst of men are there, with every spark of human feeling extinguished, without any law to moderate the fury of their desperate rage. To complete the picture, the lost angels were mingled with this awful multitude, in torment themselves and the instruments of torturing others. They stood round their human victims, exulting in their agonies and increasing perpetually the sting of their ceaseless anguish. The bodies of men as well as their souls were subjected to their fearful sway. "The drunkard they seized and tortured by the instrument of his intemperance, the lustful man by the instrument of his lust, the tyrant by the instrument of his tyranny."

These descriptions involve some curious and not very consistent conclusions; but chiefly perhaps they suggest that the difference between the ninth and the nineteenth centuries is not very great after all. The demonology of the Bishop of Oxford is almost more minute and elaborate than that of Bede or William of Malmesbury.* But, leaving this, we have to mark that in this scheme, as in that of Mr. Newman, (1) all mankind are divided into two classes at the hour of death, and (2) that hell is the abode of nothing that is not utterly evil. But it goes beyond the teaching of Mr. Newman in asserting (3) that hell is a chaos of unrestrained passion, (4) that all its inhabitants may attack one another at will, and (5) that all, whom we should be disposed to judge most leniently, retain their better characteristics, and remain, in short, precisely what they had been on earth.

On a subject of such fearful moment every statement should be sifted with all sobriety and earnestness. It might be not

* Bede, iii. 19; Malmesbury, ii. 2. The details of bodily torment inflicted by demons run into images which have their ludicrous as well as their fearful side. See Milman's Latin Christianity, book xiv. ch. ii.

difficult to present illustrations, such as have now been noticed, even under a ludicrous aspect; but it is more seemly to ask how, if these things are so, each man is to be rewarded according to his works. The brutal murderer and the bloodthirsty despot remain what they were. Their cruelty is not lessened, their physical force seemingly not abated. The philosopher and moralist, the man of learning and elegant tastes, the child who has died almost in infancy, remain also what they were; and all, murderers, philosophers, and children, are hurled together into an everlasting chaos. The strong can choose out victims who cannot resist them; the weak can find none to torment in their turn, and, according to the supposition, they have no wish to torment any one. Hell is not the habitation of human affection. Yet the child carries thither her love for her parents, her brothers, her teachers; nay, she yearns for their blessedness, not only because it is a condition free from torment, but because they are with their loving and merciful Father. The sceptical philosopher whose life was a pattern of mere moral strictness, the man of refined habits and ready benevolence, remain likewise what they were; and they are to be punished by being thrown with those who never had a thought or care either for elegance, philosophy, or morality. The school-girl may be tormented by Ahab or Cæsar Borgia; Shelley may find himself assailed by Jonathan Wild or Commodus.* It may well seem profane thus to put names together; but if such a theory be true, the conclusion is perfectly justifiable; and we are justified further in maintaining, (1) that on this supposition the punishment is wholly unequal, unless all have committed the same amount of sin, and are equally steeped in guilt (which yet they are admitted not to be), or unless all become equally fiendish (which is manifestly denied).

But (2) in either case the less guilty are the greater sufferers. If all are made equally diabolical by the mere passing from this world into the next, still, in undergoing the change, some will have lost much more good than others,—many losing very little, others losing a great deal. And if they do not become equally bad, then the sensitive and refined will be trampled on by fiercer beings, who will lead an endless carnival of violence.

(3) This latter class would scarcely be punished at all. To take a troop of the most hardened criminals, and leave them shut up by themselves to their own devices, would scarcely be

* To raise an objection on the score of mentioning names is to betray a doubt as to the individual existence of all human souls after death. Nor did Mr. Newman fail to discern and to denounce such hidden unbelief. See more especially the sermon already cited, vol. iv. sermon vi.

called punishment in any human code. To coop up with these other criminals of a different stamp, weak, sensitive, and specially open to softer and purer feelings, would indeed be punishment fearful enough for the latter, while it would give a zest to the horrible passions of the former.

But further, (4) evil on this hypothesis is to increase and multiply for ever. Bishop Butler's sermon on Resentment will show clearly enough the course of that passion, when uncontrolled, even on earth. But here all check, divine and human, is to be removed for ever. In some way or other we are to suppose that all will feel the sting of remorse; but according to this idea they will at the same time have the will and the power to repeat the sins for which they suffer, nay to add to these sins others incomparably more tremendous.

But the orthodox theology which severs all men into two classes, to be fixed at the moment of their death, still maintains that the final cause of the divine government of the world is the victory of righteousness over sin. It still asserts that when the last enemy has been destroyed, God shall be all in all. Yet, according to the hypothesis of the Bishop of Oxford, the vast majority of the whole human race, of all times and countries,—all wicked heathen, all wicked Christians, all children who die with faults not repented of, all mere moralists, all men of indifferent or negative characters,—depart into a realm where lawlessness reigns supreme. In this anarchy is involved the permission to sin afresh perpetually in infinitely increasing ratio. Here undoubtedly the calculation of numbers may, or rather must, come in. The children of Adam may be beyond any earthly census, but they are not innumerable. As Mr. Newman cautiously and reverently expressed it, that which gives especial solemnity to the thought of death is, "that we have reason to suppose that souls on the wrong side of the line are far more numerous than on the right." It is dishonest and cowardly to palter and dally with such a subject as this. If the words of the Bishop of Oxford are true, then Satan, who is the lord of this lawless realm, has for ever severed nine-tenths, possibly nineteen-twentieths, possibly more, of the whole human race from the love and the law of God. From this vast kingdom he has banished God, and in it he may exult in the endless aggrandisement of sin. Some very indisputable proof is needed for the belief that the victory of God means nothing more than this, and unquestionably no man in his senses would ever speak thus of any earthly king who had lost nineteen-twentieths of his kingdom, over which he had been obliged to abandon all control. We might give him all the credit which a qualified success deserves. We might say

that he had put bounds to rebellion, and prevented the rebels from harming those who had not joined them; but it would be an absurd mockery to say that he had overthrown and destroyed his enemies, and recovered all his ancient power. If popular theologians speak truly, the victory of God would be even more partial, and Ahriman will indeed have triumphed over Ormuzd.

But the orthodox theology has also to deal with the relation of those who are saved to those who are lost. Once at least they all meet for recognition before the throne of judgment. There parents are to look on children, once loved and cherished, now appointed for the burning. There the husband is to see the wife, whom he loved to the last, borne away into the lake of fire. There brothers, whose love was one, but whose lot is now different, are to take their farewell, and to see each other again no more. That the sinners should mourn for the blessings which they have lost, and that their anguish should be increased by the very consciousness that they who loved them once are blessed still, need perhaps, in such a scheme, present no great difficulty. But the happiness of the righteous must not be disturbed, and some solution must be found for the huge perplexities so produced. No theologian ventures to assert that we are to hate all sinners in this life; rather, our love is to be increased by the consciousness of their sin and need. The miserable wretches who haunt the filthy courts of crowded cities are to be sought out with the more tenderness and zeal, because they are exasperated against an order which, to them, appears thoroughly iniquitous. Their blasphemies are not to deter us from seeking to do them good; after a few years are past, they will prevent God from so doing. In some way or other, the righteous in heaven are to acquiesce in a necessity which is laid on the Divine Being himself. We do not hate them now, but we shall hate them hereafter; nay, those who are lost shall retain their love for us long after the last lingering feeling has been extinguished in ourselves. We may struggle to escape from the labyrinth of unintelligible contradictions, but the conclusion remains, that the assurance of our own salvation will enable us to look with indifference on the departure of lost friends into hell. At the least, that consciousness will not be allowed to interfere with our bliss. This can only be done by one of two suppositions: either we shall come to hate all sinners because we detest sin, or we shall be able to forget sin and sinners altogether.

But if it be impossible (as for men in this life at least it would seem to be impossible) to feel an unmixed hatred for any being not wholly evil, then the mere comfort of those who

are saved demands that all who are lost shall cease to retain the least affinity with good. Hence it became a logical necessity to maintain that the accident of death rendered wholly wicked those who had been only partially wicked before. But if some writers have discovered in the parable or history of the Rich Man and the Beggar the evidence of this sweeping change, the idea of hell-torments enforced by the Bishop of Oxford implies that over some at least no change has passed, unless it be one for the better. The case may be put even more forcibly. According to the Archbishop of Dublin, the terrors of the day of judgment will be felt only by those "who will then for the first time have a faithful and tender conscience."* That men should have such consciences is the special desire of the Divine Spirit; and in this theory the day of judgment at once accomplishes the victory of righteousness over sin, by changing the hearts of all sinners. It is to this, then, that the good have to look forward; and if memory survives in heaven, it must tell them that the gates of hell have closed on faithful and tender consciences. The prospect may be bewildering; the retrospect would be intolerable. In two ways only can men during this life deal with the thought so forced upon them. All other feelings may here be swallowed up in a fierce vehemence to save the souls of others and our own. The idea of endless vengeance may send us forth to drive men into heaven with the ecstatic fervour of Knox or Loyola, or else our efforts may be centred on ourselves. The one aim of life may be to force our way through gates which can be opened but to few. We may learn to crush all natural feeling, and the selfishness so acquired we may carry into heaven. The very intensity of our joy may lie in the thought that we have escaped the fires which are tormenting those whom we had known on earth. Archbishop Whately shrinks from this idea of a triumph worthy of Mahomet or Montanus. In his belief, we shall be able in heaven to do effectually what we can only in part accomplish here. On earth a good man, "in cases where it is clear that no good can be done by him, strives as far as possible, though often without much success, to withdraw his thoughts from evil which he cannot lessen, but which still, in spite of his effort, will often cloud his mind. We cannot at pleasure draw off our thoughts entirely from painful subjects which it is in vain to meditate about; the power to do this completely would be a great increase of happiness." The blessed "will be able by an effort of the will completely to banish and exclude every idea that might alloy their happi-

* Scripture Revelations of a Future State, p. 158.

ness."* It might have been an easier, perhaps a more merciful, solution to extinguish at once and for ever the memory of their life on earth. The theory of Archbishop Whately is one which not a few good men would reject for themselves in this life, and which the great founders of the Mendicant Orders would have indignantly thrust aside. It was the first characteristic of these merciful men, that they could not and would not dismiss from their minds the thought of evil which they could not remedy. They needed not the modern casuistry which seeks to determine "with what degree of evil existing under our eyes we may fairly indulge a feeling of complacency, and a desire for repose and enjoyment." They knew nothing of rest or pleasure for beings who all their life long must walk on the very verge of hell. They believed what they professed, and they lived therefore unlike those who are able to dismiss a mere dogma from their mind. It may be more difficult for the comfort-loving theologians of the present day to explain how it is that good men on earth rise above the selfishness of heaven.

Teachers of a sterner if not a better school find in the dogma of eternal reprobation the paramount need of crushing these instinctive or acquired longings for ease and comfort; and as long as the penalty is regarded solely with reference to ourselves, it serves well to point the warning and enforce the lesson. If the whole probation of the sons of men is bounded to their life on earth, then it is indeed fitting that our days here should know nothing of feasts and merriment. If things go smoothly with us, it is our business to make them go roughly. The philosophy of Amasis and Polycrates is fully justified by the conditions of the Christian's warfare.† But the case is altered when from ourselves we look on others; and it presents difficulties yet more grave when we come to dwell on the method of divine government itself. In some way or other, the justice of God, who appoints an endless torment for all sinners, must be consistent with an order of things in which the time of trial may be cut short by an accident. If natural feeling struggles against the idea of an infinite penalty for the sin of a mortal life, it demands still more imperatively that in such case all should have the same amount of trial. But the child is cut off at school, the old man lives to heed or to disregard a thousand warnings. Nay, the sloth or thoughtlessness of a mortal man may be the whole cause which determines the endless torture of the unbaptised infant.‡ Some live until they appear

* Scripture Revelations of a Future State, p. 282.

† Newman's Parochial Sermons, vol. vi. sermon ii.

‡ The theology of Augustine disdained any compromise. If a priest, when summoned to baptise a sick infant or a dying convert, failed to arrive in time, it was the result of a divine decree that the child and the convert should be damned.

to love evil for its own sake; others are cast into the lake of fire when, as theologians admit, they were all but fit for heaven. It must at the least be admitted, that if, in spite of all authority, they who profess to believe such dogmas have to overcome a natural repugnance, some among these have in this task achieved no mean success. But they have to persuade others to accept their own convictions; and some attempt must be made to show that their belief is enforced by passages of the Old Testament or the New which seem to make against it. Men do not at the first glance see how an endless punishment for all can be consistent with the few and the many stripes, how others can suffer torments less tolerable than those appointed for the men of Sodom and Gomorrha, if it be impossible to conceive of any increase to the latter. If hell is the habitation of no human affections, it is hard to understand why the rich man in Hades should appear to be changed for the better rather than the worse. The necessities of a theological position have provided the solution; but the firmest believer would probably admit that it will not generally suggest itself to the natural mind. To men who have not received a higher illumination, the rich man appears to be represented, not as blaspheming or even murmuring, not as hating God or exulting in the ruin of others, but as anxious that his brothers may not fail to win the blessings which he has lost. To such it would seem that our Lord assumed, "that even in the place of torment there will be tender loving thoughts in a brother's heart;" and they may be tempted to reason further, that "if there can be such, as they cannot come from the spirit of evil, they must be believed to come from the Spirit of all goodness."* But they who maintain the dogma of endless vengeance can afford to look down on notions so crude as these: rather they feel it their duty to insinuate that none but men of unclean lives can ever entertain them. To them the prayer of the rich man to Abraham is simply the blasphemous expression of a desperate irony, while his life on earth was the result and token of a conscious and definite unbelief in the existence of any unseen world. In the judgment of the Dean of Westminster, the narrative was aimed against the Pharisees, and especially at their unbelief. The rich man had fairly convinced himself that there is no unseen world, and had calmly adopted and clung to a course of life consistently springing out of this cool intellectual conviction.† The discovery of its reality he made only when it was too late. It may be so; but the statement seems to involve the conclusion, that men cannot act as the rich man acted with a clear

* Colenso on the Epistle to the Romans, p. 214.
† Notes on the Parables, by R. C. Trench, D.D., p. 456.

knowledge of the consequences. Yet the drunkard persists in his habit, knowing not only that sobriety is a duty, but that his vice is ruinous alike to his body and his soul. The settled purpose to commit sin may coexist with a keen perception of the misery of sin. The rich man in the parable may have acted like Balaam; but to assert that his unbelief arose from a mental process of examination and rejection, is as much an assumption as the ascription to him of some human feeling can possibly be. We are not told that his actions were prompted by his belief; it is not implied that he knew any thing about the beggar who lay sick at his gate; and many have fastened on his ignorance as conveying the most fearful of all warnings to the thoughtless.*

But a closer scrutiny of the narrative will be rewarded with further discoveries. It may teach us that the rich man's good things were "good actions or good qualities, which in some small measure Dives possessed, and for which he received in this life his reward." Dr. Trench is not prepared to reject the belief of Bishop Sanderson, that "God rewardeth those few good things which are in evil men with these temporal benefits, for whom yet in his justice he reserveth eternal damnation." For nine days Eblis feasted in his halls the beings who had bidden adieu to hope.† It was reserved for a Christian theologian to assert that God bestows the means of a little sensual enjoyment before the time of torment comes, for the good qualities or deeds of the unconverted. If Mr. Newman urged sinners during Lent "to act at least like the prosperous heathen who threw his choicest trinket into the water that he might propitiate fortune,"‡ the Dean of Westminster has been taught that "the course of an unbroken prosperity is ever a sign and augury of ultimate reprobation." Doubtless the heart knows its own bitterness, and there may be many breaks in a life of outwardly uninterrupted success; but Dr. Trench's axiom might afford a grim satisfaction to those who, in the midst of want and wretchedness, regard the rich and the powerful as unquestionably in the enjoyment of "unbroken prosperity." There are probably not wanting those who may think that this dangerous condition is fulfilled in Dr. Trench himself.

When a writer lays down such a criterion on his own authority, it is hard to abstain from retorts and insinuations; but the mere sense of truth and fairness must sometimes call on us to speak when we might have wished rather to keep silence.

* See especially *Visitatio Infirmorum*, "Office for a Careless Sick Person."

† Beckford's Vathek.

‡ Sermons, vol. vi. p. 27. Mr. Newman should rather have said, "Appease the jealousy of God;" *φθονερὸν τὸ θεῖον* was the key-note of the philosophy of Herodotus.

If Dr. Trench is at a pinch to explain how the sight of the lost, whom they are not suffered to help, can fail to cast a shade on the happiness of the blessed, it is simply because he has not availed himself of the ready solution of Archbishop Whately. When he asserts that the rich man's request to Abraham is merely "a bitter reproach against God and against the old economy," it might be enough to reply that the narrative does not say so. But the case is altered when Dr. Trench proceeds to judge of the inward life of those who differ from himself. He has a keen perception that if suffering was already doing its work in the rich man, that suffering must be not "vindicative," but "corrective." "Such a doctrine," he believes, "will always find favour with all those who have no deep insight into the evil of sin, no earnest view of the task and responsibilities of life, especially when, as too often, they are bribed to hold it by a personal interest, by a lurking consciousness that they themselves are not earnestly striving to enter in at the strait gate—that their own standing in Christ is insecure or none."* Dr. Trench's saving clause relieves him from the necessity of asserting that such a fear lies at the root of the convictions expressed by Mr. Maurice, or Mr. Wilson, or the Bishop of Natal; but he distinctly and unequivocally denies to them "any deep insight into the evil of sin, any earnest view of the task and responsibilities of life." It is not safe to play with edged tools; to the uninitiated Dr. Trench may appear to reject the test, that a tree is known by its fruits, and to question the truth, that charity thinks no evil.

But the Dean of Westminster seems, further, to agree with Aquinas, that while the rich man asked that his brethren might not come into his place of torment, he was really longing for their damnation. If his request was nothing but a blasphemous scoff, Dr. Trench can hardly think otherwise. Yet surely he could not have alleged this opinion, except from the mere necessity of maintaining a foregone conclusion. It is impossible to conceive of a condition of heart more thoroughly diabolical. In short, the being who can indulge in such a wish must be wholly bad. But absolute iniquity shuts out the idea of remorse. It leaves room for none but physical sufferings, and for no mental feelings except those of hatred and furious rage. Nay more, this idea that all men become devils in hell, wild in their own unbounded wickedness, alone constitutes the logical necessity for the physical tortures of fire and brimstone, as well as for the agency of demons to inflict those outward stripes for which only (on this hypothesis) any feeling will be left.

* Notes on the Parables, p. 478.

This logical necessity was clearly present to the mind of Bishop Pearson. If it were certain that the pains of hell were simply vindictive, and the same measure of endless duration was the portion of all the lost, then the punishment of sinners must be regarded as something different from the righteous wrath of God against all sin. If the torment was endless, the wicked must live through endless time to suffer it. "Otherwise there would be a punishment inflicted and none endured, which is a contradiction."* Bishop Pearson had a quick eye for the inconsistencies of his opponents; on his own side he can see none. He is careful to assert that punishment shall be strictly apportioned to sin, "so that no man shall suffer more than he hath deserved." He insists also that they shall be "tormented with a sense of loss, the loss from God, from whose presence they are cast out, the pain from themselves, in a despair of enjoying him and a regret for losing him." Modern theology has substituted a savage delight in tormenting each other in place of this regulated remorse. Bishop Pearson was not bound to examine an idea which probably never entered his mind. But the difficulty involved in the enormous differences between one man and another at the time of death belongs to all ages and countries alike. Bishop Pearson knew, as the Bishop of Oxford knows now, that young children have died in sin. It is cowardly to evade the irresistible conclusion. The little children are doomed, not less than the devil himself, "to a punishment which shall not be taken off them by any compassion." These—the sinners of a day, whose sins lay in playing truant, and telling a lie to hide it—shall not, any more than the great Tempter of mankind, live to pay the uttermost farthing. They, not less than Herod the Great, or Alexander VI., or Agathocles, or Danton (it matters not whom we take), shall suffer the endless "horror of despair," because "it were not perfect hell if any hope could lodge in it." It needs some special illumination to enable ordinary men to see how these children suffer no more than they deserve.

The time has come when the whole subject must be met calmly and fearlessly. There may be sophistry and evasion on both sides. Orthodox theologians have not withheld both these imputations from Mr. Maurice, whose worst fault is an indistinctness of expression, which sometimes assumes an air of paradox. Something of this ambiguity lies at the root of his reluctance to extend the idea of time into that of eternity. It is better to say plainly, that the idea of any end to the life of the righteous involves also the idea of the most disinterested injustice. It is well to say, not less honestly, that the idea of an end

* On the Creed, art. xii. p. 463.

to the misery of the wicked involves no such imputation, if at the same time it is maintained that, so long as there is resistance, so long must the sinner abide under the burning wrath of God. An infinite resistance implies an infinite chastisement; nor can we allege any thing to prove that the wicked cannot prolong their resistance for ever, except the difficulty of believing that the Divine Will cannot finally subdue the disobedience of every enemy.* It is needless to analyse our conceptions of extension, duration, and existence; but it is more than ever necessary to meet assumptions by plain denials. It becomes a mere question of fact, to be determined by each man's judgment, when it is asserted that the texts of Scripture declaring the endless punishment of the wicked "are so decisive and plain that they must be taken to mean what they appear to do, unless some positive ground of reason or morals can be shown against it."† A man must indeed have thrown dust into his own eyes, if he can think that a sweeping assertion can put aside the distinction of the few and the many stripes, of the more tolerable punishment of Gomorrha than of Capernaum, of the fire which is to save the men whose work of hay or stubble it shall nevertheless consume. It is a profound casuistry which sees only diabolical blasphemy and rage in the rich man's prayer in Hades. If one or two phrases in the New Testament may be wrested into such an assertion, a far greater number appear altogether to contradict it; and these must be "taken to mean what they appear to mean, unless some positive ground of reason or morals can be shown against it." Morals and reason would seem to be decisive against a dogma which issues in a labyrinth of inextricable and almost ludicrous contradictions.

But it is asserted that reason and morals call for the maintenance of this dogma from another point of view. It is urged that "the release from the notion of eternal [endless?] punishment would be felt by the great mass as a relief from the sense of moral obligation; and, relying on the certainty that all would be sure to be right at last, men would run the risk of the intermediate punishment, whatever it might be, and plunge into self-indulgence without hesitation."‡ It is impossible to regard with indifference the least possible risk of weakening the sense of

* It was this difficulty which led Scotus Erigena to affirm the final restoration of the devil himself, and to cite Origen and others in support of this belief. See Milman's Latin Christianity, book xiv. ch. ii.

† Christian Remembrancer, January 1854, art. Maurice's "Theological Essays." We refer to this article because it presents the arguments for the doctrine of endless punishment as forcibly perhaps as they can be expressed; but the reviewer was mistaken in thinking that Mr. Maurice's main objections were merely verbal.

‡ Christian Remembrancer, ibid.

moral obligation; but it is a mere question of fact, and human experience may carry us some little way towards deciding it. Men are undoubtedly able to suppress the reasonable certainty of the future; but they are also able to heap sin on sin in spite of a penalty of which they have almost an ever-present dread. Hell is emphatically the Italian's bugbear; yet the first temptation which crosses his path is followed by his submission. But there are more sweeping methods of evading this belief. The Church of Rome modifies the dogma by the purgatorial fire; the popular belief of Protestants dispenses with purgatory altogether, and sends all men practically to heaven. The doctrine of endless suffering is in effect nullified. Few really maintain now, that all who do not die in the active love of God, remain for ever face to face with his anger. There would be no such scruple in believing that in all, without respect of persons, the eternal fire will continue to purge away the dross from the pure ore, as long as any dross remains. The checks on sin would be increased in power, and the sense of moral obligation quickened, because it would be set free from a belief which to natural human instinct appears self-contradictory and immoral.

But what is the experience of legislators in all ages and countries? If men will not be deterred by any penalty short of endless damnation, that is to say, a penalty than which they can conceive none higher, then clearly all apportionment of civil punishment must merge in the one penalty of death. The idea is a very old one; but, whether in England or at Athens, it has simply defeated its own end, if that end be the diminution of crimes. Diodotus warned the Athenians that they might punish all their enemies with death, but they would only induce them still more to take the chances of escape.* The same gambling spirit runs into things spiritual. The doctrine which tells the good man that if he dies with any sin not repented of, he will sink into hell, still leaves it possible that the wicked man may live to repent. Thousands have the belief of Balaam, that the mere wish to die the death of the righteous will somehow or other issue in its fulfilment.

There remains yet the fact, which it is impossible to ignore, that the mitigation of a penalty is not necessarily followed by the multiplication of the offences for which it is inflicted. When Cleon proposed to punish the revolted Mitylenæans by an indiscriminate massacre of all the men, he was carrying out a theory of punishment which seems to be heartily accepted by the Archbishop of Dublin. In his belief, as in that of the Athenian demagogue, "the object proposed by human punishment is the prevention of future crimes, by holding out a terror

* Thucydides, iii. 4, 5.

to transgressors."* Both alike put a part for the whole; and if the theory were true, it would relieve judges from all duty of apportioning punishment to offences. English judges of the present day feel this task of apportionment more and more to be a very strict duty; and it would seem that people do not steal more sheep and handkerchiefs because they no longer run the risk of being hanged for the crime. Undoubtedly, if there is but the one penalty of death for almost all offences, the task of legislation is wonderfully simplified. It implies no exalted idea of divine justice, if we believe that its penalties are fixed by the same kind of vindictive indolence. The legislation of England is more and more making the reformation of the offender a co-ordinate object with the prevention of crime. According to the popular theology, it has already risen to a higher idea than is exhibited in the justice of an all-merciful God.

The contrast is strong; and nothing but authority will constrain men to tolerate it. Hence it is that, in spite of the antagonism of modern science, in spite of the tacit abandonment of some parts in the narrative of the Old Testament, in spite of the acknowledged hopelessness of defining the limits and conditions of inspiration, the theologians who uphold the popular belief cling to some theory of inspiration with greater tenacity, it would seem, than ever. Hence it is that the Christian world is fast splitting up into two sections: the one tempted to believe itself in antagonism with Christianity; the other regarding the progress of modern thought with an alarm alike unreasoning and useless,—useless, because it is impossible to check the rising tide; useless, because the flood, which assails a mere traditional teaching, does not even threaten the Body of Truth, which is the real inheritance of Christendom; useless, because this truth will shine out with unclouded lustre when the artificial safeguards of an inconsistent theology shall have been utterly swept away.

It is of course possible for a man to reject and deny any truth or dogma whatsoever; but only a distorted vision will see a growing tendency in the present day to set aside the great body of Christian doctrine. If, however, there be any one dogma which can produce no other sanction than that of authority, it must undergo the stringent scrutiny of an age which, with all its shortcomings and all its sins, is bent on getting at the truth of facts. Men will not be deterred by ecclesiastical decisions from closely sifting every argument in favour of a doctrine of punishment which is at variance with all natural instincts and affections. They see that the clergy, who are said to have subscribed it, do not really believe it,—that no one really believes it. They know how to distinguish a genuine from a spurious belief. They know

* Scripture Revelations of a Future State, p. 219.

that the time was when men might be said to have this faith, when the thought of the broad gulf yawning to receive all sinners heightened their convictions of the essential impurity of all material things. They know how that belief displayed itself. Bernard believed it, when he deliberately broke up the home which he loved. Jerome believed it, when he did battle with the fiends of hell in his cave at Bethlehem. Francis of Assisi believed it, when he took Poverty for his bride, and gathered round him the hosts which forswore every earthly joy to avoid the flames of hell. The forms of the sacrifice might vary, its essence was the same. Macarius might plunge himself naked into a morass, to brave the sting of insects able to pierce the hide of a boar. Simeon on his pillar might afflict soul and body with heat and frost. But in one and all, in proportion to the sincerity of their faith, there was the same vehement rejection not only of every earthly pleasure, but of every thing which could only be termed not a torment or a plague. The teachers of our day go about to reconcile their belief in the final ruin of almost all mankind, with a natural love of ease and a feeling of self-complacency. The curse which, they affirm, rests upon the world, rests on it, it would seem, in name only. It does not lessen their liking for the world's good things; it does not break their sleep by night, or greatly torment their souls by day. They look on mankind as on beings of whom few can escape the undying fires; but they can mingle in the world of science, or trade, or politics, and shape their actions by the dictates of a time-serving expediency. In the eyes of Benedict, or Columba, or Damiani, no further proofs would be needed of a complete and deliberate unbelief. But while some insist loudly that God cannot have mercy on men after their pilgrimage here is ended, the greater number are content to tell their people that justice is with God the consummation, and not the contradiction, of that which is justice with men. It is impossible to deny that such is becoming more and more the teaching of the clergy of the Church of England. Preachers resort less and less to the elaborate demonology of Dante or of Milton; they instinctively abstain more and more from attempts to define the method of future punishment. Is it possible to bring together more convincing evidence that the doctrine is not really believed? Is it possible to produce a stronger reason why they, who know that these things are so, should come forward boldly and honestly to declare it?

This age is one of much serious thought, and the efforts to arrive at truth for the truth's sake are neither feeble nor insincere; but it is not preëminently an age of martyrs or confessors. They who have thought most deeply and anxiously are conscious that they have passed through more than one stage of belief and faith; and they feel that the change which is coming cannot, on the

whole, be accomplished with the same weapons which fought the battle of Teutonic against Latin Christianity. No great experience is needed to show them, that others have undergone or are undergoing the like changes. Not a few who, if pressed to declare their belief, would express their abhorrence of the pictures of hell-torments drawn by the Bishop of Oxford, received their orders with the most sincere acceptance of the High-Church popular theology. Not a few passed from this state of temporary repose into a hard struggle, which only did not issue in submission to the Church of Rome. The teaching which had impressed on them the unity of the Church, and the unimaginable fearfulness of schism, justified and enforced the inquiry which was to determine whether they were in the right position themselves. It was of no avail that they led the holiest life, if they questioned but one single point in all the faith of Catholic Christendom; it was of no avail that their faith and their lives were what they should be, if their belief was professed and their works done where they ought not to be done and professed. The rising of a doubt was the signal for flight; for to doubt and linger, and to die in that doubt, was to be lost for ever. The Church of Rome was catholic, even by the admission of her enemies; her orders were allowed to be valid; her dogmas retained the faith of the church in all ages, although they may have overlaid it. She could offer them security, and security was every thing in a life where the accident of a moment might remove the Christian beyond the reach of hope and mercy. It was hard to escape from these doubts and fears without casting aside the burden of sacerdotalism. It was scarcely possible to remain without the pale of Rome, while the paramount necessity of Catholic communion seemed to thrust aside every other; but it was easy to emerge from these mortal fears into the belief in a divine kingdom embracing all ages and all lands, into a belief which did not dare to limit the mercy of God, which placed the salvation of man in the conformity of his will to the Divine Will, in a constant dependence on his love and grace.

Such as this has been the history of many an English clergyman during the last ten or twenty years. They may pass now by many names; they may be regarded by the world as belonging to the High Church or the Broad Church; but they who search out such matters closely may see that their faith rests now on the conscious conviction of a moral government of truth and justice, as men, with all their wickedness and all their ignorance, construe and accept those terms. It is impossible not to see whither these things are tending; it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that we do not perceive it. The sentences of ecclesiastical courts may arrest, but cannot turn back, the course of

modern thought. They do not profess to concern themselves with the truth as such; and the truth, as such, is the one end and aim to which every channel of science and research is converging.

And finally, the charge to such of the clergy as hold a faith like this, to quit their posts and set up some new sect, will fall on unheeding ears. Why should they abandon a church in the body of whose teaching their faith is deeper than ever, because some choose to determine what that church has left undefined? Why should they leave the centre of all happy memories and all bright hopes, when nowhere else can they look for the same peace and consolation? Why should the Bishop of Natal desert the Christians and the heathen, among whom and for whom he has so long laboured earnestly and heartily, because he will not, and cannot, propound to them a dogma which makes the assertion of perfect righteousness an unintelligible riddle? Why should he not go on to do his duty by entering his most solemn protest against falsehoods which are "utterly contrary to the whole spirit of the gospel," and which operate "with the most injurious and deadening effect both on those who teach and on those who are taught"? Plainly he would be acting wrongly, were he not to do so. The Church of England has accepted the task of preaching a gospel, nor can any one say that she has wholly failed in preaching it. It remains to be seen whether she will cast forth men who are ready to spend and to be spent in God's service, because they are more than ever convinced that his justice, his mercy, and his love alike endure for ever.

The judgment of the Court of Arches in the case of Mr. Wilson would, even if it were final, avail little or nothing on the other side. Dr. Lushington asserts, in the clearest language, that he is not concerned with the truth of doctrines, but simply with the fact whether they are or are not maintained by the Church of England. The judge is not concerned with questions of biblical interpretation. He is ready to concede all liberty, if only "the plain, literal, and grammatical sense" of authoritative formularies be not contravened. So far as regards the doctrine of eternal punishment, they who deny that it is of necessity endless for those who undergo it, may most honestly accept the issue. They would admit without hesitation that the words of the Athanasian Creed "clearly assert that eternal life shall be the portion of the good, and everlasting fire the destiny of the bad." * They would assert, further, that this was their own sincere conviction. On nothing does the Bishop of Natal insist more earnestly than on this, that there is "an eternal or ever-

* Judgment in the case of Fendall *v.* Wilson.

lasting fire," "which always has been burning, and always will be burning, with a living, permanent, and unchangeable flame, against all manner of evil, so long as there is evil to be destroyed."* If Mr. Wilson goes on to speak of times and seasons (and we cannot see that he does), if he asserts that no human being can persist in an infinite resistance to the Divine Will, he is clearly determining, on his own authority, points on which the Bishop of Natal will not venture to dogmatise. But the Athanasian Creed does not say that all who are committed to the everlasting fire shall abide in it for ever. The words of it will never yield a proposition which is a mere inference, and therefore, according to the rule laid down in the Gorham case, not to be forced on the consciences whether of the clergy or the laity.

We must speak still more plainly. It may have been the belief of those who drew up the Athanasian Creed, that all sinners must undergo an endless punishment. But whether by accident, or by the overruling providence of God, who is using the Church of England as a special instrument for preaching the whole Gospel of Christ to every creature, the notion cannot be found distinctly enunciated in any of her canons, her articles, or her formularies. It is of course possible that a dominant section may succeed in forcing this doctrine upon her. Such a victory may be fatal to herself; it cannot affect the belief of those who are sure that God is true, though every man may be a liar, and who reject this dogma "as a blasphemy against the name and character of the High and Holy One."

It is the one great question of the age. All other doubts, perplexities, and fears, are merged in it and bound up with it. It will not be possible for any to ignore it much longer. There are numbers both of the clergy and among laymen who have not analysed their own belief about it. Ten years ago the Bishop of Natal had not done so. It is now his mission to vindicate the justice of God in the sight of Christians and heathen, to tell both alike that there is something higher than Church authority, something more enduring than ecclesiastical systems.

Yet, not for a moment must it be admitted, that the Church of England has hitherto sanctioned a dogma which would make the whole moral creation a waste howling wilderness; not for an instant must it be allowed, that the inferences of Dr. Lushington are warranted by the "plain, literal, and grammatical meaning" of any statements in the Athanasian Creed. With singular calmness and moderation, the author of the admirable tract on "Forgiveness after Death" has shown how utterly the words of the Creed are opposed to the popular theology of

* Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, p. 215.

teachers like the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Westminster,—how strictly, on this point at least, they harmonise with our conceptions of eternal righteousness.

But we must fulfil our promise of using all plainness of speech. The Church of England has not fettered her clergy to any definite statement on the endlessness of future punishment; but if such were her dogma, if she asserted clearly that all who do not die in the faith and fear of God, are tormented by him for ever and ever, then that dogma must be rejected with an indignation deeper and more vehement than that with which Teutonic Christendom rose up against the worst abuses and delusions of Latin sacerdotalism. The coarsest development of the doctrine of transubstantiation, the wildest absurdities of Manichæan fanatics, were not so thoroughly opposed to the first principles of justice, law, and truth, as a dogma which draws no distinction between a perjured tyrant and lying child. Such a reformation is happily not needed now in the Church of England; if ever it be made necessary, men will not be wanting to carry it out. But it is sorely needed elsewhere. Is it too much to hope, that the Church of England may be the appointed instrument for hastening that mighty change which shall sweep away the deadly bondage of an ancient and groundless superstition?

Art. VI.—THE LAW OF MARITIME CAPTURE AND BLOCKADE.

Commercial Blockades considered with reference to Law and Policy. By John Westlake. Ridgway, 1862.

Commentaries on International Law. By Robert Phillimore. Vol. III. 1857.

We have no intention of dragging our readers through wearisome quotations from Grotius, Vattel, Puffendorf, Bynkershöck, or even Wheaton, or of asking them to follow us in any subtle or theoretical disquisitions as to the foundations or technicalities of international law. We shall detain them only to speak of matters of immediate and practical concern to our own citizens; and we shall detain them for a very short time.

The dogmas of international law have not the same precision or absolute authority as those of municipal law. They have grown up gradually; they have undergone many modifications; several of them have been frequently and consistently disputed by various maritime nations; some have been framed

by arbitrary force; some have been abandoned by special treaty. Time, commercial necessities, scientific progress, advance in civilisation, and altered circumstances, are perpetually qualifying or changing them. In fact, the International Code as it exists now—or rather, as it existed at the close of the last great European wars—is a mixture of judge-made law and of the law of the strongest; and as such is not, in all its decisions, either universally recognised as binding, or interpreted by all nations alike. It is, in truth, a sort of system of compromise which has grown up between the demands of belligerents and the remonstrances of neutrals. While wars were frequent, and involved most of the great nations of the world, the code was very harsh and stringent, because it was dictated mainly by the interests of belligerents. But as commerce spread, as peace became more general, and as neutrals became more powerful, the code has been gradually modified; and all such modifications have been in the interests of neutrals.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars, the following may be said to have been the state of the law of nations as regarded maritime warfare and the rights of belligerents and neutrals as affected thereby,—on the two points which we are about to consider in the following paper, and to which we propose strictly to confine ourselves.

1. The merchant ships of either belligerent country were liable to capture and confiscation by the other, with their cargoes, unless the cargo belonged to neutrals, in which case the ship was forfeited, but the cargo was restored to the neutral owner.

2. The goods of a belligerent, though carried in neutral vessels, were liable to seizure; and neutral ships might be lawfully stopped on the high seas and searched for such suspected cargoes,—which were liable to confiscation.

3. A neutral vessel carrying to either belligerent "contraband of war,"—that is, articles considered or declared to be warlike stores or warlike materials,—was liable to capture; and sometimes the vessel *and* cargo, sometimes only the cargo, were liable to confiscation, according to the peculiar circumstances of each case.

4. It was competent for a belligerent to declare any of the ports or special portion of the coast of the enemy in a state of "blockade;" in which case, any neutral ship attempting to enter, or leave such port or place, or *bound for such*, was legally liable to forfeiture, provided this blockade was known to her captain, and had been duly notified to the world. The *reach* of this law was always more or less a matter of dispute; belligerents often insisting that they might blockade a whole coast, or

insist on the recognition of what is called a "paper blockade;" while the neutrals insisted that, to be valid, a blockade must be limited in its area and "effective"—that is, that the port or coast must be really guarded by a squadron of sufficient force to prevent access to it in ordinary weather. The belligerents, too, claimed the right of capturing a neutral ship that was bound for or from the prohibited port, or intending to go there, though she might, at the time of capture, be a thousand miles away;—the neutrals usually denying the right of capture unless the vessel was actually attempting to run the blockade, or hovering in such close vicinity that such a design might be confidently attributed to her. The usual interpretation given to the law of blockade, however, appears to have been (though with certain fluctuations), that the blockade to be valid must be more or less efficient and material; but that a vessel bound for, or escaping from, a validly blockaded port might be captured *any where* "during that voyage."

All vessels captured under any of the above circumstances must be brought before a recognised "Admiralty" Court for condemnation; but these courts were almost always, naturally, those in the country of the captor.

These regulations received at least one very important modification by the Convention of Paris, in the year 1856; but unfortunately, as the United States at that time withheld its consent, the modification cannot yet be considered as forming part of the law of nations, though it is considered binding upon the three great maritime powers who adopted it,—viz. England, France, and Russia. They agreed not only to renounce privateering, and to admit and recognise no blockade that was not really and truly efficient,—"that is, sufficient to prevent access to the prohibited port,"—but to recognise and adopt the principle that "the flag covers the cargo:"—in other words, that enemy's goods in neutral bottoms are exempt from capture, unless "contraband of war" or endeavouring to run a blockade. America refused to agree to these modifications (though for the two last of them she had always contended) unless "all private property at sea"—*i. e.* all merchant ships and cargoes, to whomever belonging—was exempted from capture. To this she subsequently appended another condition,—viz. that no ports should be liable to blockade unless they were fortified places, and were besieged also on the land side.

Thus the matter stands at present. It is true that, as the Southern Confederacy has virtually accepted the doctrine that a neutral flag shall protect enemy's goods, and as the United States have since offered to abandon the right of privateering and accede to the Convention of Paris, we may assume that, when

the present war is over, both sections of that Republic will agree to the new interpretation of the law of maritime capture as now adopted by the great European powers. But out of the modification we have alluded to, and out of the vast extension which commerce has taken of late years, aided by the increasing power of neutrals, and the increasing desire of great nations to remain neutral when they can, and to profit to the full by the privileges of neutrality, has arisen the question, whether it will not be wise to alter international law still further. It is suggested that, in order to bring this law, as far as it regards maritime warfare, into harmony with itself and with the dictates of sound sense, it is advisable—

1. To exempt all private property and *bonâ-fide* merchant ships at sea from capture.

2. To make no exception in regard to contraband of war, but to make cargoes of gunpowder and swords as exempt from capture as cargoes of iron, blankets, coffee, or any other article of merchandise.

3. To abolish commercial blockades altogether; that is, to forego the right of stopping access to any harbour, unless it be a fortified town and is besieged on the land side.

The effect of these three regulations, if adopted, would obviously be, to allow the trade of and with belligerents to be carried on during war as uninterruptedly as during peace. This is what the reformers of the law of nations contend for. Some demand all three modifications. Others demand the first and second, as we do. Others, as Mr. Cobden, ask for the first and third. Let us consider each in turn.

I. During all our great wars, and up to the year 1856, the recognised doctrine of international law and the practice of all nations was not only to subject the ships and cargoes of belligerents to mutual capture by each other's cruisers, but to inflict the same liability on the goods of belligerents found in the vessels of neutrals, and under the protection of a neutral flag: that is to say, merchandise belonging to the enemy was lawful prize wherever found on the high seas, and sailing under whatever flag. The object and justification of this stringent regulation of course was to enable each combatant to inflict the maximum of injury upon each other, and in fact to interrupt or stop each other's commerce according to the measure of their maritime power and activity,—with a view of crippling the resources of the enemy, and terminating the war as soon as possible. The result of it was, that any nation which was supreme or very powerful at sea could succeed in nearly destroying the trade of its antagonist, inflicting upon it severe privations, and greatly impoverishing its revenue, while at the same time sti-

mulating and rewarding the activity of its own navy by a rich harvest of prize-money. The system might be severe, and might often bear hard upon neutrals as well as on belligerents; but it was logical, consistent, and often most effective for its end. It helped us vastly in our long contest with France, and in our last war with the United States it enabled us literally to sweep American commerce from the ocean.

At the Congress of Paris, however, a modification of this law and practice was adopted and proclaimed by the great maritime powers of Europe, which would by this time have been the recognised law of nations, and have guided all future practice, had not the American government for the time withheld its consent. As it is, it is held to bind the future proceedings of the powers which agreed to it, and will ere long, no doubt, be universally recognised and acted on. In virtue of this new regulation—long contended for in vain by the weaker nations of the world, and now solemnly conceded by the strong ones—"the flag is henceforth to cover the cargo;" *i. e.* enemy's goods in neutral bottoms shall, in all future wars, be exempt from seizure. Lord Clarendon, our representative at the Congress in question, agreed to this modification, with the sanction of Lord Palmerston, though, it is believed, against the opinion of Lord John Russell. England, therefore, is committed to it, and it cannot be rescinded. But it places the whole system of maritime capture in so illogical and unsatisfactory a position, that most men who have looked at the question are of opinion that another step must be taken, and that as we cannot go backwards we must go forward. The operation of the new concession is, that the object of stopping the commerce of the enemy has been virtually surrendered; it may now be carried on during war to any extent and in perfect security, provided only it be carried on under a neutral flag. The *merchants* of the belligerents may conduct their operations as before, but their *shipowners* alone must remain idle. The country may send out all its produce, and receive all it needs in return—may buy and sell and get gain without any interruption;—only they must cover their imports and their exports with a different piece of bunting, and consign them to vessels owning a different nationality. The gains and advantages of trade are continued as usual, with the single exception that the *freights* are pocketed by the shipowners of some third nation. The hope of shortening wars, by preventing our enemy from selling what he produces and importing what he wants, is therefore at an end; and with this hope, the justification of maritime capture—*i. e.* of seizing the private property of the mercantile subjects of either belligerent—would seem to be taken away. It is proposed, therefore, to complete and

harmonise the amendment of international law and practice inaugurated by the Paris Convention, by henceforth exempting from seizure at sea *all* ships and *all* cargoes;—in fact, to allow all peaceful traders and merchant vessels to carry on their beneficent operations during war as during peace, under their own flag. *Virtually*, it is said, you have already conceded this privilege to belligerents; why not do it thoroughly and simply? Having allowed the cargoes (the only important matter) to pass free, why not allow the *vehicles* of those cargoes to pass free also?

It is pretty well understood that, if Great Britain would consent to this further amendment of belligerent law, other countries would be only too glad to do so likewise. Great Britain has the reputation of being the most powerful naval belligerent on the face of the globe; and the point in question is simply the renunciation of a vexatious belligerent right. Obviously the sole practical question for consideration is, whether it will be for the interests of this country to abandon the last remaining shred of the right of preying on our enemy's trade—the right, viz., of capturing enemy's goods under the enemy's flags. In the great debate of last session, the question was avowedly argued on this ground only by the speakers on both sides. The Reformers contended that the proposed extension of exemption would tell in our favour. The Ministerialists contended that it would tell against us. No one who listened to the discussion could feel much doubt as to which way the balance of the argument inclined. The supporters of Mr. Horsfall dwelt on the enormous amount of our trade and the countless multitude of our merchant ships, which it was so important to exempt from risk of capture. His opponents, on the other hand, dwelt on the vast preponderance of our war marine, and the desirableness of giving it something to prey upon. The one side pleaded that, as our trade was the largest in the world, we should suffer most by the right of maritime capture being retained. The other side urged that, as our naval strength was the greatest in the world, we should be able to inflict the most damage on the commerce of our foes.

The case, when considered in the concrete and looked at closely and narrowly, soon becomes very clear. In truth, the only practical question to decide is, how far the proposed exemption of private property at sea from capture, in *any* bottoms, would operate upon this country in the event of a war with France, and in the event of a war with America. Other contingencies we need not consider, if we are satisfied what would be best for us in these two cases. Under such exemption our vast commerce would go on without interruption; our gains would be as great as usual; our rates of insurance no higher;

wealth would flow in to us as in ordinary times; and whatever portion of that wealth was needed could be cheerfully paid into the treasury; we should be almost as prosperous as ever, in spite of war. We should avoid also the constant hazard we now incur of making enemies of neutrals, by vexatious interruptions, searches, and mistakes. Our merchant ships would be abroad in every sea, serving still as a nursery and training-school for sailors, whenever these were wanted for the Queen's service. Our navy meanwhile, exempted from their old task of convoying and protecting our trading vessels, would all be available for strictly warlike purposes. We should have twice as many for meeting the enemy at sea, or for blockading him at home. If we retain our maritime supremacy, or even a decided equality with our strongest possible antagonist, it is obvious that we shall be able not only to fight with our foe much more effectually, but to interrupt his commerce far more completely than we could do now; for, instead of having our cruisers dispersed over the world convoying* our own ships and seeking to make prize of his, they *might all be concentrated on blockading squadrons.* And by thus sealing up his harbours, we should inflict immeasurably more damage than by merely capturing his vessels on the open seas; since, in the latter case, we could stop only that portion of his trade which was carried on in his own ships: in the former case, we should be able to stop what was carried in neutral bottoms as well. In the one case, many of his cargoes would necessarily elude our vigilance; for we should have thousands of miles over which to watch and chase them. In the other, we could almost preclude the possibility of access to the comparatively small portion of coast we should have to guard.

* The following very practical view of the exemption from capture of private property at sea was given at the late meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce by S. R. Graves, Esq., the late Mayor of Liverpool: "It has been urged that, by extending to the ship that exemption which has by the Treaty of Paris been conferred upon cargo, we should be weakening our maritime supremacy. Now, if this be correct, there would be strong ground for hesitation in the course we should adopt; but is it so? The first effect of war would be, if not to shut up the shipping of the belligerents in their ports, and to leave to neutrals the carrying trade of the ocean, to place the shipping under such disabilities that employment would be difficult; half-a-dozen *Alabamas* sent out by any state, however insignificant, would keep the seas clear of the belligerent flags, for no one would employ them. The old system of convoys is out of the question; and no one can suppose that with our empire of colonies, our own shores to defend, and belligerent ports to blockade, we can hope to protect a commerce which has increased from 3¼ million tons in and out in 1814 to 15 millions in 1861. It is simply impracticable; and therefore I say that the trade and the shipping of England will suffer more than any other belligerent in the proportion that its extent bears to the trade of its opponent. Again, if we regard our ability to protect our commerce, we cannot fail to come to the conclusion that it is simply impossible. With the view of drawing comparisons, I have taken the trouble to look up our compara-

It is obvious that, as soon as war breaks out between two great powers, each will proceed instantly, and as far as possible, to carry on their habitual trade in neutral bottoms. They will charter neutral ships, and will sell their own ships to neutral nations. It is obvious, too, that if both parties can do this *completely*, there will be no ostensibly belligerent commerce left to prey upon, and the right of capturing such will be a mere nominal privilege. The really significant question then is, "Which nation will be able to place the least proportion of its trade under the protection of neutral flags?"—for that nation clearly must be most liable to suffer loss. The nation with the largest commerce must have the largest vulnerability—the greatest exposed surface—the smallest relative protectible surface,—and that nation is England. Let us suppose that we are involved in a war with France, which has a very powerful war navy, and, in comparison, a very moderate mercantile marine. Already a large proportion of her commerce is carried in foreign ships; the moment war is declared, the whole of it will be so carried on. Her goods, freighted in Spanish, Dutch, or American bottoms, will be secure from molestation, and our cruisers will have nothing to prey upon. Our mercantile marine is

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tive naval power during the year of greatest strength ever put forth by England with its strength in 1858, and will give you the result:

"COMPARISON of the NAVAL FORCE of GREAT BRITAIN at the present time with that of 1809, in which year the Navy appears to have been at its greatest nominal strength, as it consisted of a larger number of ships and guns than at any other period.

1809.		1858.	
Total number of ships and vessels (of which 984 were cruisers and 77 troop-ships, store-ships, tenders, &c.) .	1061	Total number of ships and vessels (of which 613 are cruisers and 208 are harbour-ships, troop-ships, tenders, &c.) .	821
Total tonnage of the 1061 ships and vessels	857,922	Total tonnage of the 821 ships and vessels estimated at. .	904,326
Total number of guns (nominally) carried by the cruisers	34,316	Total number of guns carried by the cruisers	16,683
Total weight of shot in one round from all the guns, lbs.	564,538	Total weight of shot in one round from all the guns, lbs.	633,502
Average weight of shot per gun . . . . . lbs.	16¼	Average weight of shot per gun . . . . . lbs.	38
Number of men voted by Parliament	130,000	Number of men voted by Parliament	59,390
Number of hired vessels employed.	60	Number of hired vessels employed in the transport service on 1st July 1855, of which 130 were steamers .	221
		And the aggregate tonnage of the 221 transports . . .	223,940

By these figures it will be seen that while our empire, our wealth, our commerce have increased to such a fabulous extent, our power of protection has not materially increased; and I know it to be the opinion of our highest authorities that convoys will be impracticable, and that commerce must be left in time of war to its own devices."

enormous and unequalled; its tonnage amounts to 5,000,000; we are the carriers for the whole world, as well as for ourselves; and the proportion of our trade which we could carry on in neutral bottoms would be comparatively small: not to mention that these neutral bottoms would be already to a great extent engaged in the service of our antagonists. For one French merchant ship which we could capture, the French cruisers would probably capture fifty of ours; not because their navy was more powerful or more energetic than our own, but simply because our trading vessels would be so incomparably more numerous. The relative degree of *vulnerability*, so to speak, of the two nations under the existing international law, as modified by the Convention of Paris, may be gathered from the following figures:—Of British commerce, 58 per cent is carried on under the British flag; of French commerce, only 43 per cent is carried under the French flag. The aggregate registered tonnage of British merchant ships is 5,675,000; that of French merchant ships is 1,025,000. The total tonnage of vessels entering inwards and outwards in Great Britain is 26,000,000: the total tonnage entering inwards and outwards in France is 6,600,000. That is, France, with equal power of *inflicting* damage, has only one-fifth of our liability to *suffer* damage.

The operation on this country of a war with America would be nearly the same in kind, though less mischievous in degree, especially at first, inasmuch as the war navy of the Americans is comparatively insignificant. Their foreign trade is very large, but not as great as that of England. Their tonnage inwards and outwards is 17,065,000, against our 26,000,000. About 67 per cent of their foreign trade is carried on under the national flag. The total of their mercantile marine is, *nominally*, not far short of ours, being 5,354,000, against 5,675,000 tons; but as nearly half of this (2,480,000) was exclusively engaged in their coasting and inland navigation, the comparison is not an accurate one. As soon as war broke out between England and the United States, the chief portion of their trade would be carried on in French, Dutch, Brazilian, and Danish bottoms, and would enjoy a perfect immunity from our men-of-war; while their cruisers and privateers would prey upon all that large residue of our commerce which, from its mere magnitude, could not seek similar exemption. In fact, to sum up the whole in a single sentence:—The resolution adopted at Paris, which exempts from capture enemy's goods in neutral bottoms, will operate far more beneficially and effectually for every other nation than for England; or to speak broadly, will exempt the commerce of other countries *wholly*, and that of England only *partially*, from the risks of war.

But there is another consideration still. As soon as war was declared, the premiums on insurance in British ships would rise so high, that none would be freighted till every neutral bottom that could be chartered had been taken up. There would still, however, remain a vast amount of merchandise for which neutral conveyances could not be found. In order to exempt this from the risks of capture, the second step of our merchants and shipowners would be to sell as many of their vessels as they could to foreign nations,—an operation which would be greatly hastened by the increased danger and difficulty of employing them at home. In this manner, a very large number of our ships would change hands and nationality; but as the Dutch, or French, or Danes who purchased them would be unable to man them by their own compatriots, they would still be in the main navigated by British sailors. Two consequences would flow from this. The countries which had thus for a time succeeded to our carrying trade would not readily surrender it again; and the seamen who, with the ships, had passed into foreign service, could not easily be summoned back; and thus our royal navy would lose that valuable nursery of sailors from which it has hitherto been so habitually recruited.

To sum up the whole. The present inconsistent and illogical form of the law of maritime capture will insure to Great Britain, in the first great war she undertakes, the temporary, and possibly the permanent, loss of nearly all her carrying trade; the transfer of numbers of her ships and sailors to foreign countries; and mischief to her commerce on the ocean, from hostile cruisers, immeasurably out of proportion to any which she will be able to inflict upon her foes.

II. It may at first sight appear almost Quixotic to suggest, amid the proposed measures for the liberalisation of the laws of maritime warfare, that articles "contraband of war" shall henceforth enjoy the same right of exemption from capture on the high seas which has already been partially, and will soon be universally, conceded to ordinary merchandise. It seems something extreme to ask that neutrals shall be permitted to convey arms and munitions of war to one belligerent without interference from the other, to supply him, in fact, with the means of carrying on the contest, to aid him thus virtually in his resistance, to become an auxiliary, and almost a party to the strife. "The object," it will be urged, "of all those belligerent rights by which neutrals have hitherto submitted to be inconvenienced is to shorten wars by depriving the combatants of the means of carrying them on; and you propose that neutrals shall be allowed freely to supply them with the most indispensable and effective of those means." But

if we look at the matter calmly, and with a view to practical action, the apparent extravagance of the suggestion will disappear.

In the *first* place, if the liability of contraband articles to seizure be retained, one half the benefit derived from exempting merchant ships and general merchandise from capture will be lost. The vexatious right of search, with all its irritating circumstances and delicate questions and fertile causes of quarrel, will have still to be conceded, and will still be exercised, and will as now be exercised by parties with all their suspicions stimulated and their passions exasperated by contention. If vessels belonging to neutral nations are still liable to be stopped on the high seas and searched for contraband, and if this right is exercised actively and severely, the interference with regular and innocent commercial voyages will soon become intolerable,* and will give rise to so many disputes and remonstrances that scarcely any war can hope to be long carried on without involving other countries in hostilities with one or other belligerent. If, on the other hand, military stores and munitions of war cease to be prohibited, and are declared as permissible as any other cargoes, then there will be no excuse† for stopping or searching any vessel whatever on the high seas, regular trade will go on during war as during peace without any interruption or impediment, and neutrals need scarcely ever come into unpleasant collision with belligerents.

Secondly. Another very fertile source of altercations and quarrels with neutrals is perpetuated by retaining the liability of contraband of war to seizure,—namely, the controversy as to what articles are, and what are not, contraband. This term never was very precisely defined; it was extended often arbitrarily according to the interest or opinion of powerful belligerents; and it receives a continuous and legitimate enlargement from the progress of science and the change of circumstances. Formerly, only arms, gunpowder, saltpetre, and unquestionable implements of fighting, were deemed contraband. Since the invention of a steam navy, however, coal has been added to the list. Iron, too, in certain forms, is now commonly held to be contraband; so is white and red lead paint, because it can be easily reconverted into the available metal; so are soldiers' blankets; so are uniforms and shoes for the troops. Some persons have contended

* According to the recognised law of nations, the Americans have at this moment a perfect right to station cruisers at the mouth of the British Channel and overhaul every westward-bound ship sailing from London, Liverpool, or Havre, to ascertain that she carries no contraband articles to the Confederate States. See *Edin. Rev.* ccxxxiii. p. 280.

† As soon, that is, as a necessary modification of the law of blockade, to which we shall presently advert, shall have been adopted.

that uniforms *unmade-up*—*i. e.* cloth supposed to be destined for uniforms—ought to be included within the prohibited list; while others, with considerable *primâ-facie* reason, would add to it provisions and money, and indeed almost any thing which directly assists a belligerent in carrying on the war. It is evident, therefore, that so long as "contraband of war" continues to be held liable to capture, scarcely any cargo can cross the seas which may not be made the subject of angry controversy, and of probable collision by a litigious and high-handed belligerent.

Thirdly. Is there any real use in retaining this liability? Is it in these times, or can it be except in rare and peculiar circumstances, really efficient in preventing a belligerent from being supplied with munitions of war? Obviously not, we think, except in the case of small islands, or a country with virtually only one accessible frontier, and that a seabord; and in both these cases a belligerent, with a navy large enough and powerful enough to scour the seas for neutral vessels carrying contraband articles, would be able to deprive his antagonist of these articles far more easily and effectually by the system of blockade. It is clear that the right of search would not prevent Spain, or France, or Russia, or Prussia, from obtaining munitions of war in any abundance, since they would be supplied by land and by railway. In like manner the United States might be supplied through Canada, and the Confederate States through Mexico, if Mexico were civilised and populated. We do not apprehend that nowadays any state could be prevented from continuing a war, or materially hampered in its prosecution, by the want of arms and ammunition; certainly not by any such scarcity as the right of stopping those articles on the high seas, independent of blockade, could create. There never was a stronger case in point than that of the Southern Confederacy in the present war. The land frontier is blockaded by nature, the sea frontier by the overwhelming naval power of their antagonist; yet of the actual *matériel* of war there seems to have been no lack. Practically, moreover, as no vessel intending to supply a belligerent with warlike stores would ever clear out in the first instance for a belligerent port, but only for some neutral port in the vicinity, her destination could not become provable enough for condemnation till she arrived within near reach of the blockaded ports: a consideration which greatly limits the supposed efficiency and utility of the right we propose should be surrendered. On the whole, we think it pretty clear that it cannot now be worth while for any belligerent to cling to so profitless, so vexatious, and so compromising a privilege.

III. Some extreme innovators, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Westlake, are anxious to abolish the right of blockading the

commercial ports of the enemy altogether, and argue that this further reform is involved in that for which we have contended above, viz. the exemption of the private property of belligerents from capture on the high seas, even when carried in their own ships. "It is inconsistent," they say, "to permit the vessels of the enemy to sail over the whole ocean, but to prohibit to them a limited line of coast, or a few specified harbours,—to allow their trade with all parts of the world, whether in national or in neutral bottoms, to proceed without interruption, but to forbid the ships conveying it to enter their own ports. Such a course looks like liberating commerce with one hand, and interfering with it with the other; and practically it could scarcely be enforced." We confess we can see neither the theoretical inconsistency nor the practical difficulty. Both the one and the other exist now, and have existed ever since the modification of belligerent rights inaugurated by the Convention of Paris; nor would either be increased by extending the exemption of enemy's goods in neutral bottoms to the same goods in national bottoms. Commercial blockades have been maintained, and held good, and carried into most stringent practical operation, since the Convention of Paris as before. Now *neutral* ships may carry the merchandise of a belligerent wherever they please, provided they do not attempt or design to enter a blockaded port. The exemption for which we have contended would simply enable *belligerents'* ships to do the same, subject to the same sole restriction. As it is, neutral ships may go free every where except to blockaded ports: we propose that *all* merchant ships should be allowed to go free every where except to the same ports. There can be no greater difficulty in excluding all ships from the prohibited places than is now found in excluding neutral ships. So far from the two proposed relaxations of maritime warfare being inextricably bound up together, they do not appear to us to have any connexion whatever. We propose to *exempt* belligerent private property at sea from capture in whatever vessels it may be found, because it is already exempted in all classes of vessels but one; and because to retain the prohibition on this one class is to prey upon *one* description of belligerent property alone,—to declare sacred all merchandise except ships,—and also because it would practically be an ineffective restriction, injurious to British commerce only. We propose to *retain* the principle of commercial blockades, because it is in certain circumstances one of the most efficient of belligerent operations, and one which may be absolutely essential to Great Britain, especially since the concessions to neutrals sanctioned by the Treaty of Paris.

The arguments adducible in favour of abolishing the right of blockade resolve themselves into three: 1, the injuries it

inflicts on belligerents; 2, the injuries it inflicts on neutrals; 3, the assumption that Great Britain individually considered would gain more than she would lose by the general renunciation of the system.

1. Seeing that the especial object of blockading the enemy's ports is to inflict upon him as much injury and inconvenience as possible, and that the supposed effect of this injury and inconvenience, in shortening the war and bringing your adversary to terms, is the only justification for the infliction, the only way of discrediting blockades *in a belligerent point of view* is to argue that they can in reality do little damage, and can produce very little influence in inducing a belligerent to come to terms. And accordingly this is the sort of plea put forward by Mr. Cobden. As far as the combatants are concerned, and as far as neutrals are interested in a cessation of the war, the more noxious blockades are, the greater is the reason for retaining the power of instituting them. You can prove that they are undesirable only by proving that they are harmless to the party that suffers under them.

Now we are prepared at once to admit that there are cases in which the blockade of an adversary's ports will do him very little damage, and will interfere with his commerce in a very limited degree. We may concede also that blockades in most cases become more ineffective for their purpose year by year, in proportion as railways, canals, and other modes of inland conveyance are improved and multiplied. For example: if we were to blockade all the ports of France, so that no ship, national or neutral, could obtain ingress or egress, we should annoy and inconvenience her, no doubt; but we should not either interrupt her commerce, or reduce her to any serious straits by the proceeding. Her imports and exports would, after a certain amount of troublesome re-arrangement, go on as usual by means of her land frontier. They would pass in and out through the ports of Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Genoa, instead of through the ports of Havre, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. France would get all she wanted, paying a little more for it. She would sell all she wished, getting a little less for it. That would be the extent of her damage, *plus* the loss incurred by the enforced idleness of her mercantile marine, and *minus* the profit arising from the increased traffic on her roads and railways. In like manner, Austria would not suffer vitally from a blockade of Trieste, so long as she could communicate with the world down the Rhine and through the Danube, and use Dutch and Turkish harbours instead of her own. Russia also would to a great extent evade our blockading squadrons at Odessa and Riga, by sending her produce and receiving her supplies through Prussian and Swedish outlets. But this would be by no means the case, either where the

blockaded belligerent was an insular power, or a continental one with a barbarous and unpeopled frontier, or with a hostile neighbour on her land side. If England should at any time lose the supremacy of the seas, the combined fleets of France and Russia might soon compel her to sue for peace, without striking a single blow, or landing a single soldier on her shores, by the simple process of blockading all her principal harbours.* The United States, in the war of 1813, were in a position almost as calamitous. We effectually sealed up all the harbours on their eastern frontier; Canada, our own colony, hemmed them in on the north; while to the south and west spread an uninhabited and almost impassable desert, across which no merchandise could penetrate. The result was, that their commerce was almost annihilated in a single year; and as they were far more dependent on foreign produce than they have since become, they suffered terribly, and their sufferings went so far as even to menace a dissolution of the Union at that early day. An instance almost as strong of the efficacy of blockades in inflicting mischief on the enemy is afforded by the present war between the two sections of the Union. The Confederates are strictly blockaded by sea; their enemies surround them on the north; their southern scenes of wealth and population are too far from any Mexican port to permit of their obtaining any great amount of supplies from thence;—so that they are reduced to depend, both for the sale of their produce and for all they require to import,—for their coffee, their wine, their arms, their gunpowder,—to the few vessels that are venturesome and skilful enough to run the gauntlet of the blockading squadron, and to the capture of stores from the enemy, when they are lucky enough to succeed in a daring foray, or to gain a decisive victory. If blockades had been abolished, it is difficult to see what vital blow the North could have struck against their antagonists, or to what very serious inconvenience they could have subjected them. The vast cotton crop of the Gulf States would have found its way to Europe as usual; freighted in French or British bottoms, it could not have been captured at sea; and the produce of its sale would have sufficed to procure for the Confederates every lawful article of merchandise they needed, and to pay for the heavy land carriage of contraband articles—if "contraband of war" had still existed—across from Matamoras.

2. It is by no means correct, then, to argue that blockades do not inflict very severe damage on the enemy, have not a very strong influence in bringing him to terms, and are not in conse-

* Spain, again, might become almost an island, as far as effectual blockading was concerned, if France as well as England were to be her foe.

quence a most legitimate instrument of war. As a belligerent right they are often, and must continue to be, invaluable; in certain cases, as we shall presently see, they may be almost the only weapon the belligerent can employ, and it is idle therefore to fancy that belligerents, or nations that expect frequently to be belligerents, will voluntarily renounce them. Let us now consider them for a few moments from the point of view of neutrals, and consider how they affect the interests of general and peaceful commerce. Neutrals have hitherto submitted to them, and accepted them, partly because they looked forward to the day when they themselves might become belligerents, and would desire to exercise the right on their own behalf, and partly because, as belligerent nations were usually the strongest parties, neutral nations were compelled to acquiesce. It has also been considered that neutrals had an indirect interest in any measure that had a tendency to shorten wars, or to deter adversaries from engaging in them. But this plea we do not regard as a very powerful one. Now, there can be no doubt as to the suffering inflicted upon neutrals by commercial blockades. It is a terrible hardship that, because two countries choose to quarrel and go to war, a third nation, that has never done or wished to do either of them the slightest injury, should suddenly have a number of its ships captured or left to rot in harbour, and a number of its citizens, who gained their living by manufacturing the raw produce or by supplying the artificial wants of one of the combatants, reduced to idleness and starvation. It is very hard; but we cannot agree with Mr. Westlake that it is very unjust also. The neutral is no party to the strife, we admit; but as soon as the strife breaks out, the neutral who continues his trade with either belligerent *makes himself a party*. He cannot help doing so. Every article he deals in, being needed by the belligerent, aids him directly or indirectly in carrying on the war; fortifies him for the conflict; enables him to strike or to ward off a blow; supplies some of his wants, and thereby sets free some portion of his citizens, who become available for military purposes; sells him goods cheaper than he could have manufactured them for himself, and thus economises those funds which are proverbially the sinews of war. If he furnishes either combatant with arms and gunpowder, he helps him to kill his enemy. If he furnishes him with coal, he enables him to out-steam his enemy. If he furnishes him with grain, he feeds his soldiers; if with woollen or linen, he clothes them; if with tents, or canvas, or blankets, he shelters them; if with horses, or carriages, or railway iron, he assists in conveying them; if with wine or spirits, he comforts and invigorates them; if with quinine and calomel, he heals them when sick or wounded, and sends them back renovated to the

fray. He becomes inevitably and directly an auxiliary,* and a most effective one; and he cannot complain of injustice when the other belligerent forbids him thus to "comfort and abet" his foe, on pain of capture and forfeiture. Nor can we at all comprehend Mr. Westlake's distinction, that if you "relieve"—that is, carry needed articles to—a besieged place, you mix in the hostilities and cease to be neutral; but that if you merely convey the same articles to an adjoining commercial port in the same country, whence they can easily reach the besieged place by land, you are *not* mixing in the strife. A blockaded coast is in the same condition as a besieged fortress, provided only the blockade is effectual. To say that you may blockade a walled city but not an open harbour, appears to us simply idle, where both alike belong to your enemy, and when by conveying a valuable cargo to either place you equally enrich, supply, comfort, abet, and aid that enemy. To say that, if we were at war with France, an American ship might come to Liverpool, but might not come to Chester, because the latter is a walled town, is manifestly absurd. To say that a port may only be blockaded by sea, provided it is also besieged by land at the same time, is to dictate most arbitrarily to a belligerent how he shall carry on his campaign; and is like saying, "If you cannot send regiments to reduce it, you shall not meddle with it at all." To say that you may blockade Charleston and New Orleans, but that you may not blockade every creek and harbour from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, provided you have force enough to do it effectively, is clearly an untenable position. The object of blockading a port is not to reduce, or to damage, or to impoverish *that* port, but to injure the country to which it belongs and which receives supplies through it; and a country may be just as effectually supplied and assisted and strengthened by sending cargoes in through an unbesieged place (which Mr. Westlake says a neutral may justly do) as through a beleaguered city (which he says a neutral may *not* do). In a word, his argument is, that if you relieve a belligerent *city*, you mix in the contest, but if you only relieve his *country* (of which that city may be a very insignificant portion), you are innocent, and equitably he ought not to interfere with you. The common-sense view of the *justice* of the matter obviously is, that if you throw supplies into a belligerent's camp, city, fort, or *country*, you assist him and commit a hostile act against his foe, who therefore has a natural right to forbid and prevent your doing so. But as commerce is too important a matter to be lightly interfered with, and as neutrals

* Phillimore says, iii. 202: "A neutral must do nothing by which the condition of either belligerent is bettered, *quo validior fiat.*" Grotius says: "*Hostem est qui faciat quod hosti placet.*"

are too numerous and powerful to bear any extreme exercise of the claim of interference, it has been laid down, *as a matter of compromise* rather than of logical justice, that no belligerent has a right to *forbid* a neutral from trading to any port or coast, unless he can distinctly and practically *prevent* him from so trading. Originally, abstractedly, and under normal circumstances, every man has a right to trade where he likes, and to sell what and to whom he likes;—only when circumstances (such as war) make it impossible thus to trade without practically mingling in the conflict and assisting one or other combatant, that right is held by the common consent of mankind to have fallen into abeyance.

To neutrals, no doubt, and to all who are usually or habitually neutral, the right of blockade, like all belligerent rights, is often very harsh in its operation, and needs both to be carefully limited and moderately exercised. For neutrals, it would be well if it could be abolished altogether. But as most nations, and all great nations, are sometimes neutral and sometimes belligerent, they have to consider how their interests will be affected as a whole, and come to a sort of compromise between the dictates of the two opposing characters which they from time to time assume. They have done so; and have guarded the law of blockade with some pretty distinct conditions and limitations. It is high time to consider whether some further limitations are not now desirable; a consideration strongly enforced upon us by our own sufferings and those of our Continental neighbours at the present moment. It is probable that no blockade, since blockades were known, has ever inflicted so much suffering on neutral nations, as the present blockade of the Gulf ports by the Federal Government of America has brought upon France and England. It has been on the whole tolerably valid and efficient; it has been respected by our authorities even when it was not so; and as the principal article of export from the Southern States is of a very bulky character, vessels laden therewith have found it unusually difficult to elude the vigilance of the hostile squadrons. The result has been, that the chief industry of Great Britain has been thoroughly disorganised by the artificial scarcity of its raw material thus created, and more than half a million of its population is reduced to subsist on charity. France is scarcely in a much better position; and there is hardly a nation on the continent of Europe which is not a greater sufferer by the civil war at the other side of the Atlantic than one at least of the belligerents. Nevertheless we have patiently endured all the disturbance and privation which the system of blockade, as sanctioned by the law of nations, has brought upon us;—feeling, in the first place, that

it constituted a perfectly legitimate and recognised weapon of war, however inconvenient to by-standers; and, in the second place, that it could only be put down at the cost of a quarrel with the United States, which would be attended with consequences incalculably more painful and more costly than any caused by the scarcity of cotton and the interruption of trade.

But our sufferings, though they have not induced us to dream of breaking the blockade, have caused us to reflect deeply on the several questions of international law involved in the present desolating conflict, and to ask ourselves whether that law is in harmony with the altered circumstances of our age, and whether it can long be maintained in its present form. When that law was in process of consolidation, and even during those Napoleonic wars when it received its last modifications and expansions, the condition of the world was in many respects very different from what it is now. Wars were more constant; belligerents were more powerful; neutrals were more insignificant: but, above all, nations were far more independent of one another; commerce had not attained one-tenth of its actual development; ships were immeasurably fewer; steam was unknown, and mail-packets not yet thought of. The evils, therefore, which any interruption to the usual course of trade could inflict upon any country were trifling in comparison. These changed conditions obviously call for some corresponding change in the law of nations. As neutral commerce becomes more extensive, the interruption of it by the action of belligerents becomes more mischievous, and that action must therefore be restricted. As neutrals become more numerous and more powerful, they are less disposed to endure suffering in consequence of quarrels in which they have no concern, and belligerents must therefore, if they do not wish to add to their enemies, waive something of their former claims. One important modification—the most needed of all—has, as we have seen, been already introduced, and is now almost conclusively incorporated with the law of nations, viz. the sacredness of all merchandise under a neutral flag. A second, the abolition of privateering, may also be regarded as definitely settled. A third, that of exempting *all* merchant ships from capture, will, we are satisfied, soon follow. A fourth, that of renouncing the distinction between "contraband of war" and other merchandise, cannot, we think, be long delayed. There are two more relating to the law of blockade which it is desirable to consider.

1. According to the usual interpretation of international law, any vessel having issued from or being bound to a blockaded port, may be captured *any where* on the high seas, *during*

the continuance of the voyage, and will be condemned as lawful prize, provided adequate evidence can be found in her papers, or procured elsewhere, to satisfy an Admiralty Court of her illegal destination or point of departure. (And the adjudicating court, be it remembered, is in nearly every case the court of the captor.) That is, if Charleston be formally and validly placed and declared in a state of blockade by the Federal authorities, a French vessel laden with wine, clearing out for Charleston, or believed to be destined for that port, may be stopped in the Bay of Biscay and carried for adjudication to New York;—and if the American prize-court of that city shall be satisfied that she really did intend to try to run into Charleston harbour, she will be condemned. In like manner, if a vessel laden with cotton or tobacco had eluded the vigilance of the blockading squadron, and, sailing out of Charleston on a dark night, had succeeded in reaching the British Channel, and was within five miles of Falmouth, she might be lawfully boarded by an American cruiser, brought back, and condemned. It is obvious that this enormous extension of the *range* of a blockade must be modified, or the interruptions to innocent commerce would become intolerable, and nearly all the benefit derivable from the other relaxations of international law, of which we have spoken as adopted or likely to be adopted, would be lost. If a cruiser be empowered to arrest and search all ships three thousand miles distant from the blockaded port, to ascertain their destination, and if a foolish captain finds or fancies grounds for suspecting an illegal design, they are to be carried into distant prize-courts for adjudication, it is clear that all neutrals would join to put down such an intolerable practice. A right of search and capture so exercised would become a nuisance as great as war. But as no neutrals would now tolerate such an extension of blockading privileges, so, on the other hand, no belligerents would endure such a limitation of them as would enable a crowd of merchant ships to congregate in the immediate vicinity of the blockaded port, ready to run in during fogs or in rough weather, when the guarding squadron had been blown off shore, or was in chase of some decoy. Almost equally unpermissible in equity would be an arrangement which allowed vessels to collect in some near neutral harbour, and lie there in wait for any favourable opportunity of running the blockade. It is questionable whether the use of *Nassau* for this purpose by our merchants at the present moment be not, in principle, though of course not in law, a breach of neutrality. Certainly it is a meditated violation of the blockade. It will be necessary, probably, to confine the jurisdiction of the blockading squadron *to the seas in which its functions lie,*—so that merchantmen found there may

be held to betray *primâ facie* a wrong design: *i. e.* that they are *not likely* to be on their way to any neutral port or innocent destination. The precise modification necessary and practicable, as well as just, however, will have to be considered and deliberately fixed by a convention of the maritime powers, such as, we trust, will be summoned after the close of the present unhappy struggle.

2. It will be desirable also to consider whether the right of blockade by belligerents must not be restricted in time as well as in space. We are satisfied that some modification of this sort has become indispensable, though the precise nature and degree of that modification it is not easy to specify. There must be a limit set to the amount of inconvenience which belligerents are justified in inflicting on unoffending and unconcerned neutrals; and if this limit be not fixed by law and treaty, neutrals will take the law into their own hands. No nation ought to be called upon, or will submit, to endure any severe and very long-continued privations and sufferings arising out of a war between two countries equal in obstinacy and in strength. We may be content to bear a little, but not a great deal. We may be content to bear for two years or for five, but not for a generation. It is plain that if any article *indispensable* to mankind were produced only in a single country, mankind neither would nor ought to acquiesce in the indefinite, or even very prolonged, blockade of the ports of that country, even though the very circumstance made such blockade the most efficient weapon the hostile belligerent could use. Thus, quinine being not only an invaluable but a necessary medicine, and being *ex hypothesi* only obtainable in Peru, an indefinite or permanent blockade of Peru could not be permitted. *Salus populi lex suprema.* In like manner, tea is now become so nearly a necessary of life, that no blockade of the Chinese ports that deprived us of it for a series of years could be long respected. If cotton were procurable only from America, England and France would be obliged to say—and would be justified in saying—to the government at Washington, "We do not wish to interfere with your belligerent rights, but you must finish your dispute within a year or two, or the interests of our citizens will compel us to insist on your abandoning your blockade of the Gulf States." If, again, there were a bad harvest throughout Europe and a teeming one in the United States, it could not be permitted that France or England should seal up the ports of the latter country, and so inflict the miseries of an artificial famine on the people of the Old World. Nor, even in a weaker case, could all the manufacturing and commercial nations of Europe be expected to accept in patience such a disorganisation and re-

striction of their habitual and staple industries as would follow a chronic or lifetime war in America. The very reason for which neutral nations endure all the unmerited sufferings incidental to belligerent operations—namely, that wars may be the sooner ended by allowing the greatest possible freedom of mutual infliction to the belligerents—is lost as soon as wars become continuous and interminable. Therefore, though we cannot venture to attempt any thing like specification, we may safely assert that there is a *range*, a *time*, and a *degree* beyond which the injury inflicted on neutrals by the right of blockade cannot henceforth be sanctioned by the law of nations.

3. It now only remains for us to discuss the narrow question, how the interests of Great Britain specially would be affected by the proposed abolition of the right of commercial blockades. And here we are bound to admit that Mr. Cobden's arguments have great force, and, as far as they go, are cogent and convincing, though, from not embracing the whole of the case, we cannot deem them conclusive. The less disposed and the less likely a nation is to be belligerent, the more will she gain by the abolition of blockades; and England is becoming more neutral year by year, both in disposition and in practice. The more paramount and unquestioned the naval supremacy of any nation, the more efficiently will she be able to use the weapon of blockades, and the less liable she will be to suffer from it; the greater interest, therefore, will she have in retaining the right. Now the naval superiority of England is year by year becoming less marked and less indisputable. At the close of last war, fifty years ago, she was not only unrivalled at sea, but she was absolute; her competitors were literally *nowhere*. Now France and America both run her close, and a combination of their marines with that of Russia would expose her to a hard struggle for existence. Again, the more extensive and multifarious the commerce of any nation, the more must she, when a neutral, suffer from the system of blockades; and the commerce of Great Britain is the widest, and richest, and most complex in the world. Finally, a nation which imports the necessaries of life is liable to suffer far more from blockades—as from every other interruption to trade—than one which only imports luxuries and superfluities; and half the importations of England consist of necessaries or quasi necessaries, of articles of food or raw materials for manufacture; while most other nations with which we should be likely to go to war import only luxuries, or at least commodities with which it would be comparatively easy to dispense. A blockade of the ports of America, for example, would deprive us of a vast proportion of the cotton and the grain on which our people subsist, and of the tobacco which furnishes 6,000,000*l.* to

our revenue. A blockade of Russia cuts off our main supply of wheat and hemp; whereas, as far as Russia is concerned, such a blockade would scarcely affect the subsistence, or clothing, or ordinary life, of her population at all. A blockade of France would still leave her her corn and wine and silk (native and Italian), and beet-root sugar, and home-grown tobacco, and Belgian and St. Etienne coal; and a blockade of the United States would inconvenience the Americans in the articles of coffee and sugar, but in nothing else of prime necessity or much importance. Food they have, and clothing they make, and iron, oil, and most other things they find in abundance within their own limits. On the whole, none of the great countries of the world could be blockaded without Great Britain suffering more than any other people by the operation. So clearly is this the case that, as Mr. Cobden very pointedly shows, we do not, and we probably never should, enforce very strictly a blockade of the ports of any great state with which we were at war. We should not seal up the United States, because that would keep away our grain supply. We should not seal up the Confederate ports, because that would keep away our cotton and our tobacco. In the last war we still received wheat from Odessa, and (we believe) hemp and flax from Riga. If we were to blockade France, we should feel the want of her wine and gloves and silks, and should probably obtain them through Belgium, Italy, and Spain. In fine, we could scarcely blockade strictly and effectually the ports of any enemy without suffering more damage than we should inflict.

There is much truth in all this—indeed, it is all true *cum grano;* but it is not the whole truth. The part of the truth which is blinked by Mr. Cobden and made light of by Mr. Westlake, is this: the political position of England depends upon her maritime power. Her navy, and not her army, is the instrument on which she relies both for defence at home and for influence abroad. If, in addition to exempting the private property and merchant ships of her enemies at sea from capture, she were also to consent to the abolition of commercial blockades, in what way could she operate upon the trade or paralyse the strength of any antagonist with whom she chanced to be at war? If the other belligerent had no navy, or chose to secure that navy from harm by laying it up in ordinary, her navy, having no ships of war to meet, and no merchant ships to capture, would be reduced to absolute inaction. Her wars would all have to be carried on to land. The only mode which would remain to her of encountering the hostility of any powerful state which chose to injure her, or the obstinacy of any feeble state which chose to insult her and set her at naught, would be by landing an army on her shores—a result which Mr. Westlake

accepts, but for which Mr. Cobden assuredly is not prepared. England, with a small army and a large fleet, would be reduced to fighting with only her left hand. France, Austria, Russia, or Prussia, might set us at defiance, might rob our travellers, imprison our citizens, pillage and oppress our allies, commit any injustice and any tyranny they pleased upon the continent of Europe, crush the hopes of Italy, destroy the liberties of Portugal or Greece; and unless we were prepared to send an army to fight at a distance from home and against overwhelming odds, we should be utterly powerless to interfere with oppressors or to assist friends. In fact, the effect would be nearly equivalent to the disarmament of England in the face of Europe. She might protect herself, indeed, but she would have to resign all hope of influencing or restraining others, and would virtually cease to be a European power. But the consequence would be almost worse across the Atlantic. If we became involved in war with the United States; if an insolent and unknowing government attacked our colony, imprisoned our ambassador, murdered or oppressed our citizens, we should be obliged to allow their ports to remain open and their trade to go on as usual; and could do nothing either to resist or punish them, except transporting at enormous cost as many regiments as we could spare to Canada, to fight our enemy amid pathless woods and along an almost illimitable frontier. We should enable the Americans, in a word, to choose, not only their field of battle, but their weapons. It seems very strange that men, not only of sense but of legal acumen and political experience, should be found to advocate a proposition the adoption of which would be so suicidal that its suggestion looks almost like treason, and which would involve regiments so multiplied and armaments so costly, that, coming from economists, it reads very like perversity or madness. We say, no; of all maritime belligerent rights, retain that of blockade, and that alone. This, properly limited and properly enforced, will allow you to stop the commerce of your foe and the commerce of neutrals with your foe, where you can do it most effectually, where you can do it with least injury to others, and where alone, therefore, in these days you have the right, or will long be allowed power, to stop it,—namely, at the harbours and along the coasts of the belligerent you are endeavouring to bring to terms.

Art. VII.—HOME LIFE IN DENMARK AND NORWAY.

Adam Homo. Et Digt af F. Paludan Müller. Tredie Udgave. Copenhagen: C. A. Reitzel.

Synnöve Sölbakken, af Björnstjerne Björnson. Bergen: E. B. Giertsen.

Arne, af Björnstjerne Björnson. Bergen: H. J. Geelmuyden's Enke.

Grossererens Familie. En Fortælling. Christiania: J. W. Cappelen.

The connexion of England with Denmark and its old dependency Norway seems likely to be renewed in more than one way. The marriage of our Crown-Prince with a lady whose family is Danish by association and interest is in itself rather matter of graceful sentiment than likely to exercise any important influence on our political relations. A constitutional country is pretty well guarded against dynastic entanglements. But the general feeling of satisfaction which has greeted that alliance, apart from all personal considerations, is probably something more than the mere revulsion of satiety against traditional marriages into the petty German courts. There is a sort of feeling that we are nearer kinsmen of the Scandinavian peoples than any other, and perhaps an under-current of desire to repair the wrong we did them under sore pressure in the great war. Whether or not the union of the three Northern kingdoms be ever carried into effect, their marine is none the less the next in Europe after our own, and might be wielded for or against us with tremendous efficacy in any European complication. Even the Danish army, inconsiderable in itself and badly armed, has proved itself capable of holding Germany at bay, and of defeating the federal army in a decisive battle. Above all, the three Scandinavian kingdoms are even more entirely Protestant than England, and are quite as thoroughly the home of free institutions. For every reason, therefore, we are as much pledged to defend their independence against Russia or Germany as to hold Belgium against France; and personally we could better afford to give up Constantinople to any third power than Christiania to the Czar, or even Copenhagen to Germany. It is fortunate that our interests in this direction are not exposed to any more serious danger than a few protocols from Frankfort on the Slesvig-Holstein difficulty.

Putting aside all questions of advantage, there is much to interest Englishmen in Denmark and Norway. We class the two countries together because they are one by language and historical tradition; while Sweden has always, till lately, been a separate and even a hostile country. The very names "Dane"

and "Norseman" are almost identical with "conqueror" in English apprehension; and it is difficult to wander through the old Angeln, and see the rich meadow-land (*eng*) like Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, without fancying that our own country derived its name from the home-associations of the invaders, as well as from their tribe-name. A people whose features seem kindred to him, a language not stranger than the Yorkshire dialect, English names, English tricks of manner, even English dress and cookery, combine to force upon the traveller the conviction that common blood in the two nations asserts its own through all distance of time and interval of space. One great difference between them lies in the mixed origin which we inherit from the different vanguards of Keltic, Germanic, Roman, and Norse colonies; so that half-a-dozen different types may be noticed by the most careless observer in any group of Oxford undergraduates; while the students of Christiania look almost like a family circle, with scarcely even a brevet of provincial origin. The other most fruitful source of difference between an Englishman and a Dane or Norwegian is in the fact that our own language and civilisation has drawn more from France than from any other country; while Denmark and its old province have been effectually Germanised through the manifold relations of neighbourhood, commerce, and a German dynasty. Hence the peasant-dialect in Norway contains many words which puzzle any educated countryman, while an Englishman recognises them as household or provincial terms in his own country. But national character is more durable than speech, and in almost every point where the Dane differs from the German he gravitates unconsciously but surely towards England. It would be impossible, we believe, to find a German parallel to the plays of Holberg; but cleverly adapted into English, they might almost be mistaken for the works of some unknown contemporary of Congreve and Vanbrugh. Again: taking modern literature, the novel-reading public of Germany appears distinctly to prefer the literature of intrigue and passion—books like Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, like Bulwer's earlier novels, like the French school of George Sand or of Dumas *fils*—to the literature of still life or mere adventure, to George Eliot's or Sir Walter Scott's novels. But it is precisely these latter that are most popular in Scandinavia, and with whom Miss Bremer, Andersen, and Björnson have most affinity.

The first book we have put at the head of our article would deserve notice under any circumstances, as a poem that has gone through three editions in a country with a smaller reading-public than Scotland, and is especially remarkable for its admirable pictures of home life in Denmark. The author,

Frederik Paludan Müller (born 1809), is mentioned by Andersen, in his autobiography, as a fellow-student, who proposed starting a weekly journal in connexion with him. Andersen rejected the proposal, perhaps a little contemptuously, and in three or four years' time saw himself overshadowed by his rival's growing reputation. In fact, to this day, Andersen is chiefly sustained among his countrymen by court-favour and European prestige, while Paludan Müller is valued as a national classic. The poem which established his reputation, *The Danseuse*, is little more than a graceful story of a ballet-dancer who, having maintained an unspotted character, becomes entangled in a connexion with a young man of good family, is ruined, and dies of grief when her lover falls in a duel. But *Adam Homo*, the poem with which Müller's name is likely to be permanently associated, takes a wider and higher flight. It is an epic of home life, so to speak. Adam Homo, as his name implies, is the typical man of the nineteenth century, and his life, from childhood upwards, even to beyond the grave, includes a cycle of social experiences in Denmark. Naturally the subject does not admit of heroic treatment. The metre and style, modelled on the mock-Spenserian, which Wieland naturalised in Germany, and Frere and Byron in England, lend themselves to the tragi-comedy of a life in which the hero's aspirations and success are always above his character. More ambitious efforts, in the shape of detached pieces, love-sonnets, bacchanalian improvisations, and religious odes, are freely interwoven; but, to a foreigner at least, they are of inferior interest. In fact, by ordinary rules of criticism, Paludan Müller is not a poet of the first order, perhaps not even high in the second class. He wants the thoughts that burn and words that glow; the strength of passion, no less than the terseness and concentration of epigram; and it would be difficult to give an instance of so long, and on the whole so successful, a poem in which so few individual lines deserve to be remembered. Nevertheless, we believe he was fully justified in taking ground as a poet rather than a novelist. His plot is too fantastic for prose, which always lends itself by preference to probabilities; his characters are clearly conceived and clearly rendered, with real dramatic insight, though with some profusion of detail; and there is a mixture of playful fancy and tenderness in his style, a something womanly, which is best wedded to verse. It is a little gain, too, that the most fluent verse-maker cannot expand into mere upholstery-painting or didactic philosophy, with the reckless command of space which the novelist wields. *Les Misérables* in verse would certainly have been shorter by six volumes.

Adam Homo opens his eyes upon life in a country manse

in Jutland. His father, Parson Peter Homo, is a man with some cleverness, much good-meaning, and a quick eye to his own interest; further, a rationalist "who clips his text according to his means, but yet contrives to keep his Christian faith." There is a more ideal element in the mother—a small delicate woman, who prays and loves where her husband schemes and philosophises. The christening time happens to fall at Christmas, when the country is as full of happy family circles as England itself could be. "Is there," the poet asks,

> "a thing so native to the soil,
> With so much pleasant mirth, so small mischances,
> As Yule-tide meetings in our country manses?
>
> From every quarter swells the gathering number
> Whom pleasant memories draw to one small spot:
> There's heart-room and to spare for all who cumber
> The little hall, if house-room there be not;
> Six in a single garret meet to slumber,
> Two in a bed is no unfrequent lot;
> If all the sheets are clean, well-air'd, and pressed,
> The vicar's wife is careless of the rest."

Other little features of country life are cleverly etched in. We are introduced, one by one, to the curious blushing girls who cluster in the windows to see their brother's friends from college arrive; to the Babel of happy talkers, who exchange small jokes and small politics over their pipes; to the morning-parties with horses and dogs; to the two students who stay behind to talk æsthetics with the young ladies in the morning-room; to the evening dances in the neighbouring vicarages, which include "every educated miller, every genteel bailiff;" and we are allowed to see at the end the natural termination of æsthetic conversations and country-dances in a betrothal. It is all English life of a century ago, when the divisions of ranks below the highest were a little less marked, and when Peter Homo might have shaken hands with the Vicar of Wakefield. But we are removed to the more recent century by a clerical conversation, after the christening party, on the text, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; . . . he that believeth not shall be damned." Parson Jeremias Top is "high and dry," and feels assured that all the unbaptised will escheat to the devil; but he holds it on a genteel principle of social selection, quite as much as from any doctrinal conviction: he "will not give a thank-you for a heaven which lets in all his neighbours indiscriminately;" and though he will not affirm David to be damned, he pronounces with a sigh that he is not saved. Parson Flint, a clear, cold, logical man, with a dangerous liking for Strauss, protests energetically in favour of universal salva-

tion, but damages his cause with his brethren by admitting in confidence that he thinks Christianity goes back to a mythical origin, that he walks by sight rather than by faith, and that "the cow which was full of faith in the grass died while it was growing." Homo tries to mediate with a comparison of Christianity to corn, which requires sifting and bolting to be made food; and the Provost Holm, who seems to answer to an English dean, ends the controversy by a vigorous comparison of Parson Top to a Pharisee, and Parson Flint to an unrepentant publican. He himself "spits on their critical and mythical theories," declares that he will not add to or take from the written Word, and hopes his audience may live to learn that they are all in the wrong. On the whole, we come away with the impression, which other passages in the poem confirm, that Denmark, like England, has its own little troubles of religious speculation, and that there are leaders of every division in the clerical camp.

Fortunately for himself our hero is not destined to be brought up a schoolman in petticoats. Parson Homo's animal nature is deeper and healthier than his intellectual, and the young Adam receives the training of an English Tom Brown,—bird's-nesting, leaping, and running,—and passes through youth with no more eventful mischances than a precocious passion at nine years old for the clerk's daughter Hanne, and one at fourteen, a little less moral, for his pretty landlady, or "dame," as an Etonian would call her. Neither is his student-life at Copenhagen very important as a sketch of manners. The only part of it with any incident is the interval of dissipation; and the fast life of a boy under twenty appears to be as dreary in Copenhagen as elsewhere. But when he has passed his second examination with credit, he looks about him for some means of money-making to replenish his purse, exhausted by late extravagances, and is taken as day-tutor into the family of Count de Fix. Fortune favours him with a pretty pupil in the shape of the count's daughter Clara, who accompanies her brothers to the school-room; and the young lady is soon aware that she has an admirer, and is well inclined to play Héloise to his Abelard. As the mother is conveniently absent from the lessons, and the two brothers are fraternally slow of perception, "the old, old story" is worked out with all the quaint incident of a pedagogic romance. The girl of sixteen is of course an expert where her tutor, four years older, is a novice and bungler, in spite of his boyish experiences, which he has never properly appreciated. Sometimes she is the *ingénue* who blushes to hear the vestals spoken of; sometimes the enthusiast, carried away by Cleopatra's story; sometimes she defends Catiline, or jokes at "old Cicero;" and presently she relapses into the count's

daughter, and closes her lesson abruptly with a bow. In one of these last fits she so far forgets herself and her *rôle* as to express a profound contempt for *mésalliances;* and Adam, applying her words to himself, believing that he has committed himself by some unlucky word, leaves the house in despair, and does not dare show himself again. Young men in Denmark, it would seem, take their first loves a little seriously to heart; in Hamlet's time, we know, it was the other way. We may slur over the unromantic, though not unnatural, issue of any ambitious passion. Adam goes wrong, and first ruins a young girl whom chance throws in his way; then sinks altogether into low life, under the mingled influences of debts and a feeble craving for society. He is saved by a brain-fever, through which his mother watches him.

The idyllic time of his life now begins. He resumes work for his degree in the university; and meets Alma, a gardener's daughter, at one of the students' balls. It is some proof of power in the author, that he has contrived to invest his heroine with a certain interest beyond that which commonly attaches to the lay-figures of moral portrait-painting. Alma is indeed "not too good forcommon nature's daily food," but she is also not too weak to be respected; her character, based upon duty rather than upon will, is more deep than strong, and she has a power of loving singly without loving blindly. Educated, in the English or French sense, she probably is not; but the demand for high culture east of the Rhine is moderate, and she is certainly above the average of Goethe's heroines, from Dorothea to Gretchen downwards. So far as we can gather, her marriage with a clergyman's son, himself a candidate for orders, would be an elevation for her, but not a *mésalliance* for him. Before, however, it can be arranged, Adam is summoned to the deathbed of his mother. On board the steamer from Copenhagen he meets his first love, the Countess Clara, now married to a fat, dull country squire, Kammer-herre Galt. Sea-sickness, like death, levels all differences and annuls all enmities; so that Adam finds himself almost unconsciously ministering to the lady's wants, and renewing his old acquaintance. But, with all allowance for the base element in man, for the instinct of flirtation, for the gratification to self-love at repairing a defeat, and for a parvenu's hankering after higher society, it is a little revolting to our sense of moral probabilities that a man like Adam, partly compound of good, should allow himself to accept the countess's invitation to go home with her, at the cost of never again seeing his mother. The heartlessness of the act, however, does not trouble our hero very deeply; and his father warmly applauds him for securing himself a place in the good graces of

a patron with fat benefices. So the mother is buried; and Adam remains at the house of Kammer-herre Galt, riding, dining out, talking nonsense and flirting with his host's wife for some months, even taking his host's uncle into the confidence of his designs on the lady, and receiving counsel to enjoy life as he can. Let us hope that such uncles are not numerous in Denmark. Of course, only one of two *dénouements* are now possible, and the one chosen is fortunately half moral. At the moment of a passionate declaration, while the lady is still whispering that she will not consent, Kammer-herre Galt enters the room; and Adam has no alternative but to leave the house,—under the wrath of the insulted wife.

During his apprenticeship to high life Alma has been forgotten or put out of sight; she remains so, now that he returns to his father's house. In fact, the old parson, at present bent on solacing his widowerhood and discharging his debts by a marriage with the miller's daughter, is more ambitious for his son, and positively refuses his consent to the engagement. Adam lets himself be guided, with some compunction, but little real reluctance, into a marriage with the Baroness Mille, the spoiled, wilful, pretty daughter and heiress of a neighbouring squire. We may call her a cross between the English fast young lady and the Continental "emancipirtes Mädchen," though with more of the former than the latter. A good whip, a fair pistol-shot, an admirer of George Sand, and a consummate little flirt,—she settles down into a stout mother of a family, who writes bad novels, and canvasses the praise of newspaper-editors over oysters and champagne. Her final exit in a fit of apoplexy leaves her husband in possession of the estate and title, which have been confirmed to him by royal license for life. He has culminated in successful *Philister*-dom, to borrow a German expression; in other words, the hot-blooded boy, with a keen sense for beauty and good, has come to accept life as a transaction, and recognise no higher rule than that of success. With one or two failures he achieves it; gets the order of the Great Cross, the title of Excellency, and the post of first director of the theatre. From time to time the ghost of an old sin rises up before him,—a broken companion of his early days, or a woman whom he has ruined and forsaken; and he makes satisfaction after his own fashion by giving alms out of his superfluity. But the better nature in him is almost overlaid with paint and patches, and he has learned to limit his hereafter to the next few years' successful managership at the theatre, when a heavy cold and a bad doctor bring him to the hospital and his deathbed. He is nursed in his last moments by Alma. After her father's death, she has supported herself by needle- and laundry-work, and is known as a good

night-nurse. She holds his head as he passes away in sleep, and does not long survive him. The baron is laid under marble with his wife's forefathers, and the gardener's daughter is carried out to the common burial-ground in a pauper's funeral.

Here it might be thought that the subject of the poem was exhausted. In fact, as the very *post-mortem* examination on Adam's body has been described, it would seem that more than ordinary security has been taken against his resurrection, even in poetry. But two cantos of the poem remain. One is occupied chiefly with Alma's lyrical pieces, intended to represent the gradual discipline of affliction and the transference of unsatisfied affection to the one changeless object of love. Perhaps these metrical speculations have no very high merit as poetry, especially if they be judged by the standard of *In Memoriam.* But their position in a book, of which parts are free even to license, gives them a certain interest, the more so as they are intended to justify its final moral. They express the conviction that good must triumph in the order of the universe; that the foul devil's-play which makes chaos of earth will be defeated hereafter, and Satan himself left alone to begin his time of punishment, while "all are gathered into the bosom of mercy." The assumption which underlies this rather Manichæan doctrine seems to be little else than the Catholic purgatory; a curious patch of old faith in a poet who goes out of his way to protest against the worship of the Virgin. How it is practically applied we learn in the last canto. There Adam's soul is disputed for by two spirits; his good angel and the *advocatus diaboli.* The counsel for Satan has easy work in proving that the baron's life has not been squared to the precise requirements of the Decalogue. He is answered with the objection, which we should imagine must often be heard in this court, that the law given on Sinai has been repealed, and that the sinner is to be judged by the milder dispensation of abstract morality. As, however, it cannot be maintained that Adam's life has been framed according to Epictetus, he is defended as a product of his time. "What sort of time was that? Was it the age of heroes, idealists, prophets? Was it romantic, knightly, or idyllic? God help us! it was a mere fermentation-period, lighted up only by the nebulous tail of a comet; a time when men were weary of strife, and sick of peace; that had no heart for work, and small sense of honour—an age of all-pervading mediocrity." Take Homo as the product of his time, and the man, whose weaknesses must be confessed if he be judged singly, will appear noble by comparison with his fellows. He was eminently a good fellow, an amiable well-meaning man; and it will go hard with heaven if such are not of its kingdom. The defence is ingenious, but does not seem to

be successful; the *advocatus diaboli* arguing that the age—if it is like Homo—will have in justice to be damned. His defender now claims salvation for him as a Christian. It is true there is no very certain evidence of his faith; but it must be remembered that he lived in a time which acknowledged neither angel nor devil, and that he yet on several occasions ascribed his successes to Providence; he might have loved his neighbour under happier circumstances; and he was abundant in hope, the third Christian grace. The plea is overruled; and Homo is finally overwhelmed by the vision of the glorified nature he might have been, the ideal he strove after. Just as the quivering scale sinks finally hell-wards, Alma appears and claims him by the law of heaven, that if a glorified spirit will associate her lot with another's, and blend her existence with his, hell ceases to be possible for the sinner. The scale rises again, and Adam is borne off in triumph to the lustral fires of purgatory. Alma abides with him till the probation-time is past: she was chosen by Eternal Love to save him.

Home life in Denmark, if *Adam Homo* and Andersen's or Hansen's novels may be trusted, has changed very much since the days of Holberg, a century and a quarter ago. Then the playwright delighted his audience with the drunken serf, like Christopher Sly, invested by his lord with a little brief authority; with the burgher's travelled son, who talked French and danced minuets in the street; with the *roué* who cheats a Jew, and with the club of gossips who discuss the German empire. Every piece testified to strong distinctions of caste, homely manners, and that Toryism of domestic life which would keep every man in his place, and allow foreign customs to be imported only as luxuries for the wealthy classes. Now the country has been Europeanised with French sentiment, German speculation, and English constitutional forms. The nobles are only the shadow of the old tyrannous aristocracy, which drove a people kin to themselves into thrusting despotism upon the crown. Compare Adam Homo with an English novel-hero of rather similar fortunes and mould, Pendennis. Thackeray's typical young Englishman is once doubtful whether he shall not ruin his laundress's daughter, and is another time offered an alliance with the daughter of a baronet of damaged character. But it is difficult to imagine Pendennis taking tea night after night with Fanny's mother as her future son-in-law; and his acceptance by a noble heiress with no doubtful antecedents would have been too improbable for the Dutch school of narrative to venture on. Either education and good breeding are more universal levellers in Denmark than in England, or our extremes are much further apart. Something, no doubt, depends on the respective size of

the two countries. Denmark has the population of England under Queen Elizabeth; and a single theatre in Copenhagen is able to contain the whole ranks of the fashionable world, and to attract all the literary talent of the country into its service. An upper class of squires is scattered over a country of pasture-land, heaths, and wide sand-plains. Under these conditions, the clever young man from town has a certain advantage among the Junker aristocracy, whose simple talk among themselves is of guns and horses and dogs. Even Lord Macaulay was never the great man in his own day that Swift and Steele and Addison were among their unlettered contemporaries. It was a marvellous prerogative to be born one of half-a-dozen authors in a nation.

The morality of Adam Homo cannot be called high. If he is really no worse than common men in Denmark, we must hope that common men are not so frequently tempted. The women, with two exceptions, his mother and Alma, are either actively bad, or at best vulgar and trivial. Allowing that much of this may be due to the supposed literary necessity of giving a somewhat flat story an immoral interest, there yet remains a sufficiently startling residuum in a book which seems to be accepted in its own country as a portrait of national manners. Probably, in the author's mind, the one pure picture of Alma redeemed all. It certainly adds to the thoroughness of the conception, though it points a curious moral, that the moral interest in a drama of nineteenth-century humanity should centre about a woman. Given a man of mere aspirations and vague sympathies, who shall steadily see the higher good and follow the vulgar appetite,—a man neither saint nor villain, neither hero nor quite unheroic,—and if we agree with Dante that such a one is not worth damning, we shall be puzzled how to save him. We shall feel the need of attaching him to some good angel,—a Beatrice or an Alma,—and shall not care to inquire curiously into the doctrine of vicarious works. Perhaps it may be added that such contrasts between the sexes are not uncommon in certain epochs of society. No reader of the Nial Saga, to quote a Norse precedent, can forget the singular antithesis of the Icelandic men and women in the tenth century. Nial, Gunnor, and Flosi, three very different characters, are yet simple-minded, generous, and humane, as brave men should be; while their wives appear behind them like furies, sowing discord and bloodshed through the land. Bacon's strong preference of friendship to love, and Shakespeare's plays, with perhaps the exception of *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, testify to a similar feeling in our own heroic age. At present the whole tendency of literature is to rehabilitate Eve. Mr. Tennyson succeeds in his *Princess*, and breaks down in what

might seem the far easier attempt to copy the King of all true Knights from his picture in books of chivalry. His men are Geraint the savage, and Arthur the prig. French philosophy has ever discovered that the woman, as the noblest product of humanity, is to be made the subject of contemplation and prayer. Béranger's vision of Margot stealing St. Peter's keys, and making herself the guardian of heaven, was only the anticipation of a new litany. *Vogue la galère!* We cannot quarrel with lady novelists if they take the lion's hint about sculpture, and represent man duly inferior. But it is surely the sign of a weak time, when endurance and gentleness are exalted over enterprise and action and thought. It is the great merit of Adam Homo as a photograph, and its fatal defect as a picture, that the typical man has no individuality; no power to grapple with circumstance; no will to be other than his belongings make him. He is not the brave man struggling with adversity, but the easy man lending himself to life, and half-scrambling, half-slipping through the crowd. He is not even a thinker, like Faust, working out his problems in experiences, and failing only because the riddle is insoluble. Take such a man as Adam Homo in common life, and it is difficult to imagine any virtues except the negative surviving his contact. He would imperceptibly demoralise the woman who looked up to him, the children who grew up round him. Instead of being borne up to purgatory by Alma, he would drag her down to the slimy verge of the Inferno, where the incapable lie.

It is with a sentiment of relief that we turn from the satire, which is half an apology of a degenerate civilisation, to the healthy peasant life and virgin homes of Norway. Probably most people, who have ever given Norway a thought, have wondered that the country whose swarming Vikinger made the Northern Sea a Scandinavian lake in the tenth century, should have subsided so irrevocably into a province, with no higher interests than the cod-fishery and the timber-trade. A glance at the physical geography of the country explains the difficulty. The long ranges of low hills are no home for man; the granite, scarcely covered by two inches of soil, can never whiten with the harvests of other lands. Here and there a breezy mountain plateau spreads out into a down, or a few hundred yards of valley divide the fiord-shore from the hills that fringe it; or there is an easy slope up from a river, on which a cottage may be built, and where horses and goats may pasture. But every where stern labour, endurance, and isolation are the very conditions of life. The *Bonde*, or yeoman, accordingly grows up self-reliant and silent, trusting his own right hand to supply his needs, and rarely meeting his fellows for

intercourse. His occupations are various and uncertain: during seven months in the year the soil is ice-bound; and the farmer will fare ill if he cannot ply an axe on occasion, or handle a rifle or an oar. A capacity for great exertions in emergencies is perhaps more characteristic of him than the endurance of sustained labour. To those who know him slightly he appears quiet, moody, almost phlegmatic; but the Berserker frenzy is always latent in his blood, and his revelry and his wrath are dangerous. Observe him with his fellows, and he treats them with the punctilious courtesy of a duellist. Observe him with his superiors,—for although politically a democrat, he acknowledges the distinctions of education and birth,—and his manner has a quiet dignity, which does not forsake him even when he is excited or extortionate. He is not attractive at first meeting, because, like his kinsmen of England, he is slow to make advances; but he gains in proportion as he is known. It may seem needless to describe the stiff wooden figures, the yellow flax-like hair, the fair complexions, and gray serious eyes, which Tidemand has immortalised. Not undignified, but eminently not refined, they are the features of workers and freemen, who would think and fight in a solid business-like manner, rather than of men to whom thought and battle are native. The old Viking must have been an essentially practical man, combining as he did commerce with piracy, and fighting for tribute or a settlement rather than from any chivalrous love of hard blows. The ranks of Thor and Athene, in their respective mythologies, show pretty well on which side was the labouring hand and on which the meditative brain. Yet the Norseman is a poet to the core. He cannot construct a great work of art,—an Iliad or an Odyssey,—but he thinks in parables, and his thoughts flow into verse. He talks with the birds and trees of the wood, and they answer him. His sagas contain a richer personal history, a nobler conception of the gods, a truer ideal of pure love, than can be found in the legends of any other land. Weird like blasted pines or scarred cliffs, inartistic like cyclopean cities, they cannot compete for mere detail with the Fata Morgana of Arabian romance, or for conscious thoroughness of thought with the tale of Troy. Faith, love, and the sense of power are the threads that bind them together; but surely those threads are of gold.

Björnstjerne Björnson's tales of peasant life in Norway are perhaps matchless of their kind. The author has neither great invention nor wide knowledge of humanity; his plots are of the simplest possible structure; his characters variations of two or three stock types. But he has thought himself into peasant life, so to speak, beyond mere tricks of language and manner,

till the scenes he describes and the words he records seem to glow with the intense reality of experiences. We rate few things lower than the mere power of reproducing slang expressions, and the little unmeaning utterances that mark difference of caste among the vulgar-minded. But the power by which an educated man of the upper ranks understands what his fellows in serge and fustian think, what is in the rustic lover's heart when he grieves inarticulately or rejoices uncouthly, what the village-girl thinks of beneath what she talks about,—this and the capacity to reproduce the broken, inadequate words in which both fumble about their common wish, strike us as the genuine insight of the dramatist. Perhaps it is a little less wonderful that the man who has learned the peasant's language in prose should have learned it also in verse; poetry, like religion, admitting no distinctions of refinement or birth. Where M. Björnson is weakest is in the passages which are conscious imitations of Andersen,—little apologues of bird, beast, and tree, which are not altogether wanting in fanciful beauty, but fail from being childish while they yet want simplicity. The two longest tales he has published—*Arne* and *Synnöve Sölbakken*—would not make up altogether a single volume of an ordinary novel. Both turn on the love of a thoughtful, moody peasant-boy for a quiet, somewhat refined peasant-girl; and in both, the love, though darkened at first by some difficulties of the lovers' own making, is brought at last to a prosperous conclusion. Each is rather idyllic, or a collection of episodes, than a story. We follow the hero and heroine from the cradle and school-bench to the troubles of riper age and the altar. M. Björnson has a peculiar love for children, and a special power of comprehending them. A few extracts, however, from books which few of our readers are ever likely to see, will give a better idea of their value than any description. The first we will take is from *Synnöve Sölbakken*. Thorbjörn, the hero, a boy of five years old, is taken to church for the first time, and meets Synnöve, his neighbour's daughter, who lives in a farm far up the mountain, where the farm-boy has taught Thorbjörn that Trolls are found. "The church stands high in the peasant's thoughts for its own sake—the house of peace, with its solemn graves around and the cheerful mass within. It is the only house in the valley on which he has lavished ornament, and its steeple for that very reason reaches a little higher than it seems to rise. Its bell greets him on his path thither on the pure Sunday morning, and he always lifts his hat to it, as if he would say, 'Kindly thanks to you.'* There is a bond between him and

* Literally, 'Thanks for your last," *i. e.* 'for the honour you lately did me.'

it which no man knows of. Thorbjörn, when quite a boy, used to stand in the open doorway, and listen to it while the church-goers drew past in quiet procession; his father joined them, but he himself was too small. He then associated many ideas with this heavy booming sound which told the hour across the fields, and his fancy ran from one thing to another; but one thought was invariable—clean new clothes, beaming women, groomed horses, and bright trappings. . . . . Here in the quiet mountain valleys the church has still its separate words for every age, its special object for every eye; much may have been built beside, but nothing can be built over it. It stands mature and venerable before the candidate for confirmation; with upraised finger, half-threatening, half-promising, before the young man who has made his choice,—broad-shouldered and strong over the man's sorrow,—spacious and mild above the old man who is weary. In the midst of the service, the young children are brought in and baptised; and this, it is well known, is the part where devotion is warmest. It is therefore impossible to sketch Norse peasants, corrupted or uncorrupted, without meeting them at one time or another in church. . . . Thorbjörn (now taken for the first time) was glad of the journey and the sight; saw much that was wonderful outside the church, felt the depth of the silence which lay over all and within all, so long as the mass was not begun; and though he did not himself remember to bow when the prayer was read out, his head bowed as it were of itself at the sight of many hundreds that were bent. The hymn was given out, and all about him sang altogether, so that he was almost alarmed. He sat with his head so sunk, that he started up as if in a dream when their pew was softly opened for one who came in. After the end of the hymn, his father took the man by the hand, and asked him, 'Are you all well at Sölbakken?' Thorbjörn opened his eyes; but, however he looked, there was little resemblance to find in this man with any kind of Trolldom. He was a mild, fair man, with great blue eyes, a high forehead, and long-bodied; he smiled when he was spoken to, and said 'Yes' to all that Sæmund said, but was otherwise a man of few words. 'There you may see Synnöve,' said his father, while he bent down to Thorbjörn, took him on his knee, and pointed over to the women's seat on the opposite side. There stood a little girl, kneeling upon the bench, and looked over the railings; she was yet fairer than her father, so fair that Thorbjörn had never seen her like. She had red ribbons in her cap, yellow-white hair under it; and now she smiled over to him, so that for a long time he could see nothing else but her white teeth. She held a glossy hymn-book in one hand, and a folded red-and-yellow handkerchief in the

other, and amused herself with slapping the handkerchief on the hymn-book. The more he stared, the more she smiled, and he presently wished to kneel on the bench as she did. Then she nodded. He looked a little seriously at her; then he nodded. She smiled and nodded again; he nodded again and again and again. She smiled, but did not nod any more, till, just as he had forgotten it all, she nodded." At this point a precocious little rival of Thorbjörn's own age creeps up behind him to see what is going on; and the two boys begin pulling one another's ears, after the fashion of innocent childhood, and exchange bites and blows, till Sæmund carries his son by the collar of his jacket out of church.

Peasant life is naturally a little wanting in incident; but a marriage furnishes occasion for several days' festivities, the guests easily finding quarters in the roomy farmhouses which abound in a country where two-thirds of the population are small farmers, and as rich as the gentry. The bride with her crown and gay bodice, the girls in their holiday dresses, the peasants in their long coats and metal buttons, form an *ensemble* not easily forgotten even by those who have only seen it as the procession sweeps in a dozen cars down the road, with the dogs of ten miles round barking at the wheels. Unhappily these merry-makings have a bad name, from the hard drinking that goes on at them, and the bloody quarrels that result; so that "Haugianer," the Norwegian Puritans, do not allow their children to attend them. One of Tidemand's pictures, which has not, we believe, been exhibited in England, represents a quarrel and ensuing murder in Hallingdal. Sometimes, as in cases which Tidemand and Björnson have illustrated, a moody Norwegian lover has been silent where he should have spoken, and speaks where he should be silent, and where words can only bring disgrace or death. "Why did you never speak," is the question asked by the miserable bride in a scene of this sort described in *Synnöve Sölbakken;* and the answer, "I did not think it needed that between us two," is the key to many unwritten romances among the quiet Norse people. More often, however, a quarrel is partly at least the result of other motives, a mere bringing to issue the question, which of two cocks of the village is to crow unanswered. Under any circumstances, it is almost certain to be dangerous, from the determination with which the men fight, and from their habit of carrying knives at their side. One of Björnson's characters has his back sprained in one of these encounters; another is stabbed in the side, and is ill for months; and in neither case does justice appear to take any cognisance of the brawl. Sometimes, where the insult has been intolerable, the men are strapped together with a single belt,

and fight it out with their knives till one falls. Of course in this last case justice overtakes the survivor.

But if Norwegian merry-makings have an inauspicious side, the relations of the sexes in common life seem to be fairly pure. The somewhat fallacious test of statistics makes Norway a good *fifth* for its small percentage of illegitimate births, in a list of thirteen European states north of the Alps and west of the Vistula.* We believe it is entitled to stand even higher—above England, for instance, if there were any accurate returns for our large towns, and second to no country but Holland, if the after marriage of the parents legitimated the children. M. Björnson's tales testify to the strong feeling, usual in all small and primitive communities, against the fallen woman, and even against her children. A healthy result of this severity seems to be, that young men and women are able to walk and talk together freely, in a way which would shock all propriety in the land of Dumas *fils* and Paul de Kock. Arne's first genuine love-scene is in the dusk of evening, at the bedside of Eli Böen, when recovering from an illness, to which her mother has led him. '"Thou must sit thee down, Arne," said Eli; and Arne felt his way to a chair which stood at the foot of the bed. "That was so good to hear thee† sing; thou must now sing a little for me up here." "If I only knew something which suited up here." There was a silence for some little time; then she said, "Sing a psalm;" and he did so: that was a confirmation psalm. When he left off, he heard her crying, and therefore he would not sing any more. But presently she said, "Sing another such;" and he sang the one which is commonly used in church. "How much I have thought about it while I have been lying here!" said Eli. He knew not what to answer, and sat and heard her sob quietly in the dark. . . . "Arne, canst thou not teach me to compose lays?" "Hast thou never tried?" "Yes; now in these last days; but I can get no subject." "What dost thou want to have in them, then?" "Something about mother, who was so fond of my father." "That is a sad subject." "Yes, I have cried over it." "Thou must not seek subjects; they come." "How do they come?" "Like something pleasant, when thou least expectest it." They were both silent. "I wonder that thou, Arne, who art so well off at home, longest to go away." "Dost thou know that I long?" She answered nothing, but lay still as if in thought. "Arne, thou must not go away," said she; and that came warmly upon him. "Sometimes I too have less wish to do it." "Thy mother must be very fond of thee;

* Hendrik on the Vital Statistics of Sweden, *Statistical Journal*, June 1862.

† "Thou" in Norway is the common form of address among peasants, indicating familiarity, but not necessarily intimacy.

I must get to see thy mother." "Come up to Kampen as soon as thou art well." And now all at once he thought of her sitting in the sunny chamber at Kampen, and looking out on the hills; his heart began to beat, his blood rose to his head. "It is warm in here," he said, and got up. She heard it: "Dear, wilt thou go?" and he sat down. "Thou must come oftener hither to us; mother is so fond of thee." "I should like it myself; but I must have an errand." Eli was silent for a moment, as if she was thinking. "I believe," she said, "mother has something to ask thee about." . . . "Were it summer," she said, "and I sat by the brook, I think for certain I could now sing a lay." He laughed, he was so glad, and asked, "What should that be about?" "About something easy; about—I do not myself know." "Tell me, Eli." He got up in his joy, but remembered himself, and sat down. "I will not tell thee that for all the world;" and she laughed. "I sang for thee when thou badest." "That is true; but no, no!" "Eli, dost thou think I would make fun of the little verse thou hast composed?" "No, I do not think that, Arne; but it is not any thing I have made myself." "Is it, then, by any one else?" "Yes, it came to me so by chance." "Then thou canst tell me what it is." "No, no, that is not any thing of the sort, Arne; do not ask me any more." She was certainly hiding her face in the bedclothes, for the last words hardly came out. "Eli, now art thou not good to me as I have been to thee!" and he got up. "Arne, that is different; thou dost not understand me—but that was—I don't know—another time—do not be cross with me: Arne, do not go away." She began to cry. "Eli, what is the matter?" It fell like sunlight over him. "Art thou ill?" he did not think so himself. She was still crying; he thought he must go forwards or backwards. "Eli!" he listened. "Eli!" "Yes;" she kept down her sobs. But he knew not what more he should say, and was silent. "What wilt thou have?" whispered she, and half turned round. "There is something"—his tongue failed him, so he kept back. "What is it?" "Thou shalt not say, 'No!' now, I beg of thee." "Is it about the lay?" "No! Eli, I wish,"—he heard her draw her breath long and heavily —"I wish to take hold of one of thy hands." She did not answer; he listened sharply, strainedly, and felt over the counterpane, and took hold of a little warm hand which lay out.'

Not a very remarkable termination this hand-pressure in a country where your postillion or groom (*skyds-gut*), who may by the by be a woman, shakes hands with you, but very characteristic of a Norse idyl. At the risk of wearying our readers, we shall venture on extracting another story of love-passages of a less sentimental nature. It is told at a nutting party by one

of the girls. "There was a small youth who would fain woo a small girl; they were both grown up, but they were small, so small; and the youth could not at all bring himself to woo. He stuck close to her in the church, but there all their talk was about the weather; he went up to her at the dances, and he danced her almost to death, but he could not talk to her. 'Thou must learn to write, then slip it into her hand,' said he to himself; and the youth set to write. He thought that could never be good enough, and so he wrote for a whole year before he dared think of the letter. Now he had to manage giving it so that no one should see; and there, behind the church, it so happened that they stood alone. 'I have a letter for thee,' said the youth. 'But I cannot read writing,' said the girl; and so the boy stood there. But he took service with the girl's father, and was near her all day. Once he was on the point of talking to her; he had got his mouth all open; but then a great fly flew into it. 'If only no one will come and take her from me,' thought the youth. Now there was no one who came and took her from him, for she was so small. But at last one came all the same, for he too was small. The youth saw well enough what he would have; and when they went up together into the parlour, the youth stationed himself at the keyhole. Now he who was within courted her. 'Ah, fool that I was not to make haste,' thought the youth. The one inside kissed the girl a smack on the mouth. 'That must have been pleasant,' thought the youth. But the one inside took the girl on his knee. 'Such is the world we live in,' said the youth, and cried. The girl heard this and went to the door. 'What is that thou wantest with me, thou nasty boy, that I never can be in peace for thee?' 'I! I only wish to ask thee that I may be thy best man.' 'No, that shall my brother be,' said the girl, and slammed the door. So the youth stood there."

Among the stories of this sort incidentally inserted in M. Björnson's pages, it is remarkable that we find none at all corresponding to the Norse tales which Dr. Dasent's admirable translation has familiarised in England. There is an allusion to them in our first extract from *Synnöve Sölbakken*, where the young Thorbjörn has had his head filled with them by a farm-boy of bad character; but they seem generally to be regarded with a mixture of contempt and religious abhorrence among the more respectable peasants. In the *Smaa-stykker*, a collection of M. Björnson's smaller pieces, the devil is introduced on one occasion taking up a peasant in his chariot, bearing him over water and up in the air, and at last dismissing him with an injunction not to look behind him. The peasant neglects the injunction, and sees his conductor drive through billows of fire into a cloven

mountain side, being himself punished for his disobedience by a permanent crick in the neck. Here it is impossible not to recognise Farmer Weathersky in a last process of degradation. Thor and Odin were made devils in England in like manner during the Middle Ages; and perhaps, among small etymologies, there are few more suggestive of historical changes than that which connects "bogie" or "bogle" with the Slavonic name for the Deity. But if the supernatural element is gradually disappearing from winter-tales in Norway, the fanciful keeps its place. The following song will probably remind many of our readers of Uhland's beautiful "Garland," and perhaps has an even deeper meaning under a simpler form:

"Ingerid Sletten of Sillestrand
Silver nor gold inherited,
But a little cap of coloured thread
Worked her by her mother's hand,—

A little cap of coloured thread,
Were no ribbons or lining there,
Just a token of mother's care,
Shining brighter than gold the red.

She kept the cap its twentieth year;
Would not wear it that men should see:
'This my bridal cap shall be,
When at the altar I appear.'

She kept the cap a thirtieth year;
Would not wear it that men should see;
'This my bridal cap shall be,
When I before our Lord appear.'

She kept the cap its fortieth year,
Thought of her mother even now:
'Old cap, old cap, not we, I trow,
Before the altar shall appear.'

Her heart grew big as she thought on:
She went to look at the cap again;
She searched its ancient place in vain,—
Every thread of it was gone."

This, however, is, we think, a rare instance of clear and connected thought. More often the hearer or reader is left to supply the missing links and weave scattered fragments,—passages of a dream, as it were,—into an artistic whole. The tree that will not give its leaves to the frost or its flowers to the wind, but bows down that the young girl may pluck its berries; the fox that lurks for the hare, and catches it in the midst of its exulting bounds over the heath; the song of the mystical flute, that hovers over its player while he sleeps,—are images that can only be well understood in the context of the story and of human lives. One song in *Arne* differs from the others in its

deep and passionate expression of the Norseman's longing for travel, an instinct as mysterious and almost as native to him as the home-sickness of weaker races. We quote the three concluding stanzas, and will only warn our readers that our translation is quite inadequate to express the nameless charm of the original:

"Shall I then never, never climb
Over the mountain-brow?
Shall my thoughts but flutter up and fall
From its ice-girt mystery-crowned wall,
Closing me to the last,
Holding me coffined fast?

I will out, out. Oh! far, far, far,
Over the mountain-brow;
Here is crushing and stifling care:
Mine is freshness,—the heart to dare—
Easy the perilous wall;
I shall not falter or fall.

Once I know, I shall forth away
Over the mountain-brow.
Are not thy gates in the mountain-wood?
Father and God, thy home is good;
Loosen thy bars, and be
Thy house a home for me."

It may interest some of our readers to learn that an English translation of *Arne* has been published at Bergen. Although wonderfully good as the work of a foreigner, it is naturally enough disfigured by a few idiomatic blemishes. Nevertheless it will serve to give a fair idea of the original, which no student of Danish should take for his first book, as it is full of words from the peasant dialect. For that very reason, a philologist would find it a perfect treasury. The dialect taken is, we believe, that of Hallingdal, with none of the Germanisms of the higher ranks, or of the Swedish words that are sown thickly in the *patois* of Gudbrandsdal. We have heard it said in the country, that the peasants profess to understand their English guests better than "the fine gentlemen from Bergen." Without exactly crediting this, we may yet say that the Norse yeoman speaks a language nearer English than the Norse gentleman. A translation of one of Björnson's tales into the Yorkshire dialect would be a *tour de force* worthy of Prince Lucien Buonaparte's *collaborateurs*, and a real acquisition to science.

The last book we have put on our list will not detain us long. The "Merchant's Daughter" is a story of upper-class life in Norway, resembling the religious *novelettes* of Miss Young and Miss Sewell; but of course with an utter absence of any thing like the High-Church feeling of our countrywomen. The plot is sufficiently simple. Ragna, the heroine, is on a visit to

Fru Krohn, her dead mother's friend, who wishes to marry her to her favourite younger son, Halfdan. Unluckily Halfdan has his own ideas of happiness, and is under a tacit pledge to a worthless little coquette whom he has met in Hamburg. When his eyes open to the facts, that Blanca Nordstedt is unworthy of him, and that he has been living "at the side of his greatest happiness without knowing it," a new difficulty arises. Ragna's father, Consul Hjelm, has been guilty, some years ago, of gross fraud, and is in the power of an unworthy clerk, who now threatens disclosure and ruin, if he be not allowed to marry Ragna, and taken into partnership. Fortunately the consul is persuaded to retire from Norway, and dies by a last flash of right feeling a day before the vindictive clerk has tracked him, and just as his longer existence might be inconvenient to the two lovers. The story, such as it is, is well and gracefully told, and the probabilities of life are, on the whole, less violated than they might be in a book which seems intended to vindicate the Divine government in the world, every one flourishing or failing in exact proportion to his deserts or demerits. The author, who beyond all question is a lady, has evidently modelled herself on the English school of composition, and almost against her own will, for she protests against the Anglomania prevalent in Norway, is English to the core in her sentiments. The introduction of a purse-proud Mr. Arnott, an "unattractive young Englishman, with his fair hair and red whiskers, his good-natured but meaningless face, and stiff bearing," who carries a heroic Pole about with him as interpreter, and monopolises all the attention of the company, will pretty well give the reasons and the measure of the author's dislike to us. But if she objects to see her country overshadowed, and revolts from the affectation of foreign manners, she makes ample amends by her partiality for the literature of the island to which foreign Protestants look up in their own despite as a Catholic looks to Rome. She thinks of the rival claims of Scott and Balzac as English mothers think. It is in keeping with all this that household purity is assumed throughout the story as existing and inviolable. Ragna and her lover ride out together freely without escort, and it is spoken of as a hardship that he is not able to accompany her on a journey of several days' duration to the North. How long this simplicity will be possible is another question. The "Merchant's Daughter" is full of complaints against the love of material comfort and the passion for wealth, which testify to the progress of a commercial civilisation in Christiania. The little city will lose much of its comparative innocence when its character as a Norse capital is finally lost in its position as a cosmopolitan harbour.

In pointing out these samples of Scandinavian literature, we have not aimed at giving any idea of its extent or real value. The limits of a Review article forbid any such ambition, and we have purposely refrained from alluding even to living authors of celebrity whose works did not come within the scope of our criticism. What we have tried to show is, that these countries have an individuality of their own too distinct from the German to admit of being absorbed into it, too like our own not to command sympathy. At present every river in Norway that is at all worth fishing is farmed by an Englishman, and the valleys are beginning to be studded with English villas. The newspapers, which are comparatively indifferent to foreign politics, take the little they communicate from the *Times*, and translate articles from weekly papers like the *Spectator* and the *Examiner*. The "day-books" of posting-stations on the main roads show an enormous proportion of names from the British isles. All these are elements of power which we surely may do well to cultivate. A few days' study of one of the easiest languages in Europe, a little consideration for national habits, would give half the English who travel in the North a feeling of citizenship, and enable them to bring back other memories than the mere wealth of unimagined landscape can excite. Every people, no doubt, has its peculiar charm to the appreciative student, but it is not always easy to do justice to uncongenial virtues and graces. In this respect Englishmen who travel in the Scandinavian kingdoms are on special vantage-ground. They may miss much that is pleasant in other countries,—French courtesy and Russian hospitality,—but they will never be able to forget that the people round them belong to the stock which of all others is preëminent for what we call distinctively—manhood.

Art. VIII.—THE FLAVIAN CÆSARS.

A History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale, B.D. Vols. VI. and VII. London, 1858–62.

The History of the Roman Emperors from Augustus to the Death of Marcus Antoninus. By the late Rev. Robert Lynam, M.A. Edited by the Rev. John T. White, M.A. Two volumes. London, 1850.

We are sorry that Mr. Merivale has determined to bring his work to an end at a point earlier than that which he originally fixed upon. His first intention was to carry on his history

to the time of Constantine; he has now ended with the death of Marcus Aurelius. Each of these points makes a good ending, because each marks the termination of a distinct period in the annals of the Empire. We should have preferred the later date, partly because it marks the completion of a still more marked change than the other, partly because it would have given us the advantage of Mr. Merivale's companionship over a longer space. By leaving off where he has left off, Mr. Merivale indeed avoids any appearance of rivalry with Gibbon. He now leaves off where Gibbon begins, and the two may be read as a consecutive history. But we do not think that Mr. Merivale, or any scholar of Mr. Merivale's powers, need be frightened off any portion of the wide field between Commodus and the last Constantine, simply through dread of apparent rivalry with Gibbon. That Gibbon should ever be displaced seems impossible. That wonderful man monopolised, so to speak, the historic genius and the historic learning of a whole generation, and left little indeed of either for any of his contemporaries. He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside. It is possible to correct and improve in detail from the stores which have been opened since Gibbon's time; it is possible to rewrite large portions of his story from other, and often truer and more wholesome, points of view. But the work of Gibbon, as a whole, as the encyclopædic history of thirteen hundred years, as the grandest of historical designs, carried out alike with marvellous power and with marvellous accuracy, must ever keep its place. Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read too. But, for that very reason, the scholar who reproduces any particular portion of Gibbon's history, Dean Milman or Mr. Finlay,—we wish we could add Mr. Merivale,—does not really enter into any competition with his great predecessor. The two things are different in kind, and each may be equally excellent in its own way. It does not occur to us to compare the man who deals with the whole of a vast subject with the man who deals—necessarily at far greater detail—with one particular part of it. And, after all, we hardly feel that we have reached Gibbon's proper and distinctive field, till we have reached a later period than that which he and Mr. Merivale would have had in common. Gibbon is preëminently the historian of the transition from the Roman world to the world of modern Europe. But that transition can hardly be said to have visibly begun till we reach the period which Mr. Merivale originally set before him as the goal of his labours.

Still, as it is, Mr. Merivale has the advantage of occupying,

absolutely without a rival in his own tongue, the period of history which he has chosen for himself. It is only in his opening volumes that he comes into competition with Arnold, and there only with Arnold before he had reached the maturity of his powers. The history of the Emperors he has wholly to himself. The two volumes of Mr. Lynam seem to have fallen dead from the press. We do not remember to have ever seen them quoted. From such a glance as we have given to them, we do not wonder at their fate. The narrative seems to have been carefully put together from the original writers, but there is no sign of power of any kind; the style is weak, and the writer indulges in a vein of sermonising comment which is almost as offensive in one way as the flippant irreligion of Gibbon is in another. One cannot restrain a smile when we read that Mr. Lynam's intention was to fill up the interval between *Hooke* and Gibbon, and that both he and his editor—the latter writing as lately as 1850—looked upon Hooke and Gibbon alike as equally entitled to the name of "great historians." In short, the only use to which Mr. Lynam's history could be put was already supplied by the less pretentious and therefore more valuable sketch of Mr. Keightley.

But if Mr. Merivale has the advantage of thus practically standing alone, it must not be thought that he owes his vantage-ground solely to the absence of competition. His history is a great work in itself, and it must be a very great work indeed which can surpass it in its own province. Our general opinion of Mr. Merivale we have already given when speaking of his smaller work, *The Fall of the Roman Republic.** In these days of licensed blundering, when a Dean cannot construe Latin, and a Professor cannot construe Greek, it is delightful indeed to come across the sound and finished scholarship, the unwearied and unfailing accuracy, of Mr. Merivale. It is something to have, for once, a modern writer whom one can trust, and whose margin one has not to crowd with corrections of his mistakes. On some points we hold that Mr. Merivale's views are open to dispute; but it is always his views, never his statements. With Mr. Merivale we may often have to controvert opinions which are fair matters of controversy, but never to correct blunders, never to point out misrepresentations. We have somewhat of a battle to fight with him, as being in some sort an advocate of imperialism; but it is all fair fighting with a fair and moderate advocate. Compared with Arnold's glorious third volume, Mr. Merivale's narrative seems heavy, and his style is cumbered with needless Latinisms, savouring,

* National Review, January 1862, p. 41.

sometimes of English newspapers, sometimes of French historians and politicians. Still he always writes with weight and clearness, often with real vigour and eloquence. That he is lacking in the moral grandeur of Arnold, his burning zeal for right, his unquenchable hatred of wrong, is almost implied in the choice of his subject and the aspect in which he views it. But the gift of rising to the dignity of a prophet without falling into the formal tediousness of a preacher, is something which Arnold had almost wholly to himself. And even that gift had its disadvantages. Arnold could have written the history of the Empire only in the spirit of a partisan. Arnold was never unfair, but the very keenness of his moral sense sometimes made him unjust. He was too apt to judge men by an unattainable standard. Mr. Merivale's calmer temper has some advantages. If he does not smite down sin like Arnold, he lets us more clearly see the extenuating circumstances and temptations of the sinner. He has, as we think, somewhat of a love of paradox, but it is kept fairly in check by a really sound and critical judgment. While we cannot help setting down Mr. Merivale as, in some degree, an apologist of imperial tyranny, we are never sorry to see any cause in the hands of an apologist so competent and so candid. Indeed, when we compare his history with the fanatical advocacy of Mr. Congreve, we feel hardly justified in calling him an apologist at all.

We said that both the conclusion at first intended by Mr. Merivale and that at which he has actually laid down his pen, each marked the close of a distinct period in the Imperial history. The history of the Roman Empire is the history of two tendencies, working side by side, and greatly influencing one another. The one is the gradual change from the commonwealth to the avowed monarchy; the other is the gradual extension of the name and character of Romans over the inhabitants of the whole empire. Of the former we see the beginnings for some time before the usurpation of either Cæsar; of the latter we may trace the beginnings up to the very foundation of the Roman city. The age of Constantine, the point originally chosen by Mr. Merivale, marks the final and complete triumph of both these tendencies; it is also marked by the first appearance, as really visible and dominant influences, of the two great elements of modern life: the Christian and the Teutonic element. The mere beginnings of both are of course far earlier, but it was in the third century that they began directly and visibly to influence the course of Roman affairs. When the Christian Emperor reigns at Constantinople, when all purely pagan and

all local Roman ideas have become the merest shadows, when Cæsar presides in the councils of the Church, and has, before long, to defend his empire against Goths and Vandals, we feel that the purely classical period is over, that the middle ages have in truth begun. The last Constantine hardly differs so much from the first as the first does from the first Augustus. Here, then, is the most important stopping-point of all. But the tendencies which received their consummation under Constantine had been working all along. It is not strictly accurate to say that Constantine removed the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium. Rome had already ceased to be an imperial residence. It was Diocletian rather than Constantine who really forsook the Old Rome; what Constantine did was to find a better and more permanent place for the New. From Diocletian's time onwards, Rome never recovered her place as an imperial residence. When the Empire was divided, when the Western Empire included only Italy, it was still, not Rome, but Milan or Ravenna, which was the dwelling-place of the Emperor. This forsaking of the local Rome was indeed the consummation of the tendency whose first expression we see in the mythical history of Romulus and Titus Tatius. Quirites, Latins, Italians, Provincials, had all become equally Romans. The common master of all might dwell, as the needs of his empire required, at Nikomedeia, or Byzantium, or Milan, or York, any where rather than in the true Roman city itself. On the other hand, this desertion of Rome had a most important influence on the future history of the world. When Cæsar definitively changed from a republican magistrate into an avowed despot, he forsook the scene of the old republican memories. Those memories were still left to preserve a certain vague and fitful existence down to our own age; and, what proved more singular still, the departure of the Emperor left room for the development of the Pope. Had the successor of Augustus and the successor of St. Peter continued to dwell within the same walls, the Patriarch of the Old Rome might never have reached any greater dimensions than the Patriarch of the New. The age of Constantine then is, above all others, the point where old tendencies find their consummation, and where new tendencies find their beginning. We should be well pleased if Mr. Merivale would, even now, reconsider his decision, and continue his history at least down to this most important era of transition.

Here then is the great turning-point, at the change begun by Diocletian, and completed by Constantine. But, in the course of three hundred years, which divide them from Augustus, we may make several convenient resting-places. One of these

is to be found at the extinction of the original Cæsarean line in Nero. The founder of the Empire himself was a Julius, or a patrician at all, only by adoption; but both he and his successors, down to Nero, were Cæsars according to that familiar legal fiction, and both he and most of them had also real Julian blood in them by the female line.* But with Nero the family succession, even as a matter of legal fiction, came wholly to an end. Whatever family sentiment had attached to the divine race, the heirs and kinsmen, if not the literal offspring, of the deified Dictator, came to an end with the last and vilest of the stock. The progeny of Æneas and Aphrodite was at an end; their place was now open to every Roman, a name which was soon to take in every free inhabitant of the Roman Empire. Here, then, is one marked point of change. The Cæsar Augustus who owed his power purely to the vote of the Senate or to the acclamation of the soldiers, was something different from the Cæsar Augustus around whom lingered a kind of religious reverence as the representative of gods and heroes. On the fall of the Julii, after a short period of anarchy, succeed the Flavii. Vespasian came nearer to founding a hereditary dynasty than any that were before him, or any that came after him, till we reach the second Flavian dynasty, the house of Constantine. Vespasian was succeeded by his two sons, the whole amount of his offspring, in peaceful succession. On the death of Domitian, Nerva was peacefully elected, and from him the empire passed, by a series of adoptions, to Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus. With the extinction of this artificial house of the Antonines we may place, with Mr. Merivale, another great break. We have now lost any thing like a dynasty; the last traces of the hereditary feeling are seen in the attempt of Severus to connect himself with the Antonines, and in the further attempt to connect the Syrian youths Elagabalus and Alexander with Severus. But the consecutive line of adopted Emperors, which begins with Nerva, ends with Commodus. Here is the real break. Mr. Merivale should, in consistency, have at least included Commodus in his history as well as his father. But it is with Commodus that Gibbon begins, and Marcus makes a more impressive and honourable ending for his imperial series.

The period embraced in Mr. Merivale's last volume, the period from Vespasian to Marcus Aurelius, is distinguished in

* The grandmother of Augustus was a Julia, the sister of the Dictator. Caius was the grandson, and Nero the great-grandson, of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, through their mothers, the elder and younger Agrippina. Claudius, though not a descendant of Augustus, was grandson of his sister Octavia, and consequently had as much Cæsarean blood in him as Augustus himself. Tiberius alone was a purely artificial Cæsar, a complete stranger in blood to the Julian house.

many ways from the Julian dynasty which went before it, and from the period of military anarchy which came after it. In most respects it contrasts very favourably with both of them. From the accession of Vespasian in A.D. 69 to the death of Commodus in A.D. 193, the Empire was under a really settled government. Of nine Emperors seven were good rulers, and those seven died—we were going to say, in their beds, only the first of them, as all the world knows, died standing. Two only, the tyrants Domitian and Commodus, died by violence, and they died not by military insurrection, but by private conspiracy. In both cases a virtuous successor was at once provided. The death of Commodus and accession of Pertinax read like a repetition of the death of Domitian and accession of Nerva. But the military element was now too strong; Emperors were for the future to be set up and put down at the will of the army; most of them were murdered by their solders or by their successors; till Rome, with her imperial High Pontiff, became like the grove of Juno at Aricia in old times:

> "Those trees in whose deep shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain."

In fact, with a few short exceptions, the whole period of ninety-two years, from Pertinax to Diocletian, seems little more than an expansion to that gigantic scale of the year of anarchy between Nero and Vespasian. With the despotism of Diocletian an approach to settled order begins again, only very imperfect as compared with that of the Flavii and Antonines, but still a vast improvement on the fearful century which went before it.

We thus get three great periods—the Julian dynasty, the Flavian and Antonine period, and the period of Diocletian and Constantine; the first being divided from the second by a short, and the second from the third by a long, interval of military anarchy. Three sets of princes, whose names, order, and actions it is easy to remember, are divided by groups of others, who flit by, one after another, like a procession of ghastly shadows. This sort of alternation goes on down to the last days of the Byzantine Empire. The groups and dynasties of Emperors which we remember, the houses of Theodosius, Justin, Heraclius, Leo, Basil, Komnênos, and Palaiologos, are mostly divided from one another by groups of ephemeral princes, who rise, fall, and are forgotten. And something analogous, though of course not proceeding from the same cause, may be seen in the succession of the Popes as well as of the Cæsars. A group of important pontiffs, each of whom reigned for some years, and whose actions live in the memory, is di-

vided from another group of the same kind by a herd of momentary Popes, succeeding one another with puzzling rapidity, and who seem to have existed only in order to add to the number of Johns, Gregorys, or Leos. But perhaps no group in the whole line, either of Popes or of Emperors, is so clearly marked out as that of which, and especially of its first three members, we are about to treat somewhat more at length. This is the series of nine Cæsars, beginning with Vespasian and ending with Commodus, among whom we mean more especially to dwell on the three Flavii, Vespasian himself and his two sons.

The nature and origin of the imperial sovereignty has been well explained by Mr. Merivale in one of his earlier volumes. The causes which made it a kind of necessity we have ourselves spoken of in a former article.* The constitution of the Roman republic, which had worked so admirably as the constitution of a single city, broke down when it was applied to the government of an empire which included all the nations around the Mediterranean. Probably no form of free government could have answered for so vast a territory. A federal or a representative form might have done something to mitigate the evil; but both of them were practically out of the question. A federal constitution would have required the imperial city to stoop to the level of her provinces and dependencies. The representative system, the special invention of modern Europe, was unknown till long after. Thus, as long as the republic lasted, the essentially municipal government of a single city held absolute sway over the whole Roman dominion. The only way by which the subject races, the Latins, Italians, and Provincials, could be admitted to any share in the general government was by investing them—sometimes as individuals, sometimes as whole communities—with the local franchise of the Roman city. Such a franchise was either incapable of being exercised, or if exercised, it made matters worse, by increasing the already unwieldy numbers of the popular assembly. It was not till the votes of the people had ceased to be of any importance that Augustus devised a plan by which the votes of non-resident citizens might be collected in their own towns. Such a system was too unnatural to last. If, instead of our representative constitution, the supreme power over the whole British empire were vested in a primary assembly of the citizens of London, every inhabitant of England receiving the local franchise, we should probably welcome any Cæsar or Buonaparte who would deliver us from such a state of things. This tendency towards monarchy may be traced back at least to the days of Marius and Sulla,—according to Mommsen, as far back

* National Review, April 1859, p. 338.

as those of Caius Gracchus. The usurpation of Cinna, the dictatorship of Sulla, the extraordinary commands and the sole consulship of Pompeius, the dictatorship of the first Cæsar, were all steps in the same direction. Cæsar, indeed, dared to clutch the actual royalty, but popular feeling was too strong against it; and a thousand years had to pass before any man ventured to call himself King of the Romans. The second Cæsar took warning, and established a virtual despotism on a purely republican basis. The form of the Roman monarchy may be best described as an extraordinary commission continued for ever. The republic was not abolished; Senate, People, magistrates, retained their old rights; but certain powers were specially vested in one particular magistrate, which practically reduced all the rest to shadows. A single citizen was at once Imperator of the army, Prince of the Senate, and High Pontiff of the national religion. If not actually Consul, one vote invested him with the active powers of the consulship; if not actually Tribune, another vote invested him with the negative powers of the tribuneship.* At once Consul and Tribune within the city, he held the authority of Proconsul in every province of the republic. A magistrate invested with such accumulated powers, one who held all at once the various offices which were meant to act as checks upon one another, one who could at once command as Consul and forbid as Tribune, was practically as absolute a ruler as any king or tyrant. Still, in form, he was not a King, but a magistrate; the various powers and titles which together made up sovereignty had to be specially conferred on each succeeding Emperor; they were not invariably conferred by a single vote, nor invariably accepted at once by the prince on whom they were pressed. Augustus, indeed, would not even accept his special powers for life; he had them continually renewed to him for periods of five or ten years. The Cæsar was thus, in reality, an absolute monarch; his Greek subjects, from the very beginning, did not scruple to give him the royal title;† but in theory he was only a citizen, a senator, a magistrate—the first of citizens, the first of senators, and the first of magistrates. Of course, there was

* Each Emperor commonly assumed the actual consulship at least once, often much oftener. Augustus could not assume the actual tribuneship, because, though a plebeian by birth, he had been adopted into the patrician house of the Julii. Hence both he and succeeding emperors obtained the grant of the tribunitian power without holding the office, and it was more in this particular tribunitian power than any thing else that the sovereignty was felt really to reside.

† The formal equivalent of *Imperator* is of course *αὐτοκράτωρ*; but it is clear from the New Testament, to go no further, that the provincials freely spoke of even the Julian Cæsars as *βασιλεύς*. It is curious to trace how, in the progress of the Empire, *βασιλεύς* obtains the special sense of *Emperor*, and inferior Kings were mere *ῥῆγες*.

something of solemn hypocrisy in all this; but the peculiar hidden nature of the imperial power had some very practical results. As compared with acknowledged kingship, we shall hardly be wrong in saying that it made the sway of a good Emperor better, and that of a bad Emperor worse.

The Cæsar then and his family had no court, no position wholly distinct from that of other Roman nobles. The very fact that the Roman Empire embraced the whole civilised world, of itself hindered the formation of any royal caste. There were no foreign princesses for the Emperor to marry; there was no privileged order out of whom candidates were to be chosen for the vacant throne. Any man of Roman birth might, by election, adoption, or force, become Cæsar and Augustus; no man of other than Roman birth could aspire to such a post for a moment. Any woman of Roman birth might become the wife and mother of Cæsar and Augustus; but the thought of a foreign Queen, the daughter of Ptolemy or the daughter of Herod, was something from which every Roman shrunk as an abomination. And the citizen thus raised to the first rank among citizens was not placed in any position outwardly to lord it over his brethren. Practically they were his slaves, but no court-etiquette reminded them of their slavery. The Emperor gave his vote in the Senate like another Senator; as Prince of the Senate he gave the first vote; but it was open either to patriots or to subtle flatterers to vote another way. His household was like that of another Roman noble; he mixed with other Roman nobles on terms of social equality; he had no crowns and sceptres, no bendings of the knee, no titles of Majesty or Highness. The master of the world was addressed by his subjects by the half-hereditary surname, half-official title, of Cæsar. No Chief Butlers or High Falconers or Lord Stewards swelled the pomp of an Augustus; no Cornelia or Æmilia waited as Maid of Honour or Lady in Waiting upon the bidding of the proudest Augusta. Such personal services as the first of citizens demanded were done for him, as for all other citizens, by the hands of his own slaves and freedmen. No Roman would have felt himself honoured by tying the imperial shoe-latchet or serving at the imperial table. It was unusual to appoint any but freedmen even to really honourable offices in the imperial service.* The children and kinsfolk of the monarch were not

* Spartianus (Hadr. 22) says that Hadrian was the first to employ Roman knights, even in what we should think the honourable office of private secretary. *Ab epistolis et libellis primus equites Romanos habuit.* But according to Tacitus (Hist. i. 58), Vitellius had long before employed knights in all the offices usually filled by freedmen. *Ministeria principatus, per libertos agi solita, in equites Romanos disponit.* Probably the innovation of Vitellius was not followed by his successors, and so had been forgotten in the time of Hadrian.

Princes and Princesses; they were magistrates, senators, or simple citizens, according to the rank which they might personally attain to.* We might perhaps say, that under the best Emperors the Senate filled the place of a constitutional King, while the Emperor was its inevitable and irremovable Prime Minister. Certainly the position of a virtually absolute monarch, without a particle of royal show, consulting the Senate on all matters, and respecting the formal functions of other magistrates, has really something in common with the private peer or commoner, undistinguishable from other peers or commoners, who practically command at once the sovereign who is his master and the Parliament of which he is a member, whose word can create the Dukes, Archbishops, and high officers of the state, after whom, when he has created them, he humbly walks, as many degrees their inferior in formal rank.

It is evident that this lack of what we may call personal royalty had, in the hands of the better Emperors, the effect of greatly alleviating the yoke of their practical despotism. The Romans were slaves, but the badges of their slavery were not ostentatiously thrust in their faces. The will of Cæsar had practically as much effect as the will of a barbarian king; but it was exercised in such a way that the Romans could, with just pride, compare the dominion of law under which they lived with the arbitrary rule of the Parthian despot. The good side of this civil sovereignty is never so clearly shown as during the Flavian and Antonine reigns. Under such princes the forms of the commonwealth had a practical good effect. They allowed greater scope for the good intentions of the ruler, and removed him from many of the temptations of an acknowledged monarch. The good Emperors were men of various personal dispositions, but they all agree in the general character of their rule. Trajan the new Romulus, and Antoninus the new Numa, the homely plebeian Vespasian and the meek philosopher Marcus, all agree in the strictly legal nature of their government, their deference to the Senate, their respect for the old traditions of the commonwealth. The forms of modern royalty would have altogether hindered the simple and genial mode of life which, in the persons of the good Emperors, veiled and lightened the reality of their absolute power.

But if the peculiar nature of the imperial power gave a wider field to the goodness of the good Emperors, there can be no doubt that it intensified the wickedness of the bad. It is manifest that the frantic excesses of some of the worst

* Claudius Cæsar, for instance, held no office at all till his nephew Caius made him Consul. Till then, he seems not to have been a senator, therefore only a knight.

Cæsars are absolutely without parallel in the annals of European royalty in any age. Both the Macedonian kingdoms of old and the kingdoms of modern Europe have been disgraced by many cruel, foolish, and profligate monarchs; but it would be hard to find a parallel to Caius or Nero or Elagabalus. A perfect parallel, we suspect, could hardly be found even in the worst Oriental despotisms. So far as any approach to it ever existed in Europe, it must be looked for, not among the lawful Kings of any age, but among some of the worst of the Tyrants of old Greece and of mediæval Italy. But even the worst of these last—and bad enough they were indeed—hardly supply any real parallel to the frantic excesses of combined lust and cruelty which we see in the vilest of the Emperors. Several of them, we may believe, had, in some sort, lost their senses. Caius, it is clear, was a perfect madman. But if they lost their senses, it was through the practice of unrestrained wickedness that they lost them. And here comes in the seeming paradox that the Cæsar, the first citizen, the Consul, the High Pontiff, the social equal of other patricians, had really, because he was all this, more opportunity for unrestrained wickedness than even an Eastern despot. The formal etiquette of royalty, the traditional restraints and trammels which check the personal action even of an absolute monarch, if they cut him off from much good, cut him off also from much evil. The position of a king exposes him to many temptations, but it also provides him with certain safeguards. The worst king commonly retains some regard for the dignity of his person and office; even a Sultan finds his caprices checked by various conventional forms which it is not easy for him to escape from. A king, who cannot set foot in public without being surrounded by a certain degree of ceremony, cannot play off before the world the utterly mad freaks of the worst of the Roman Cæsars. He may be cruel, he may be lustful; but the very necessity of his position obliges him in some degree to moderate, or at any rate to veil, both his cruelty and his lust. The influence of Christianity and of modern European civilisation has doubtless largely contributed to this happy result, but it is not the whole cause; the excesses of the Roman Cæsars stand, as we have said, alone, even in the ancient and heathen world. Some of the Ptolemies, some of the Antiochi, were very bad, but they hardly sank to the level of Elagabalus. And if we find a feeble approach to imperial cruelty in some Sicilian and Italian Tyrants, it is precisely because they were Tyrants, and therefore not under the same restraints, either of shame or of usage, as a lawful King is. The will of the Roman Cæsar was practically unrestrained; and precisely because he was merely Cæsar and

not King, he was delivered from the moral restraints of royalty. The lack of court-etiquette, which enabled Vespasian and Antoninus to live on terms of equality with virtuous senators, equally enabled Nero and Commodus to live in a partnership of unutterable vice with the very vilest of mankind. The pride of the Roman citizen, which looked on personal service to the sovereign as the duty of slaves and freedmen, handed over a weak or viciously disposed Emperor to the unrestrained influence of the basest and most rapacious of flatterers. The corrupting influence of the imperial position on a mind at all predisposed to ill is clearly shown by the fact that nearly all the worst Emperors began well. The reigns of even absolute princes under other forms of administration do not commonly exhibit the utter contrast which we see between the first and the last days of Caius or Nero or Domitian.

The unacknowledged character of the imperial power had also another ill effect, and that one which is most strongly marked in the reigns of the good Emperors. The only advantage or palliation of the imperial despotism was that it allowed, better than the republic could, of the fusion together of all races within the empire, and of the extension of equal rights to all the subjects of a common master. The boon was, after all, a very poor substitute either for national independence or for full federal or municipal freedom; still it was better than the absolute bondage of the whole world to the Senate and People of a single city. But the republican forms retained under the empire tended greatly to check this result. The empire had its local habitation in the one city just as much as the republic had. As Consul, Tribune, High Pontiff, and Prince of the Senate, the Cæsar was nowhere fully at home but in the capital; even in the provinces he appeared as the Imperator of the Roman army, as the Proconsul of the dominant city. All this tended to keep the provinces in a state of greater inferiority than if their ruler had been an avowed King, with equal powers over all his dominions, and equally at home in any part of them. Every period of reform, while the old constitution retained any shadow of life, took the shape of a reaction, of a falling back upon old Roman traditions. Now those traditions were of course wholly founded on the one principle of the greatness of the local Rome; they taught the wide difference between the citizen, the stranger, and the slave; their whole object was Roman conquest and Roman dominion. The Dictator Cæsar seems, more than any, either before or after, to have risen above these local prejudices; but they reigned in full force from Sulla to Trajan. Cæsar wished to be King over

the subjects of Rome, doubtless as a step to being King over Rome herself. He filled the Senate with Gauls, and communicated the Roman franchise broadcast. But when his successors found that the scheme of avowed royalty was impracticable, they necessarily fell back upon the traditions of republican exclusiveness. Augustus crucified, or sent back into slavery, the enfranchised slaves who had fought under Sextus Pompeius. His legislation threw obstacles in the way of any large manumission of that wretched class. Such legislation was a sin against abstract humanity, but it was absolutely necessary if the Roman people was to retain any sort of purity as a dominant race. Claudius—whom, as far as intention goes, we may fairly rank among the better Emperors—probably thought himself a new Scipio or Æmilius when he destroyed the liberties which Lykia had retained down to that time. The imperial antiquary doubtless rejoiced in adding a province to the empire at each end. Nero, on the other hand, had no Roman feelings at all; he hated the Senate which was the depository of Roman traditions, while he cultivated a certain popularity both among the provincials and among the mixed multitude which called itself the People of Rome. But even he did nothing to break down the middle wall of partition; all he could do for his favourite Greeks was to set himself up as a sort of mock Flamininus, and restore to them a local freedom which they had lost the capacity for using. In Nero the series of strictly Roman Emperors ends; the Flavii are Italians; with Nerva begins the series of provincial rulers.* But Italians and provincials alike fall back for some while upon old Roman precedents. The Sabine Vespasian gathered in the last gleanings of Greek freedom. Rhodes, Byzantium, and other outlying Hellenic commonwealths had never been conquered by Rome; they had preserved their independence for two hundred years after the conquest of Macedonia and Achaia. Vespasian, without any assigned reason, incorporated them in the empire, by whose provinces they had been long surrounded. The Spaniard Trajan fought and conquered as completely in the interest and for the glory of the local Rome as any Camillus or Fabius of old

* See two remarkable passages of Aurelius Victor. De Cæsar. xi. 13: Hactenus Romæ, seu per Italiam orti imperium rexere, hinc advenæ; nescio quoque an, ut in Prisco Tarquinio, longè meliores. Ac mihi quidem audienti multa legentique, plane compertum, urbem Romanam externorum virtute, atque insitivis artibus præcipuè crevisse." In the Epitome, xi. 15, the last two paragraphs are: "Unde compertum est, urbem Romam externorum virtute crevisse. Quid enim Nervâ prudentius aut moderatius? quid Trajano divinius? quid præstantius Hadriano?"

time. It was Hadrian, as Mr. Merivale points out, who first really governed in the interest of the whole empire. He was the first to legislate on behalf of the slave, and the first to look on his dominions in general as something more than mere farms for the enrichment of the prince and people of a single town. Nero's expedition to Greece was the freak of a madman; but Hadrian passed through all parts of his empire in the spirit of a master anxious for the welfare of all alike. Through the whole period there is no doubt some truth in the remark which Tacitus puts into the mouth of Cerialis,* that the whole empire reaped the advantage of the virtues of a good prince, while the wickedness of a bad one was most felt by those who were nearest to him. A good prince doubtless did what he could to reform the administration of the provinces as well as that of the city. But as the virtues of a good prince commonly took the form of a falling back upon antique Roman models, it followed that the better princes were precisely those who did least to break down the barriers which divided the different classes of their subjects. It is for exactly the same reason that we find so many of the best Emperors persecuting the Christians, while some of the worst were more favourable to them. The better Emperors were labouring to preserve the old traditions of the commonwealth, and at those traditions Christianity aimed the deadliest of all blows. To equalise the citizen and the provincial, to tolerate a sect which refused the worship that every Roman owed to the Roman Jupiter, were both of them sins against the traditions of the ancient commonwealth,—sins which might well be expected to bring down the wrath of the patron gods of Rome upon the prince and people who permitted such iniquity among them.

The Flavian age was a period of reaction—for the most part, of wholesome reaction—in every way. The Julian reigns had, at least from the death of Tiberius, been a period of licensed madness, not only of cruelty, but of folly and caprice of every kind. Claudius, well-disposed pedant as he was, had always to be cajoled and bullied into crime by his wives and freedmen; but the crimes were done, though Cæsar was hardly conscious of them. Under Nero imperial wickedness reached its height; every Roman tradition was trampled on, and the only steadfast principle of the tyrant was an abiding hatred of the Senate. Then came the terrible year of the civil war, full of events which must have shocked every Roman feeling as bitterly as either the murders or the fiddlings of Nero. A real national feeling was thoroughly aroused. When Vitellius

* Tac. Hist. iv. 74.

led his army of Gauls and Germans into Italy, things seemed to have gone back to the days when the younger Marius allied himself with the last Samnite Pontius, or when Antonius led the forces of his Egyptian* paramour against the commonwealth of the gods of Rome. When the Capitol was stormed and burned by the barbarian legions, men felt that Rome had undergone a greater blow than ever Porsena or Brennus had dealt against her.† The homely Sabine burgher came to restore Rome after what was really occupation at the hands of a foreign enemy, a foretaste of future barbarian conquests, from Alaric down to our own day. Vespasian restored the dominion of law at least, if not of liberty, and reigned in Rome as a Roman, the Prince of the Roman Senate, the Tribune of the Roman people. He was indeed the choice, not of the Senate or People, but of an army quartered far from Rome; but it was an army warring for Rome's greatness in the most obstinate of her later struggles, an army which was certainly not made up of Jewish and Syrian levies, in the same way that the Vitellian host was practically an army of Gauls and Germans. But there was one thing which the new ruler needed. Rome, and the rest of the world, had long looked for something of divinity in its rulers. The lord of men must be something more than man himself. So long before as the close of the Peloponnesian War, the people of Samos had transferred the honours of their patron-goddess Hera to the living Spartan Lysander. The statue of the great Philip had been carried in procession along with those of the Twelve Gods. All his successors, from Alexander onwards, had received, and seemingly delighted in, the same impious flattery. The Athenian people had quartered Demetrios and his harem in the temple of his virgin sister Athene, and a President of the Achaian League had sung pæans in honour of the Macedonian whom he brought to overthrow the freedom of Peloponnesos. Each successive Cæsar, at Rome only a magistrate of the commonwealth, had received divine worship at the hands of the Provincials. Rome herself was gradually taught to see something more than human in the Julian house, the descendants of Rome's divine ancestress; Augustus himself, simple citizen as he demeaned himself, did not quarrel with the belief which made him the son of Apollo;‡ and he felt it as

* We employ Roman language to express Roman feelings; but to confound the Macedonian Queen, the daughter of all the Ptolemies, with her Egyptian subjects, was pretty much—to use an illustration of Lord Macaulay's—as if one were to represent Washington as a Red Indian brandishing a tomahawk.

† See the emphatic lament of Tacitus, Hist. iii. 72.

‡ It must be remembered, that as the connexion of Augustus with the Julian house was wholly through the female line, to attribute to him a divine father did not impugn his human legitimacy in the way that it did in the case of Alexander and others.

a compliment if men held down their eyes before the divine brightness of his countenance. But it was impossible to invest Vespasian, a man with as little divinity as possible either in his countenance or in his pedigree, with any sort of godhead, either hereditary or personal. His strong good sense utterly rejected the flatteries of genealogists, who invented for him a descent from heroes and demi-gods. In his last illness he mocked at the usual practice of canonising deceased Emperors; when his mortal strength was failing, he felt himself beginning to be a god. But a Roman Emperor, above all, one whose rise was so remarkable as that of Vespasian, could not be without a sanctity about him of some sort or other. His sanctity took a form characteristic of the Eastern lands in which he rose to greatness, and utterly unlike any thing which we find in any form of Greek or Roman religion. Earlier Kings and Emperors had received divine worship, but they seem never to have exercised any divine power. But Vespasian works miracles, exactly after the pattern of the miracles in the Christian Scriptures. The blind and the lame pray him to touch them with his sacred foot, or to anoint them with his sacred spittle. For some time he resists their importunity, but at last he goes through the required ceremony, and, as the story runs, effects the required cure. These tales are not to be taken as mockeries or imitations of the Christian miracles. The Old and New Testaments of themselves clearly show that miracles of healing, hardly heard of in Western religions, were, by the Jews and the neighbouring nations, expected of all who either themselves professed to be, or were recognised by others as being, invested with any special function as prophets, teachers, or reformers. Vespasian laid no claim to the prophetic office, but Eastern admirers might naturally invest him with it. He was eminently a political reformer, and we are apt to forget how thoroughly the idea of political reformation was implied in the mission of a Hebrew prophet. In an age when a vague expectation seemed to be universally spread that some great ruler and deliverer was coming from the East, the chief called from a Syrian command to the empire of the world might well, in Eastern eyes, assume somewhat of the character of a Messiah. The religious halo thus spread about Vespasian was one of a purely Oriental kind; but as soon as he had assumed a mysterious and miraculous character of any sort, the substitute was at once found for that earlier type of divinity which had died out with the Julian name and blood. Men's minds were better disposed to receive a prince who was thus clearly marked out as a favourite of the gods; and the cure of the Alexandrian beggars, whether instances of cringing imposture or of genuine superstition, may

not have been without effect in enabling Vespasian to form what, after the ephemeral usurpation of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, might well be called a permanent dynasty.

One chief object of Mr. Merivale's present volume is to claim for the Flavian period a share in that admiration which is commonly confined to the five reigns beginning with Nerva. In his view, the accession of Nerva marks indeed an epoch, but it is an epoch, so to speak, within another. The Flavian and Antonine periods together form a whole, as distinguished from the periods before and after them. Undoubtedly the change from Italian to provincial Emperors was a real change, as is pointed out in the passage of Victor which we have already quoted. In this way, the accession of Nerva is a marked point in the imperial history. But the cause which generally tempts us to make the fall of Domitian a point of greater moment than it really was is very different and is indeed somewhat ludicrous. Suetonius happened to stop in his series of imperial biographies with the life of the twelfth Cæsar. The work of Suetonius was the popular source of knowledge on the subject; the full number twelve was a taking one; and thus arose the popular notion of the Twelve Cæsars, as if there were some wider gap between the twelfth Cæsar and the thirteenth than there was between any two of the first twelve. But, in truth, as we have already seen, the widest gap of all is between the sixth and the tenth, between Nero and Vespasian. We do not meet with such another marked change till we come to the point which separates the legal government of the Antonines from the alternate military despotism and military anarchy which succeeded it. The difficulty of classing the Flavian and Antonine princes together chiefly arises from the tyranny of Domitian and his violent end, interposed in the midst of a period which is otherwise one of uninterrupted good government and peaceful succession. But, after all, the fall of Domitian was simply the private assassination of one tyrant: the prætorians grumbled, but there was no civil war, no general disturbance of any kind. And, again, the tyranny of Domitian must not altogether be confounded with the tyranny of some of those who went before him and of some of those who came after him. The character of this strange prince has been very carefully worked out by Mr. Merivale, and we think that his view bears a greater impress of truth than is the case with some of his imperial portraits. We must never forget, among the many merits of Mr. Merivale, that he is still, in some degree, an apologist for the Cæsarean despotism, and that it is a sort of duty in his eyes to make out as good a case as he can for any particular Cæsar. In some of the earlier reigns, we cannot

think that his success was very great. He has indeed rescued Claudius from a good deal of unmerited popular obloquy; but then no fair person ever could confound the weak, well-meaning, hen-pecked antiquary with a madman like Caius, or a monster like Nero. As for the others, Mr. Merivale is doubtless quite justified in his general cautions as to the nature of our materials. We have, as he says, no contemporary history of the earlier Emperors. Our authorities—Suetonius, Tacitus, Dion—all wrote long after the time. Suetonius is a mere collector of anecdotes; Dion loves to find fault with every body; Tacitus writes the history of the Empire by the light of senatorial and republican traditions. Undoubtedly, in reading narratives of this sort, we must allow for a certain amount of hostile colouring. But, after making every allowance on this score that can be fairly made, the undoubted facts, which Mr. Merivale does not dispute for a moment, are enough to stamp the Claudian Cæsars, as a whole, as a succession of some of the vilest of mankind. This or that particular story may be false; the general picture which we draw from the whole mass of stories may be exaggerated; but even scandal generally pays some regard to probability; it exaggerates really existing faults, but it seldom invents qualities which have no existence at all. Possibly Nero may not have been quite so bad, nor Antoninus Pius quite so good, as popular belief represents them; but there is abundant evidence to show that Nero was very bad and Antoninus very good. After making every possible allowance, the lusts and cruelties of the early Cæsars still far surpass the average of the lusts and cruelties even of the worst tyrants. And their cruelty is a loathsome, capricious, purposeless cruelty; even Nero's abiding hatred to the Senate is quite unworthy of the name of principle, or even of party-feeling. With Domitian the case is different; he was a tyrant of a very remarkable kind; and Mr. Merivale has, as it seems to us, given a very successful and probable portraiture of him and his government.

Tyrants may perhaps be divided into three classes. There are some whose cruelty is simply military or judicial severity carried too far, whose blows smite persons who really deserve to be smitten, only not with so heavy a stroke. Again, there are some whose cruelty has a definite object, who strike in order to destroy or weaken some hostile party, who are ready to inflict any amount of suffering which suits their own ends, but who take no pleasure in oppression, and who are capable of becoming mild and beneficent rulers as soon as opposition ceases. Such were the authors of both the first and the second proscription. Sulla and Augustus alike shed blood without mercy as long as any thing was to be gained by shed-

ding it; but neither had any appetite for slaughter and confiscation when the occasion had passed by. Finally, there are tyrants whose tyranny is utterly reckless and capricious, and in whom the frequent practice of cruelty seems at last to create a sort of enjoyment in cruelty for its own sake. Such was the cruelty of Caius and Nero. The second and third classes are distinguished from each other by the fact that tyrants of the one class commonly get better, while tyrants of the other class get worse. The horrors of the second proscription were followed in due course by the long paternal reign of Augustus. On the other hand, both Caius and Nero began with a professed repugnance to cruelty of every kind, which we have no right to assume was wholly affected. The one form of tyranny is the cruelty of statesmen, reckless as to the means by which an end is to be compassed; the other is the cruelty of men in whom weakness and frivolity is united with a childish delight in the mere exercise of power. But the tyranny of Domitian was something which stands quite by itself. He may be said to have begun with a tyranny of the first type, which gradually changed into one of the third. Without being a man of any real power of mind, Domitian was neither a madman like Caius, a mere pedant like Claudius, nor a monster of vice and emptiness like Nero. He began as a reformer, as a restorer of old Roman manners and of the old Roman faith. He assumed, unlike earlier Emperors, a perpetual censorship, and, as Censor, he made war upon the vices and luxuries of the age. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity. Every thing seems to show that he started as a conscientious worshipper of the gods of Rome, animated by a sincere wish to restore Roman life to its ancient purity, and fully determined to discharge the functions of the pontificate, the censorship, and every other magistracy which he held, with the most exemplary and unsparing righteousness. The apparent inconsistency of all this reforming zeal, civil and religious, in a man of Domitian's personally depraved life, is well explained by Mr. Merivale. Neither the gods of Rome nor the laws of Rome required moral purity from their votaries. They may have done so in the early ages of the Republic, but the idea of personal morality had, in Domitian's age, long been divorced from the ideas of religious or political duty. Particular forms of vice were censured by law, not as morally wrong, but as injurious to the welfare of the state, or as degrading to the dignity of a Roman citizen. In so doing, the Roman law in truth kept within the proper limits of human legislation. The business of an earthly lawgiver is certainly not to punish sins or vices as such, but to prevent, and with that end to punish,

crimes against society. The difference between Roman and modern ideas on this subject consists in the difference which the Roman law drew between Roman citizens and other persons. The adultery of a Roman citizen and a Roman matron was a crime against the state and against the gods. It led to the confusion of family rights and family worship, it checked the succession of the lawful race of Rome's citizens, it was a personal affront to the gods to whom the marriage-bed was sacred. Other yet worse forms of vice were equally forbidden, as degrading to the lofty character of a citizen of Rome. But beyond these limits, neither the state nor the gods cared for any man's private vices. Domitian, himself a man of infamous life, punished as High Pontiff the frailty of the erring Vestals, and executed as Censor the Julian and Scantinian laws, without any inconsistency in his own eyes or those of others. Excesses of which only strangers were the instruments did not violate the sanctity of either character. He did not scruple—so we are universally told—to live in incest with his own niece; but he had shrunk in horror from the proposal of marrying her. No doubt the one was a far less glaring breach of formal enactments than the other. In every thing Domitian proclaimed himself as a strict and righteous minister of the ancient laws. But when a man with no real moral principle, with no real force of character, sets himself up as the severe reformer of a corrupt age, he is almost sure to introduce worse evils than any that he reforms. The merciless exercise of a merely formal justice will very easily degenerate into capricious and indiscriminate cruelty. So it proved with Domitian. The strict reformer and unbending judge gradually degenerated into a tyrant, never perhaps quite so contemptible, but fully as hateful and bloodthirsty, as the vilest of those who went before him. He began by chastising real crimes, and he probably never ceased to do so in his worst days. He has at least the credit of promptly punishing any excesses of his governors in the provinces. But, in his anxiety to spare no offender, he encouraged the vile brood of informers; and thus the innocent were often condemned, while one class at least of the worst offenders was openly patronised. At last he became utterly hardened in cruelty; after the revolt of Antonius had thoroughly frightened him, he began to live in constant fear of rebellions and conspiracies, and at last his reign became, as Mr. Merivale truly calls it, emphatically a reign of terror. And it would almost seem that the possession, and the habitually harsh exercise, of absolute power had in some measure turned his brain. Otherwise, it is certainly strange that a political and religious reformer, such as he began by being, should have plunged into

excesses of insolent and impious tyranny almost beyond any of the oppressors who went before him. Since the frantic Caius, no one had so openly indulged in the fancy for deification; Rome's human inhabitants and her divine protectors were alike insulted, when the modest style of the first Cæsars was exchanged for the frightful formula of "our Lord and God."* Mr. Merivale remarks, that this assumption of divinity may possibly have been connected with the fact that he stood in a closer relation to deified predecessors than any earlier Cæsar. His own father, his own brother, were enrolled among the gods; he may have learned to think that the divinity of the Flavian house was not confined to its deceased members, but had become incarnate in the person of its only living representative. Other freaks of moody, and generally gloomy, caprice marked the latter years of his reign, which seem to show that his intellect was at least weakened, if not positively deranged. Altogether, the sanctimonious pretence with which he began only tended to make his tyranny more frightful in itself, and more odious from its inconsistency. Few, if any, of the long line of Roman tyrants went out of the world as the object of a more universal hatred; the memory of none has been the subject of more universal and unalleviated condemnation.

We have closely followed Mr. Merivale in his masterly portrait of the last Flavian Emperor, the only Flavian tyrant. It is a portrait which we think may fairly be deduced from our scanty notices. In this case Mr. Merivale neither impugns his authorities, nor does he do any thing which can be fairly called apologising for crime. The utmost he does is to hint that the evidence against Domitian is "suspiciously harmonious," and to give an "admonitory caution" about the "frightful temptations of his position." But, when we find him the only thoroughly bad prince among eight, we really cannot see so much excuse on the ground of temptations which the others contrived, more or less successfully, to overcome. We do not quarrel with Mr. Merivale's admonitory caution, as we do not find that it at all leads him to try to evade the overwhelming testimony of the facts. His account of Domitian explains, without at all excusing, a sort of wickedness which took a very peculiar form. In fact, Domitian properly takes his place in the series from Vespasian to Marcus. He was indeed bad, while the others may, on the whole, be called good; still, he was a prince whose government aimed at the same general objects; his crimes were

* "Dominus et Deus noster." Suet. Dom. 13. *Dominus* in this formula must not be confounded with the Christian use of the word. The impiety lies wholly in the *Deus*. But *dominus*, implying a master of slaves, was a title on which no magistrate under the Republic, and seemingly till now none under the Empire, had ever ventured.

the excess and corruption of their virtues, not something utterly different and contradictory. He fairly takes his place in the series of reactionary or reforming Emperors; he became in truth as bad as Nero himself, yet his reign may be truly reckoned as part of the period of revulsion which the excesses of Nero called forth.

We have spoken throughout of the Flavian and Antonine Cæsars in that language of respect which, on the whole, they deserve. The men themselves deserve far more praise than blame. Doubtless all had their faults; those certainly had of whose actions we possess any detailed account. Few of them wholly escaped the degrading vices of the age. Few remained absolutely uncorrupted by the temptations of unrestrained power. But, on the whole, all, save Domitian, played their part well. Their faults, whether as men or as rulers, are altogether outshone by their merits. It would be easy to charge Vespasian with inflicting on his country the miseries of a civil war. But, in a moment of anarchy, when there was no legitimate or universally recognised Emperor, we cannot fairly blame the man best worthy to rule for obeying the call of his troops to put in his claims among others. For the special horrors of the war, for the fearful sack of Cremona, for the arbitrary and cruel acts of Mucianus and Antonius Primus, Vespasian can hardly be made personally responsible. And again, though the relinquishment of so many of Trajan's conquests by his successor is the best comment on their real value, we can hardly blame a Roman soldier and reformer for treading in the steps of all the most famous worthies of the commonwealth. And, transient as were his Eastern victories, one conquest of Trajan's had results which have lasted to this day, and which are not without influence on diplomatic questions that take their turn among the other difficulties which occupy the busy pens of ambassadors and foreign ministers. The Rouman provinces, attached to the Old Rome by their language, as they are to the New Rome by their creed, bear witness to the strong hand with which Trajan established his new dominion north of the Danube. The government of Hadrian was not free from faults; but the first prince who really cared for the provinces is entitled to lasting honour. Altogether, the Emperors of this period formed a succession of wise and good rulers, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. We may well look with admiration on so long a period of comparative good government, when we think of what went before, and of what followed. But, while we do every justice to men who did all that could be done in their position, we must not be blinded to the utterly unrighteous nature of that position itself. We must not forget, in the

splendours of the Empire, in the virtues of many of its rulers, the inherent wickedness of the Empire itself. On this head it is well, after the extravagant advocacy of Mr. Congreve, even after the more measured apology of Mr. Merivale, to turn to the voice of truth and justice speaking through the mouth of Mr. Goldwin Smith. His vigorous denunciation of the essential unrighteousness of the Roman Empire is one of those utterances where simple truth of itself produces the highest eloquence. The Roman Empire may have done its work in the scheme of Providence, it may have paved the way for the religion and civilisation of modern Europe; but this is simply one of the countless cases in which good has been brought out of evil. The Empire may have been a necessary evil, it may have been the lesser evil in a choice of evils; but it was essentially a thing of evil all the same. It exhibited, with tenfold aggravation, all that we look upon with loathing in the modern empires of Austria and Russia. The worst of modern despots is placed under some restraint by the general public opinion of the world, by the religion which he professes, by the civilisation which all Europe shares, by the existence of powerful free states side by side with despotisms, by the very jealousies and rivalries of the despotic powers themselves. But the Roman Empire stood alone in the world; there was no influence or opinion external to it. Its subjects, even in the worst times, would hardly have gained by flying to the wilds of independent Germany, or in exchanging the civilised despotism of Rome for the barbaric despotism of Parthia. But, whatever its causes, whatever its results, however necessary it was in its own time, it was essentially a wicked thing, which, for so many ages, crushed all national, and nearly all intellectual life, in the fairest regions of three continents. There is life as long as old Greece retains the least relics of her freedom; there is life again as soon as we reach the first germ of the system of Teutonic Europe; nay, life reappears even in the Empire itself, when its place and its object are changed, when it has assumed the championship of Christianity against fire-worship and Islam, and when it has finally become coextensive with that artificial nation—Greek in one aspect and Roman in another—which for so many ages boasted of the Roman name. But, from Mummius to Augustus, the Roman city stands as the living mistress of a dead world; and, from Augustus to Theodoric, the mistress becomes as lifeless as her subjects. For the truest life of man, for the political life of Periklês and Aratos, of Licinius and the Gracchi, the world had now no scope; the Empire allowed but one field for the exercise of man's higher faculties, when the righteous soul of a Tacitus or a Juvenal was stirred up to brand the evil deeds of

the Empire itself. The bane did, in some slight degree, prove its own antidote, when such stern preachers of truth were called forth to take the place of the courtly elegance of the hired poets of Augustus. Of the great legacy of Rome to later times, the legacy of the Roman Law, the most valuable portions were simply inherited by the Empire from the days of the Republic. The Republic may indeed have ceased to be possible; but we may remember that, under the Republic, the virtues of Titus and Trajan would have found a field for their exercise, while there could have been no field for the crimes of Caius or Nero or Domitian. The Verres of a single province sank before the majesty of the law and the righteous eloquence of his accuser: against the Verres of the world there was no protection except in the dagger of the assassin. A chain is of the strength of its weakest link, and a system of this sort may fairly be judged by the worst princes that it produces. A system under which a Nero and a Commodus are possible, and not uncommon, is truly a system of Neros and Commodi, though they may be relieved by even a series of Trajans and Antonines. For the Trajans and the Antonines have their parallels elsewhere; their virtues were not the result of the imperial system, but simply existed in spite of it. But the crimes of Nero and Commodus are without parallels elsewhere; they are the direct and distinctive product of the system itself, when left to its own development. In a free state Caius would have found his way to Bedlam, and Nero to Tyburn; Domitian, under the checks of the republican system, might possibly have made as useful a Censor as Cato. We cannot close a view of even the best period of the Roman monarchy without echoing the fervent wish of the Oxford Professor, that the world may never see its like again.

We have one more remark to make on Mr. Merivale's way of looking at the establishment of the Empire. He is fond of describing both the elder and the younger Cæsars as the chiefs of a popular party, who established their dominion on the ruins of an oligarchy. This is of course true in a sense; the mob of Rome were favourable to Cæsar, and his party historically represented the party of his uncle Marius. But we need not take long to show what is the real nature of a pseudo-democratic despotism. It is a device of which neither Cæsar had a monopoly. There were Dionysii before their time, and there have been Buonapartes since. It is undoubtedly true that, in one sense, the party of Cæsar was a popular party, and the party of the Republic was an aristocratic party; but they were not popular and aristocratic parties in any sense which would make us sympathise with the popular, and against the aristocratic party. As long as

there was a real Roman people, capable and worthy of political rights, we go along with all its struggles against the domination of any exclusive caste. But sympathy with a people against an oligarchy does not carry us on to sympathise with a mob against a senate. Great as were the faults of the Roman Senate in its last stage, it was at least the only body left where free discussion was possible; it was the only assembly where two opinions could be expressed, where the arguments for both of them were fairly hearkened to, and a free vote taken between them. As such it was the salt of the earth, the last abiding-place of freedom. And we must not carry on into those days ideas which belong only to the older struggle between the orders. Many of the most illustrious nobles were technically plebeians; every Licinius and Cæcilius and Lutetius, the Great Pompeius, the triumvir Antonius and the tyrannicide Brutus, Cato and Milo and Hortensius and the second Cæsar himself,—all belonged to the order which the old Appii had striven to exclude from the fasces and the senate-house. And its doors were not open merely to those who were indeed formally plebeians, but who were as practically members of a noble class as any Cornelius or Æmilius in Rome. A new man at Rome, as every where else, laboured under disadvantages; but his disadvantages were not insuperable, and it rested wholly with the people themselves whether they should be overcome or not. That government cannot be called a perfect oligarchy where the Tribes still chose Prætors, Consuls, Censors, and High Pontiffs; where the highest places in the commonwealth were not refused to Caius Marius or to Marcus Tullius Cicero. Any deliberative body where two sides can be fairly heard, whether it take the form of a democratic assembly or of an aristocratic senate, is essentially a safeguard of freedom, a check on the will either of a mob or a despot. Even in the days of the Empire, the Senate, the last shadow of the free state, retained life enough for the good Emperors to respect it, and for the bad Emperors to hate it. It is the Senate, then, with which the sympathies of the real lover of freedom lie in the last age of the Republic, rather than with the frantic mob which disgraced the once glorious name of the Roman commons. No assembly that ever was devised was less suited to undertake the championship of liberty than the old Parliament of Paris; but when the Parliament of Paris was the sole representative of right against might left in all France, when the feeble opposition of the magistracy was the sole check upon a despot's arbitrary will, our sympathies lie wholly with the Parliament in all its struggles with the royal power. It is something when even a Sultan has to ask a Sheikh-ul-Islam whether his pur-

poses are in agreement with the law of the Prophet. He may, indeed, like our James the Second, depose a too unbending expounder of the law, and supply his place with one who will know no law but the prince's will; but the mere formality is something, the mere delay is something; it is something to make a despot ask a question to which the answer may possibly run counter to his wish. And so, as the last check on the despotism both of the mob of the Forum, and of the Cæsar on the Palatine, we still hold that the Senate, where Cicero denounced Catilina and Antonius, where the last dying notes of freedom were heard from the lips of Thrasea and Helvidius, was an assembly which well deserves the grateful remembrance of mankind.

On many points, then, and those points the most important of all, we look on the history of the Cæsars with widely different eyes from those of their last historian. But, on the very ground which makes us differ from him, we can never regret a difference from an advocate at once so candid and so competent. Mr. Merivale is a real scholar, in an age when real scholars are not so common that we can afford to lose or to undervalue a single one of the order. In all the highest qualities of a historian, there are but few living men who surpass him. We look with regret on his seventh volume, when we hear that his seventh volume is to be his last. If our words can have any influence with him,—and he may receive them as the words, not of flatterers, but in some degree of antagonists,—he will even now change a determination which all scholars must have heard with sorrow, and will continue his great work down at least to the limit which he first set before him as its close.

Art. IX.—LEARNING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Report of the Church Congress held at Oxford, 1862.

The "Ecclesiastical Reaction," or "Church Movement" within the Established Church, has attained a spread and momentum which raise it to the rank of one of the new social phenomena of our age. Yet it obtains little or no recognition from the superior and philosophical part of the press. It meets us everywhere—in society, in public meetings, in books, and finally on the bench—as a diffused but invisible influence. Yet we hardly ever see any serious attempts to estimate its import, or analyse its true character. Mr. Mill has, indeed, once or twice sur-

veyed with the calm temper of a politician the ecclesiastical history of this country, but his glance has rather been retrospective than towards the present.

The reason for this neglect has probably been, that the significance of the reaction has been hitherto veiled under the guise of a theological squabble. As the practical statesman dreads before all things religious faction, so the philosophic politician throws theological controversy aside as irrelevant. It is too much a ruled point with him to take no notice of it. He leaves church parties to the clergy, and treats the clerical arena with contempt in proportion to the fuss and excitement which the party papers on either side maintain over it. He regards doctrinal dispute as the normal condition of the religious world; a *mêlée* noisy and dusty, but having no bearing on the moral and spiritual welfare of England.

If this be an oversight, as we think it is, it is one which the few remarks now to be made do not pretend to make good. It were, indeed, much to be wished that impartial minds, superior to either "church" or anti-church prejudices, should give more attention than they hitherto have done to the actual tendencies of religious opinion. We propose at present to touch upon one single feature of the church revival. The phrase "decline of learning," by which that feature is indicated, very imperfectly expresses its character.

It may be readily granted that doctrinal controversy, even where best conducted, has little more than a technical interest, and should be left in the hands of theologians. The "church movement" of which we speak is, however, something more than a mere oscillation of the doctrinal pendulum from the doctrines and practices of the Puritan towards those of the Anglican school. It may be true that the leaders of the parties in the struggle view and represent it as being this. It may be that its professed object is to repeat or reproduce a state of things which has existed before in our church. But nothing in history ever recurs. The mental horizon of the seventeenth century has been broken up once for all, and no human art avails to replace it where it was. The tendency of parties is not to be measured by what they say of themselves. Deeper than opinions lies the sentiment which predetermines opinion. What it is important for us to know with respect to our own age or any age is, not its peculiar opinions, but the complex elements of that moral feeling and character in which, as in their congenial soil, opinions grow.

All theological controversy is distasteful to thinking minds, even when it is illuminated by intellectual power and enforced by copious learning. When these humanising adjuncts are ab-

sent, and when nothing remains but the pure passion of enforcing your own opinion,—the temper of the ignorant,—the aversion of such minds becomes complete. The High-Church movement appears to be entering this phase. But this very fact, if it be one, deserves most careful consideration from all those to whom it is of importance to watch the signs of the times. The time has arrived, long ago foreseen,* when the church cause "would, as years went on, make less apparent but more real progress." If it be true that the feelings and sympathies which make up this movement are yearly spreading over a wider area, drawing yearly larger numbers of both clergy and laity within their influence; and at the same time that learning, knowledge, liberal cultivation, and intellectual grasp are becoming more and more alienated from the movement; that whatever amount of these gifts the English Church may contain is taking another direction; that the party, as it acquires strength, is becoming more of a party, and making common cause with all the social elements which are against intelligence,—this is surely a feature of our social life which cannot long be matter of indifference to any of us.

Were this phenomenon nothing besides, it would be at least an abandonment by the High Church of its principal vantage-ground, a renunciation of its own peculiar tradition.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen recently called the Church of England "the most learned church in Christendom."† Without by any means adopting this compliment in its literal extent, we may yet say that learning, from Queen Elizabeth's day onwards, has always been a conspicuous mark of the church. The estimation it has commanded has been sometimes more, sometimes less, in amount; but these ups and downs of opinion or policy do not interfere with the general truth of the assertion, that in the Established Church there has prevailed all along a general respect for learning and learned men; that a fair proportion of our higher literature has been the work of clergymen; that the Episcopalian clergy as a body have contrasted very favourably in respect of mental cultivation and refinement with the Nonconformist clergy, and especially with the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland. It may be that the highest type of learning has not been the type exhibited by the Church of England; but that learning has stood its ground at all in this country, has been owing wholly to the tradition of the church and its habits of education. The limits too of studies allowable for the clergy have been stretched quite widely enough, and far more widely than in any other com-

* Christian Remembrancer, January 1860.
† Defence of Williams, p. 85.

munion. It has not by any means been held requisite that a clergyman should confine himself to strictly theological studies. Classical philology the clergy have vindicated as their proper domain. During its whole career in this country it has been in their hands. Philosophy is not the forte of our countrymen; but such as English philosophy is, the church has had its fair share of it. One of the founders of political science was a clergyman, and the present Archbishop of Dublin its first professor in our universities. In devoting time and talent to natural science in various branches, Watson, Kirby, Peacock, Buckland, Henslow, Sedgwick, Whewell, have not been held to derogate from the sacred obligations of the Christian ministry. It is not to our purpose to assign to our church its proper rank in competition with foreign churches. It may be that our learning has been at best defective in grasp and independent thought. The works of our divines have been too occasional. Even those of which we have most reason to be proud are tainted with a tone of advocacy, and want symmetry and repose. In historical criticism we have been too timid and conservative, and have accordingly been left behind by the freer development of the Lutheran bodies. However this may be, it concerns the quality of our learning, and not the esteem it has obtained among us. We are only concerned now to insist upon the fact, that the tradition of the church has for nearly three centuries been on the side of a "learned clergy."

Further than this, it is by the High-Church section of the church that the tradition of education and secular learning has been emphatically cherished. It is not an accidental taste in them. It originated with them; or rather both they and it grew up in the political position forced upon the church during the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth. Anglicanism is not, as is often repeated by ill-informed assailants, an artificial creation of Laud and the courtier-bishops of Charles I., but the legitimate and necessary form which the church intelligence of England took, as soon as it had time to repose from the turbulence and volcanic upheaving of the religious revolution. Thus it is that Anglicanism has always been the religion of the educated classes exclusively. It has never at any period been national and popular, because it implies more historical information and a wider political horizon than can be possessed by the peasant or the artisan. The masses require either an intuitional religion, such as is provided by the grosser forms of Dissent in Great Britain, or a ceremonial of drill and parade, such as the Latin and Greek churches offer to their subject populations. The apathetic attitude of the labouring class towards the Church is no nineteenth-century paralysis. It has

been thus from the beginning, and its cause lies in the complex nature of the political problem of which the Anglican Establishment was the solution. The most recent historian of the Church is aware of this when he says:

"To the strong conservative element in the English Reformation we owe the sad but undeniable fact, that the uneducated classes have never heartily embraced and lovingly cherished the mild and temperate spirituality of the Established Church. They unlearnt the extravagance of the Roman superstition only to throw themselves readily into the arms of the scarcely less unreasonable Puritans; and under one name or another, in varying forms but similar spirit, there has existed from the days of the Reformers to our own a popular antagonistic feeling to the church of the Reformation."*

In defending against the sectaries the necessity of a "learned clergy," the Caroline divines were defending, not an outwork and accessory, but the very key of their position. By the Act of Uniformity, though zeal and piety were brutally expelled, yet learning, almost without an exception,—Baxter, though a voluminous writer, has no pretensions to learning,—remained within the pale of the Establishment. The Restoration divines handed on the torch of knowledge to the eighteenth century; and when the Evangelical school arose, it was the high or orthodox party which again vindicated the prerogative of secular learning in the Church. Finally, in the present century, and within recent memory, the existing church revival owed its origin in no small degree to the professed contempt of all learned inquiry, which was a principle with the Evangelical school. Evangelism, in its origin, was a reaction against the High-Church "evidences;" the insurrection of the heart and conscience of man against an arid orthodoxy. It insisted on a "vital Christianity," as against the Christianity of books. Its instinct was from the first against intelligence. No text found more favour with it than "Not many wise, not many learned." It did its work: it retained in the Church, or attracted to it, thousands whom the learned "demonstrations of the Being and Attributes," &c. could never have reached. But it soon lost its vitality, and fell a prey to a dogmatism as rigid, and far less rational than that of the High Church. It had forgotten its spirituality, and had replaced it by a new orthodoxy of its own. In 1833 Evangelism was already effete. The helpless imbecility of Evangelical writing and preaching; their obvious want of power to solve, or even to apprehend, the questions of which they are nevertheless perpetually talking; their incapacity to explain the Scripture, while assuming the

* Perry, History of the Church of England, vol. i. p. 15.

exclusive right to it; their conceit of being able to arrive at conclusions without premisses; in a word, their intellectual weakness,—contributed very greatly to the fall of the Evangelical school before a better-informed generation of men. Certainly there were other causes besides its ineptitude which concurred in producing the catastrophe. And the High-Church leaders had other recommendations above their learning. But at the first rise of the Tractarian school above the horizon in 1833, and before its other features were obliterated in one desperate effort of assimilation to Ultramontanism, it was instinctively felt to be a revival of the spirit of learned research. Hugh Rose, Newman, R. H. Froude, and Keble, were first awakened by the study of primitive antiquity in its original remains. The new leaders were recognised by all the orthodox party as descendants in the direct line from "our great divines." Even Dr. Pusey in his better days could write:

"In proportion as every class of society advances in secular knowledge or intellectual cultivation, in that degree do men need a balance of increased religious knowledge; nor can their new wants be supplied without an enlarged compass of knowledge on the part of their spiritual instructors. Christianity is the same at all times and in all countries, yet the same truths may be conveyed in different modes to the cultivated and to the ignorant. . . . . It is of importance that the nation shall have confidence in their instructors. Truth depends for its reception often more on the character of him who enforces it than on its own. What in the first preachers of the Gospel the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, and the mighty works following them, were to the confirmation of the faith, such must now be a well-grounded knowledge of its evidences, and a deep insight into its nature."*

Names such as those of Bilson, Bull, Patrick, Cosin, Waterland, who had long been laid on the shelf as unenlightened men, were again in honour; and the bookselling trade began to ask long prices for folios which a few years before had been selling as waste-paper. The appeal was very soon extended from the Fathers of the Anglican to those of the Catholic Church. The criterion of truth was found in a wide "Apparatus Criticus." The complex historical position of the Established Church in its birth and early growth was set in a true light; the fallacy of "Scripture only" was exploded; and even new ground was ventured on in the theory of 'development.' All this was in the spirit of learned research. To those who were without some tincture of classical reading, even the terms of the dispute were unintelligible. All that the mass of Englishmen understood in it was, that the ultimate test of religious truth was taken out of their hands, and placed where they could no longer follow it.

* Pusey on Cathedral Institutions (1833), p. 27.

The very earliest objection urged home against the new "doctors" was, that in their system the road to truth seemed to be laid through learning, and by consequence the plain and unlettered man was excluded from salvation.

This was the aspect of the church revival in 1833 and the subsequent years. Thirty years (January 1863) have now elapsed,—the life of a generation. From a school of writers the movement has grown into an influential party. Evangelism, then effete, now merely cumbers the ground with its ruins. The ranks of the Evangelical clergy are being thinned yearly. Their social ascendency has departed from them. Their organs in the press fight with the desperate recklessness of men who know that the day is irretrievably lost. The Church of England is Anglicanised. Not that every young clergyman goes to his cure imbued with the tenets of Archdeacon Denison. Far from it. The extreme Puseyites, if we may use the term, form an inner nucleus, inconsiderable in numbers, of the whole High-Church party. But Anglican feeling and sentiment is now the feeling and sentiment generally diffused over the face of the Established Church. Its spread is not confined to the clergy. The educated laity, especially in the highest circles, have largely imbibed the same tone. The impression tells every year more and more upon the middle classes, but is far from yet having pervaded *them*. Below them it has not begun to penetrate. It has not yet, in its downward spread, reached the limits of education. Whether it can ever pass those limits, whether the Church of England can ever become a church of the people, is a problem for the future. The masses are outside the present question, and count for nothing in it.

How the Church may be brought home to the classes which have never yet been at home within it; how it may extend its area, and reach the uneducated,—this is a momentous question, and one that calls for far other consideration than it appears to have had. Our present inquiry is a different one. We are not consulting as to what should be done, but inquiring what is already effected. We wish to ask what the movement has done for the educated class in aiding them to realise and apply the principles of the church to which they belong. Has a movement which originated in a deeper hold of moral and religious truth continued faithful to its origin, to purify, elevate, and enlarge the religious ideas of English churchmen? The Church rebelled against the narrow bigotry of the Evangelical school, and threw off its yoke; has it found a freer system? With the rise of the Anglican on the ruins of the Evangelical party, has the Church of England gained in solid learning, in enlargement of view, in liberality of sentiment?

Has it made a step towards freedom from the bondage of the latter, towards assimilating the results of science and the rich elements of modern thought? Has Christian truth been brought by it out of the state of frozen dogma to which it had been relegated, and become an inspiring source of spiritual life?

The influence which has been infused by the movement, and its action upon the understanding of the educated, has penetrated much deeper than is often suspected, but in so insensible a way that it is not easy to bring it before those who do not recognise it. In attempting to estimate the influence of orthodoxy on the moral ideal of our contemporaries,—any attempt must be exceedingly imperfect,—it is natural to begin with the clergy. Bishops' chaplains complain of the inferior calibre of candidates for ordination. Yet even the prelates themselves of recent nomination are apt to be thought by the public, perhaps unjustly, to be rather estimable for good intentions than to be looked up to as leaders of thought. If this were so, we should hardly expect the standard by which examining chaplains try their candidates to be a very high one. We believe that this standard is much below what the bishops, or many among them, would gladly see it. But, even at this depressed standard, it is found impossible to supply the cures with curates. While the population of England and Wales has been steadily increasing,—more than cent per cent in the last fifty years,—the number of persons ordained, literates included, is not relatively but absolutely smaller. An ordination examination, it is to be remembered, is confined to the very rudiments of professional information, and has nothing of scientific theology about it. It tests ability hardly at all, and general attainments not at all. These are supposed to have been tested previously during the university career. A little inquiry, however, at our universities reveals the fact, that the Church is almost entirely recruited from the Passmen—this is a name for the students who do not study; that the pass examinations are at the minimum of requisition, if any thing at all is to be required, and that even this minimum is surmounted with great difficulty, and after many failures, by a large portion of the future clergy.

This, it may be said, has been always the case. The very earliest complaint which made itself heard in the beginnings of our Church was for a more learned and able clergy. If there be any alteration in this respect, it is for the better. We must distinguish between talent and mental refinement. If the amount of native talent engaged in the clerical profession be less, its average mental refinement is equal, even superior, to

that of the other professions. The symptoms here are not those of decline, but of metamorphosis. Some conservative tempers have been disposed to indulge the wish that there were a little more simplicity of living, a little less of the frippery of the drawing-room, and the conventionalities of society, among our clergy. Whatever may be to be said for this, we gladly miss in our clergy the lineaments of the generation who haunted the fair and the race, who drank with the squire overnight and administered justices' justice by his side in the magistrates' room in the morning. But we cannot but remember that the grossness of clerical manners has been refined only because general manners have refined. One form of easy conformity has been substituted for another. The parson of the "freeholders'" day has not given place for the reproduction of the saintly type of earlier times, whether of the variety of Herbert or of Baxter, of Ken or of Horneck. The model clergyman of our own day belongs to a type which appears now for the first time in the Church of England, though it is one of which the prototype is very familiar to us in the history of the Church of Rome. The revival of the idea of "churchmanship" rather than of the Church,—a revival which is in fact the degradation of the idea of Christ's kingdom into that of a secular party,—is forming a bond of union and sympathy among the clergy such as no previous era of our history since the Reformation has afforded. The *esprit de corps* of "the cloth," which could be evoked in the last century against the Dissenters or Catholic Emancipation, bore a very faint resemblance to the organisation which the freemasonry of churchmanship is creating. Besides that, in the last century an independence, not of thought, but of character, often saved the beneficed country rector from being carried away by those church agitations which have become so frequent in our own time. The division of the clergy, too, into two hostile camps neutralised their power of combining against any other element of the body-politic. And the very torpor of which the Church of the Georgian era is accused consists, in part, in the absence of those public demonstrations, to which we are accustomed. The awakening of zeal and professional energy in the clergyman can only be regarded with satisfaction, provided it be accompanied by a corresponding awakening of the conscience, and the ambition of spiritual growth. Otherwise zeal and organisation are but materials upon which an ecclesiastical agitator may work—a ἕξις ἄνευ νοῦ. Not that sound practical sense is not still found among the English clergy. Even in Convocation there has been enough of this element to balance hitherto the doctrinal *entêtement* of the Archdeacon

of Taunton. But good sense is a much rarer quality than is often imagined, and at best has never been found, at the moment when wanted, able to stand against either enthusiasm or party spirit. The spiritual mind, which was the chief ingredient in the power exercised on society by the early leaders of the Evangelical revival, was a purely moral force, and the sympathy built upon it could not be directed against any social interest.

Energy, without development of either mind or character, appears to define the type of clergyman which the church revival tends to form. There is a weakness of individual character which relies upon the lead of the chiefs of the party, and a feebleness of intelligence which supplies the place of judgment by tenacious adhesion to dogma. In such natures there is no foundation for a full and living Christian faith, as there is no appetite for the more accessory parts of knowledge. The tradition of learning is in this barren field fast drying up. Already the phrase, "a divine and a scholar," long the highest eulogy of the clerical character, sounds old-fashioned in our ears. "Active clergyman" is now our favourite form of approbation. The term is an appropriate one; for the merit commended consists, in no small degree, of bodily locomotion. The active clergyman is much about in his parish doing parochial "work." He builds new schools, and looks in upon the schoolmaster daily. He substitutes open seats for pews, of course, and works the fabric of the old church, inside and out, up to the mark of the established fashion of the day in decoration. This is often done at a great sacrifice of his own, perhaps slender, means, and still greater sacrifice of his time and means in begging from his personal friends. He attends public meetings far and wide; there is an "opening," or at least a "reopening," once a month in the diocese. The number of societies to which he belongs is large: he is on the committee of half of them, is secretary of one, and treasurer of another. He is not "idle," as he can truly boast; for indeed he has not spent an hour a day in solitary and studious retirement since he was ordained. He speaks with complacent superiority of the sloth and worldliness of the clergy in the last century. And justly so; for he is as different from the easy-going divine and scholar of the eighteenth century as he is from the Hookers and Herberts of the seventeenth. Amid our luxurious refinements, and in our growth of churchmanship, we are fast losing even the lowest form of the tradition of learning,—the form of respect for the well-read gentleman, which has been as a feeble ray from the distant sun of knowledge, never leaving the Church of this country wholly dark.

It so happens, too, that the High-Church party has come into possession of the stage at a moment when there was a better prospect than there has been at any time since 1688 of the final reconcilement between Christianity and science, between the Church and the philosophers. All the philosophy that is now influential is spiritual. Scepticism and materialism are daily losing their hold on the English mind. Perhaps an exception ought to be made of the Positivist tendencies which profess to deny "God and a soul." "God," to use Mr. Curteis's words (*The Guardian*, Nov. 26), "is daily inviting us to higher though more difficult views of his revelation." No existing Christian community was more favourably situated for the work of fostering the Christian tendencies of modern ideas than our own Church. The Anglican school especially was invited by its best traditions to undertake that work. We fear that we must say that, so far as the church movement is influencing our Church, it is carrying her further away than ever from any such renewal of her strength. If at this critical juncture the spirit of orthodoxy shall succeed in enveloping her body in its deadly coils, the little mental life which still animates it must be crushed out. The everlasting contest is still waging between science and opinion, knowledge and ignorance, intelligence and majorities; and it is but too plain with which of these the ecclesiastical movement will side. It had its beginning in the appeal of a learned minority from the shallow dogmatism of the Puritan creed to the broad field of Christian history and antiquities. The minority has become a majority, and has outgrown its learning. It prefers force to reasoning. The tone of the High-Church triumph, as it swells louder and louder on the breeze, becomes more vulgar, more violent, more partisan. Not merely learning in any sense of the word, but knowledge, is deserting it, and with knowledge the power of being impartial. It has long ceased to want discussion for itself. Now it will not suffer others to discuss in its presence. The calm tone of historical inquiry is intolerable to it. Storm and rage and commination, the borrowed note of Machale or *L'Univers* is becoming its style. Instead of the comprehensive wisdom of a church-system winning its way to regain the esteem and affection of a nation which it had all but lost, we have the factious triumph of a party clamouring for more rigorous tests, to expel whatever of attainments and intelligence still harbours within the shadow of the Church. The illusory promise of the early days of the revival has come to nought, and a noble opportunity is being wasted. The best traditions of Anglicanism—its moderation, its learned repose, its tolerant

comprehension—are thrust aside, and in their place we meet the passionate temper of its worst days, the spirit of Laud and Sheldon, and of the vengeances of the Restoration. To traduce critical inquiry as scepticism or rationalism, to hound-on the mob to hunt down the small handful of clergymen who have dared, however unskilfully, to put their hand to theology, is the absorbing passion of a party which once sat at the feet of Dr. Newman. And such are the means of terrorism at the command of the party, that they can wrest a denunciatory *mandement* from the episcopal bench, can intimidate an aged ecclesiastical judge, and poison the atmosphere of social life with scandalous aspersion. The literature of the party sinks lower with each increase of its strength. The *Christian Remembrancer*, the Anglican quarterly, though it never rose above the level of a party organ, and though it discussed questions of criticism from a party, and not from a scientific, point of view, yet did so with candour and moderation. It has paid the penalty, we fear, in a gradually declining circulation; and now, to take the intellectual gauge of the Bishop of Oxford's party, we must descend as low as the *Literary Churchman*. This is the publication from which the party derive their notions of foreign theological literature; especially it undertakes to keep them *au courant* of German theology. That literature is, we need not remind our readers, of the most complex character. There is not a shade of modern opinion which is not represented in it by erudition, by searching discussion, by profound thought. We may see in it, in free play and collision, all the elements which coexist in the Church of the present. Of all this the High-Church instructor is entirely unaware. It lumps it all as "scepticism." Every work of first-rate learning which has appeared in Germany for some years past has been consistently vilified by it, without the least glimpse of the author's purpose or meaning. The only exception made is in favour of feeble Roman-Catholic manuals, or the books of the clique of Romanising Lutherans who haunt the court of Berlin. With this exception, the whole is passed off as "shallow rationalism;" and such is the level of information among the party, that the conductors of the journal probably utter this in as good faith as their readers swallow it.

The same phenomenon reveals itself in the Church Congress held in Oxford in July last. There was animation, unanimity, vigour, arrayed on behalf of the most meagre poverty of conception, the most disappointing barrenness of moral purpose. The Congress exhibited the party in a most imposing light, and spread out in the broad light of day its growth in numbers, in consequence, in union, in the consciousness of power. But

though held in academical halls, the learning and talent of both Universities was conspicuously absent. Not a single professor or tutor whose attainments have earned respect or influence took an active part in the proceedings, if we except Dr. Acland, who good-naturedly lent his name. The leaders in the debate were either "Bishop of Oxford's men" or professors whose chairs have been reached by other qualifications than those of knowledge of the subjects they have to teach. The debates were sham-fights; for the real difficulties of the Church of England were tabooed, to begin with. The discussions were mock-discussions, which led to a prearranged conclusion. The impartial onlooker turns from the Oxford Congress as he might go away from a field-day where some Continental monarch had reviewed his troops. We all know what a parade-day at Potsdam is worth. A great deal of powder is burnt, cuirasses flash, and plumes nod magnificently; the commander-in-chief and his high-born officers have had important work, by which nothing was done. The party exult over the Congress as a "success." They have reason; for it at once showed their strength and cemented it. It demonstrated at the same time the difficulty of erecting theology into a party bond, without at the same time degrading it into a party watchword. "Summa nequicquam pelle decorus."

It is peculiarly unfortunate that Englishmen have ever since the Reformation been accustomed to this partisan style in theology. To take up with a set of opinions, and then to enforce them in a damnatory spirit upon all comers, is a mental process so unhealthy, that in all other topics we are indefatigable in guarding ourselves and others against it. In religion it is the only procedure we know and practise. Nothing but inveterate habit could reconcile us to this daily violation of the first principle of intellectual education. Is this to be so for ever? Is there any prospect that the elementary laws of correct thought will ever be exemplified in religious thinking? that theology will ever be raised in the Church of England even to the rank of any of the other branches of knowledge? For we dare hardly go further than this, and ask, as we might do, Is it within hope that religious truth, instead of the degraded instrument of clerical animosities, shall be reinstated as the "mater scientiarum," embracing in one compact hierarchy of science all the natural and historical knowledge now open to us?

We must first ascertain the cause of the disease before we can say if any means of mitigation are within our reach.

There is a very common explanation current, which finds in endowments the sufficient cause of this mental malady, the

perpetuation of opinion without faith. To endow opinion, it is said, is to bring about and render inveterate a collision with science. The whole external history of science is a history of the resistance of academies and universities to the progress of knowledge. The first discoverers have always been the heretics, and often the martyrs of science.

Without disputing the truth of the historical experience appealed to, it must still be allowed that it goes a very little way towards the explanation of the fact. For the same circumstance is found where endowments are wanting. The religious idea among the English Dissenters, with whom opinion has no legal guarantee, is even more debased than it is in the Church. Intellect and knowledge are quite as much estranged from orthodoxy among the French Catholics, where the ministers of religion are paid a miserable pittance out of the annual budget. The desiccated and unspiritual Christianity of the orthodox communions in the United States, under the voluntary system, is a caricature of our own condition. Orthodoxy, as a cause, is rapidly rallying adherents. It is developing, in the same proportions, its intrinsic antipathy to the life of the intellect and the health of the soul. A stiff and blighting dogmatic spirit is destroying our intellectual life, while the Church is displaying an unparalleled energy in building, endowing, subscribing, and every form of material outlay. As its moral vigour dries up, its material wealth expands. This is a phenomenon which, if any, has its sources in the inner heart of our time. This religious condition is not an isolated effect, but is referable to the same general causes which are operating in other parts of our national life. Ecclesiastical history is not a series apart, in which events occur according to the will of the clergy; it is but one part of our whole development. The following considerations may aid to place the subject under the point of view from which it may best be seen.

The whole body of that knowledge to which man can attain may be divided into two sorts: 1. There is the knowledge of God and of the Divine economy in the present government and the prospective destinies of man: this is theology, natural and revealed. 2. There is the knowledge of man and nature, which we acquire by experience and reflection: to this class we refer all the sciences, natural or moral, all political and historical wisdom,—all knowledge, in short, which does not come under the first head.

These two great domains of knowledge may be present to the collective intelligence of any generation in one of two modes. Theology and natural knowledge may be in harmony throughout all their parts from foundation to summit, distinct

yet one, mutually explaining and supplementing each other. Inconsistency, incompatibility, conflict, these are not dreamt of; they have never occurred and can never occur. They cannot occur; for the accumulating experience of the human race is for ever rectifying its own errors, and acquiring a deeper insight into the principles of things. This ideal perfection of human intelligence we suppose not to be realisable in this present scene, where we see the real only *ἐν αἰνίγματι*, through the symbol of the phenomenal. We may perhaps please ourselves with fancying that we find an actual approach to this magnificent conception of the Temple of Truth in the Christian world, as it emerged from the turbulence of the Middle Ages. The contemporaries of Albert or Aquinas had at least no difficulty in being at once devout Christians and comprehensive philosophers. The Christian ideas of the second century were gloriously transfigured, expanded, developed, in harmony with the laws of reason and nature, as these were then understood. The exterior hierarchical harmony which reigned for a brief space throughout the church of the West was but a type of the inner beauty of the great intellectual edifice, of which the apex was theology.

Again: the realms of natural and divine knowledge may present themselves to a given generation dissociated, entangled, conflicting with each other. This in one of two ways. Either natural knowledge may be in abeyance, and the human soul may abandon itself exclusively to working out its spiritual experience. In this case, the spiritual life will be real, but it will be fantastic, visionary, irrational, fanatical. Such was the spiritual experience fostered by the eremitical and monastic efforts of the fifth century. Or, natural and historical knowledge may make a vigorous leap, while the religious conscience of man may be suspended. The intellectual horizon may be suddenly enlarged, while theology may be in the rigid custody of a priestly class, who may prohibit any others from meddling with it, while they themselves do not partake in the scientific progress going on around them.

This last case was that of the Catholic Church of the West at the time of the Reformation. The Church having once committed itself to the fatal principle, that what it once sanctions becomes irrevocable, there is no retreat for it from the accumulating arrears of blunders—errors of policy or principle, to which all long-lived societies, even the best managed, are liable. Consequently the Catholic Church has never been able to reënter upon the common line of European progress. All the social ameliorations which European states have made for many centuries have been made outside the Church, and in spite of its most strenuous opposition. It has been the con-

sistent foe of every attempt on the part of the wise and good to employ past experience for the correction of legislative error, or for softening the harsh pressure of political institutions. Since the sixteenth century its power has declined, its consistency has never yielded. The consequence is, that the sum-total of our intellectual and political gains have accumulated themselves outside of the pale, if not of Christianity, yet of the historically legitimate and venerable fabric of the Western Church. The Church's position, with feeble pertinacity anathematising in the name of religion all the triumphs of human reason and genius, has often provoked the sarcasm of the scorner and the satirist. It is beginning now to awaken other thoughts among us. We are now disposed to mourn over the invincible barrier which the attitude of the Church opposes to that reunion of the intelligence of the West to its religious traditions, which must be regarded as a preliminary condition to the final organisation of society on a basis which shall preclude crises and revolutions. Instead of sneering at the impotence of the papal pretensions, we stand in dismay before the impregnable strength of the position in which human Unreason has entrenched itself.

The Reformation, so far as it was an intellectual movement, was an attempt to restore the equilibrium of science and religion, which had been disturbed by the gradual growth of human knowledge. The early discoverers in science, the philosophers of the sixteenth century, found themselves outside the Christian pale, not because science and philosophy are anti-Christian, but because the Church's conceptions of God's truth were unscientific. Protestantism, on its intellectual side, was a movement to set right this inadequacy. A monstrous antagonism had grown up between the conclusions of human reason and the decisions of the Church. The church doctors solved this by a dualistic theory of the real repugnance of the two faculties of natural reason and illuminated faith. The antithesis is imaginary. At least it does not exist between the two terms, but between false conceptions of their meaning. The knowledge we arrive at by the use of our natural faculties is God-given, and so also is our knowledge of the gracious work of Christ. Protestantism does not set up reason against faith, but proclaims the unity of all knowledge, human and divine. When the Reformation is described as the emancipation of reason from the shackles of church authority, the account is not untrue, but imperfect. It is not the authority of the *existing* Church which is thrown off in the Protestant system. It was the authoritative decisions of a past generation of churchmen which the existing Church claimed to examine.

The Reformation vindicates the right of each generation of Christian men to form its own conception, according to its best knowledge, of the economy of God's dealings with man. Were this Christian liberty exercised, under the restraints which a right reason imposes upon its own exertion, collision between science and religion would be impossible.

It is with reluctance that we press considerations so obvious, though to the impatience of undisciplined readers they will seem too speculative and abstract. Let us hasten to apply them to the history of our own Church.

When England separated itself, in the sixteenth century, from Rome, we claimed, as a national church, the right to repudiate its jurisdiction, to remodel its discipline, and to rescind a portion of its doctrine. The right was both claimed and in fact exercised. Having been exercised, it was vindicated by argument. Such argument could but proceed upon principles admitted by the persons to whom the argument was addressed. We have nothing to say at present on the validity or invalidity of either these arguments, or the admitted premisses on which they proceeded. But it has been a capital circumstance in determining the character of Anglican theology, that the principle upon which the secession was originally defended was gradually abandoned, and that another and quite opposite principle was substituted for it. This is as much an historical fact as the Reformation itself. But it was not a change made by power, and engrossed in a public act, but one wrought out by public opinion. Its date may be fixed—so far as such insensible changes admit of chronology—in the latter half of Elizabeth's reign. In the first period of our Reformation our divines made common cause with the foreign reformers. They alleged the supremacy of Scripture. Scripture was posited as a principle. It was not proved, but approved itself to the individual or congregational conscience. Our divines knew of no church but the "cœtus fidelium," the saints upon earth, whose illuminated conscience was the "witness" of Holy Writ (Art. 20). As the Church was emphatically the present church, so the Scripture was not regarded as a historical relic, but as the living oracles of God. Such a system, regarded as the basis of a theology, seems to give free scope to conscience, piety, reason, and science, but none to history, criticism, or what we may call learning. It breaks with the past; has no other use for it but to sweep it away as rubbish. Such was the career on which our Reformed Church seemed originally embarked.

But the circumstances of Elizabeth's reign induced or compelled the apologists of the Church of England to abandon

this position. Threatened, like all reforming movements, by the "extreme left" of its own friends, to prevent itself from being forced further in the direction in which it had made more than one step, it chose to relinquish the grounds on which those steps had been justified. Pressed by the Puritans, it was unable to resist their inferences, while it allowed their premisses. The only course was to reform the basis on which the church institution, such as it in fact was, was rested. This the Anglican divines of James and Charles's reigns did by claiming for the English Church a legitimate descent from the primitive Church. They gave up to the Puritans the theory of Scripture and the Congregation, and recurred to the Roman theory of church tradition. They occupied against the intestine foe the very position which, as held by Rome, they so long besieged with small success.

The first visible effect of this principle working in the minds of English divines was one favourable to learning. Their appeal to Catholic antiquity, and the church system as understood in primitive times, gave them, in the judgment of scholars, a vast superiority when compared with the arbitrary textualism of the Puritan divines, and the wilful egotism of the Independents and later sectaries. Round the names of Pearson, Bull, Hammond, Stillingfleet, and the rest of the Caroline divines, gathers a faint lunar reflection of the noonday glory which surrounds the majestic edifice of the Catholic theology of the Middle Ages. The Anglican scholars appeared to have reopened for Christendom the long-lost records of its early faith and discipline. In those forgotten documents they believed with sincerity to have found the archetypal lineaments, at least in outline, of the pure and apostolical Church of England as it existed in their own day. It is true their learning went only a little way. It was the learning of the lawyer who searches for precedents, not of the historian who resuscitates the whole spirit and form of a buried age. A thorough philological inquiry reveals at once the vast gulf between the religious ideas and usages of the second and the seventeenth centuries. An inquiry into the whole contents of Ante-nicene Christianity was beyond the reach of these divines. But to admit this in no way interferes with the fact of the elevated tone which was communicated, both to the Church and to its theology, by this direction being given to study. Of all social forms, religious society, more than any, demands of those who are called to guide or govern it a knowledge of its history. We never break with the past with impunity. The pretence of the Puritans to legislate for the Church from the Law of Moses and the Acts of the Apostles was simply the presump-

tion of ignorance. The opening of patristic antiquity by the Anglican divines was, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, a signal enlargement of the intellectual horizon of the English Church, and the admission of a new stock of facts, the knowledge of which was indispensable to the discussion.

But this hopeful beginning led to little or no substantial results. Like fruit in a wet autumn, learning in our Church promised well at first, but has hung on the tree ever since still immature. It is shrivelled and puny, from want of the sun and the winds which play freely every where else, but not on it. "Multi pertransibunt, et augebitur scientia;" this process has been going on ever since Bacon placed these words in the front of the *Advancement;* only from theology has it been shut out. The consequence is, that we are on the eve of a collision between knowledge and opinion; with every prospect, as far as we can see, that our Church will make the same choice which has been made by the Roman Catholic Church, and will ally itself irrevocably with the cause of ignorance.

We are not writing the history of English theology, and must therefore be content with selecting from among a number of circumstances two points in which the intrinsic weakness of the High-Church school of divinity betrays itself. In the first place, it received its whole form from the exigencies of controversy, and that, controversy under the special circumstances of the sixteenth century. The Caroline divines never conceived the idea of historical investigation; they wanted to refute an adversary. They looked into primitive antiquity for just so much as served their purpose. In the skill and learning with which they achieved this purpose they have probably never been surpassed by any advocates. They took from Rome its principle of church tradition. But they fixed a limit of time below which it was not to be valid. That the decrees of the Nicæan Council were not to be subjected to criticism was agreed between Anglican and Catholic disputants. They took from Protestantism its principle of reëxamination. But they fixed a chronological limit above which such reëxamination might not ascend. That all the later accretions of Catholic orthodoxy might be reëxamined by the light of Scripture and reason, was agreed between the Anglican and the Protestant. With this composite basis of operations the Anglican disputant was in a situation eminently favourable for argumentative attack. He could sally out and overwhelm the foe on either side, while he could shelter himself from reprisals under cover of a principle which was admitted valid by either antagonist. To demolish the chair of Peter, canonisation of saints, monasticism, relics, pardons, and

indulgences, he reinforced himself with Protestant criticism. To sustain episcopacy, or sacramental efficacy, against the Calvinist, he could array the whole of primitive consent at his back. The strength of this position lay wholly in the attitude of the assailants. A ground may be impregnable polemically, and may yet be no basis for a scientific system. The *argumentum ad hominem* is a telling resource in disputation, but is useless as a medium of proof. The Catholic hypothesis of a perpetual living organ of true doctrine affords a broad basis for a scientific or logical exhibition of church law, upon that hypothesis. The Protestant principle, which demands the rigid application of the rules of historical evidence to historical phenomena and the written records of them, opens the vista of a retrospective induction which shall present the Incarnation of Deity, with all its momentous consequences to the past and future of mankind, not as an isolated intervention, but as a part of the whole evolution of our race. Catholic theology is a compact, harmonious, imposing whole of legislative dogma, exactly parallel, both in the fact of its growth and in the theory of its origin, to the imperial civil law. Protestant theology appeals to the Bible, *i.e.* to the whole spiritual history of the human race; a precious experience, but an experience only then intelligible when interpreted by all the other experiences attainable by each generation according to its means. Either of these modes of dealing with Christianity are intelligible, and satisfy that human mind to which all verbal exhibition of Christian faith must appeal. But it is impossible to combine them into one system of theology, though it is possible to argue for controversial purposes upon each principle alternately.

If the unsteady position of the church establishment between two extreme parties imparted a vacillating character to its theology, the principle which Anglican orthodoxy adopted from Rome has had a still further incapacitating effect upon our divines. The first foreign reformers, and our own with them, had acknowledged no rule of belief but Scripture, as interpreted by the existing congregation of believers. This view was incorporated into our Articles. But though it remained in the Articles, it early disappeared from the writings of the Anglican divines. The word "church" began with them to stand for a past abstraction, no longer any where to be found upon earth. But the whole system of the church, or whatever could be attributed to it, was now covered with the same infallibility which the Roman Catholics attributed to the decisions of theirs. This idea of the sacred inviolability of all notions and usages once adopted by the "church," an idea

fatal to all improvement in human affairs, is the heritage—a *damnosa hereditas*—which the Anglican school of English divinity carries over with it from Rome.

The paralysing effect of this notion of unalterable precedents is one that is felt more the further the world advances in its destined course. Any institution which is tied up to such a system drags at each remove a lengthening chain. Each year the living thought and ideas of educated Englishmen are passing more and more out of sympathy with the orthodoxy of the Anglican school. And yet, at the same time, that party in the Church is at this moment (1863) the most numerous, wealthy, and influential. It engrosses all the zeal and activity, and is fast winning its way to ascendency in the State. It is proud of its success, and confident of still further victories. But the victories are not intellectual victories. It gains numbers, enlarges its area, stirs up sympathies. But there is a fatal weakness within. It has no true grasp of Christian history. The only clue to the past is not in its hands. It has a set of borrowed dogmata, but no theology. It feels that intelligence is against it. Having renounced the use of reason, it is compelled to go on to denounce reason. The Church of England has a historical position beneath the venerable shadow of English traditions. It has committed mistakes of policy, but its faults, after all, have not been—like the bloody deeds of the Roman Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—unpardonable crimes against humanity. It has in these latter days awoke to a new sense of strength. Its first impulse is to stand upon its political position; to ally itself with a party in the State; to strengthen its connexion with property; to plant its fabrics over the face of the land; to get the primary schools into its hands; in short, to carry the visible institution every where. If it be the case that our clergy have awoke from a literary or self-indulgent lethargy to a sense of practical duty, it is not altogether unnatural that this desire of usefulness should take, in the first instance, an outward and material direction. It is the universal order of human progress. We attend to our material necessities first, and we go on to satisfy our spiritual wants afterwards. Material church extension has not kept pace with the material progress of the English people. Let this, then, be remedied by all means. Let churches and schools be built. Let there be more curates, more bishops, more services, and more people to attend to them. Let "every church in England have its stalled chancel, duly filled with its surpliced choir; let every church have at least its weekly celebration at its altar duly surmounted with the emblem of salvation" (*Christian Remembrancer*).

All this should be done. But when it is done, to what end will it have been done? Something would certainly have been gained for the well-being of the community, should the clergy succeed in visibly reuniting the masses with the Established Church, in giving them one link which could connect them, even externally, with the existing institutions of their country. The great social difficulty of our time is the gulf between the rich and the poor; the clash of interest, unsoftened by any bond of union, between labour and the employers of labour. If the revived energy of the parochial system can do any thing whatever to heal *this* schism, it ought to be warmly welcomed and promoted by all true Englishmen. Our fear is, that the spirit in which the church revival is being pushed by the Bishop of Oxford's party is doing little or nothing towards this much-to-be-desired end. We do not perceive that that party ever attempt to grapple intellectually with the actual facts of our social life. They are very zealous; but their zeal is too exclusively a blind zeal for the recognition of the Church. They march forward like a Saracenic host, with the Koran or death as their watchword. They wish to conquer, but not to reform or renew the social life of the regions they invade. The anti-intellectual stamp of the party interferes with its real comprehension of the elements of our daily life. The High-Church clergyman carries with him into every thing he does a fatal stereotype of theological opinion. Trained not to employ his reason in his theology, he never thinks of employing it in any other direction. Hence it is that remedial measures of social relief originate outside the clerical body, and often find in it their most uncompromising opponents. The High-Church clergy are, as individuals, generous beyond their means, sympathetic with affliction, unselfishly ready to bestow their time and their money upon doing good among the poor. But let any public question, involving those very interests, be brought before them in at all an abstract shape, and they are as little capable of giving it an impartial and cordial examination as an assemblage of Belgian or Spanish priests.

Under these circumstances, we cannot look so hopefully as we could wish to do upon the practical portion of the church revival. Unfortunately, however, its practical side is its bright side. Parochial activity is its best element. In its ideal of public worship, it has, if that is of any moment, both the spirit and the letter of the Book of Common Prayer on its side. Its choir-service is, compared with the practices it supersedes, an immense step in the right direction; that direction being not a recurrence to usages of the 16th century, as if those usages derived any value from their date, but the development of an

ideal form appropriate to the substance of worship. But beyond parochial organisation, and the beauty of praise, a Christian ministry is charged with duties which transcend those in excellence as in difficulty. A Protestant church does not save souls independently of their moral condition. It is an instrument of instruction, of training, of guidance; a home of holy example, a nurse of pious sentiment. The function of teaching is one of quite other importance in a Protestant, from that which it is in the Catholic, Church. In the Roman Church, the teaching office of the church is only one among many other subordinate functions of the body. In a Protestant Church, it is not by the efficacy of a sacrament, but by instruction, and discipline, and moral preparation, that the heart is made ready to be the recipient of the influences of the Holy Spirit. The church is not merely a temple of worship, but a school. When the organ is hushed, and the congregation silent, and the teacher ascends the pulpit, then the weak side of Anglicanism reveals itself. Still more out of the pulpit, in that wide arena of teaching where all the world are learners, is this weakness painfully apparent. The impotence of the pulpit, it may be said, is the fault of our congregations, whose ear expects a recurrence of phraseology to which they do not attend, but will not dispense with. But what shall we say of the written theology of the Anglican school? The press is wide and free to all. Through the press a prodigious amount of moral instruction is being given daily; the whole sum of our ideas is being constantly fed, modified, altered, through its instrumentality. The influences thus kept at work upon the public mind are some better, some worse. Of the good influences, how small a fractional part can be traced to an Anglican origin! According to the theory of the Anglican school, the Church claims the exclusive right to teach the nation; claims therefore the whole of this influence. If the voluntary teachers were to abandon the field to-morrow, and the press as well as the pulpit were the monopoly of the Anglican school, what has it got to teach? When we look at the power of the Anglican school to grapple with moral difficulties, to adjust the social machine, to aid the soul to rise above the weary cares of life, or the distracting tones of controversy, to aid it to contemplate the "depth of divine wisdom and philosophy"—*βάθος σοφίας καὶ γνώσεως Θεοῦ*,—what impotence, combined with what pretension, do we find there! The theme is the most sublime to which the powers of the human mind can be dedicated; the treatment of it the most grovelling and pettifogging. Having nothing to say itself, its chief effort is to run-down the attempts of others to handle the mighty theme. Little angry

books, in which the bad temper is more conspicuous than the bad writing, dealing in denunciation of certain imagined "enemies of the faith;" an enormous mendacity and disingenuousness, which is not ashamed to enlist in its cause all the prejudices of the ignorant,—such is the staple of High-Church literature, the utterances of the party who claim to be the exclusive teachers of truth. While the practical success of the school has been great, its literature has sunk to the level of that of the Evangelical school, upon whose ruins it had risen. Its arrogance and its incapacity are commensurate, while it breathes any thing but the calm temper of a mind in possession, as these persons claim to be, of absolute truth. "If dogmatism were the result of sincere religion," Dr. Donaldson writes, "its effect would be to make us pity our brethren who thought erroneously; we should endeavour to point out their errors, but should leave the consequences in the hand of God. The dogmatism which now prevails refuses to enter upon any argument; it denounces a difference of opinion as *ipso facto* wrong; and proceeds by all available means to inflict personal injury on those whom it is unable to convert."*

The fact is, that all the intellectual capacity which exists in the Church of England has moved away in another direction. The Church is not now, more than in past times, destitute of learning, scholarship, mental cultivation, powers of thought. But what it retains of these gifts are not found attached to the Bishop of Oxford's party. The surd and irrational complexion of that party is due to the circumstance that all its best minds went from it, some in the Ultramontane direction, others in the Latitudinarian, leaving it only a residuum of practical men—the working clergy. All those various *nuances* vulgarly denominated "broad" are in fact nothing more than an offshoot of Anglicanism; they constitute the intelligence of Anglicanism. To have attempted in any degree to apprehend religious truth, to appropriate it as a living knowledge, to seek its meaning, to give it access to the understanding, to penetrate below words to that which they would convey,—this effort transports the mind which makes it immediately beyond the pale of the Anglican party, though the person may in other respects retain unbroken the ties which attach him to that party. Accordingly, a manifesto, which evidently proceeds from one who has a right to speak in the name of his party, claims these scholars and divines as substantially friends and allies.

"The definition of a Broad Churchman, as such, is merely the negative one, that he does not choose to be called either High or Low.

* Christian Orthodoxy, p. 417.

There are persons using the name who consider church merely as an expletive, and in whose eyes 'broad' is synonymous with indistinct and undefined,—Christians unattached, in short, who have not openly left the Establishment. But it is most unjust to impute this character to Broad Churchmen as a class; for we are convinced that, under that vocable are included many men really zealous for the church cause, and for the *bene esse* of the actual Prayer-book Church, but to whom the name and idea of party in connexion with religious affairs is peculiarly offensive, and who accordingly take refuge in an appellation which they consider has come into existence as a protest against the High- and the Low-Church parties. To such as these we gladly bid God speed; and from their coöperation, whatever be its degree, more or less hearty, more or less complete, we anticipate great good for the cause, which might perhaps have continued unattainable, had they not found a name under which they could work for that cause, without identifying themselves with that party in which, from however unfounded suspicions, they were unwilling to enlist." (*Christian Remembrancer, January* 1860.)

This does not at all overstate the sympathy and hearty attachment which the scholars and divines in question entertain towards the institutions of the Anglican Church, as these have come down to us. The majority of these clergymen would, we are persuaded, repudiate the epithet "broad" by which they are designated, and claim to be simply "Anglican." They, and not the Cuddesdon party, are, to our thinking, the genuine representatives, *mutatis mutandis*, of the best traditions of the Church of England. But with party aims they never can be in sympathy, because the law of their thoughts is Christian truth, and they know that truth never can be promoted by party. They have learnt from Church history that, from the moment a doctrine is made a party watchword, it has lost its religious significance, and becomes a mere cloak for sinister interests or fanatical malignity. Many indeed of those who most deplore the crusade against knowledge into which the Cuddesdon party is drifting, may not be unwilling to keep on good terms with that party at present. Every clergyman is compelled, on pain of professional ruin, to maintain a fair repute as "orthodox." His orthodoxy is his point of honour, and, like a woman, to be suspected is to be lost. If he would not debar himself all opportunities of future usefulness, a clerical writer must not allow the imputation of heterodoxy to be fastened on him. At the present moment the Church is under the terrorism of the faction, who are not slow to avail themselves of this powerful weapon to destroy their adversaries. When *incivisme* is a capital crime, and education is sufficient evidence of *incivisme*, every one is na-

turally anxious to prove that he can neither read nor write. We cannot but excuse the eager timidity with which almost all clergymen, especially those who had become theological *suspects*, hasten to whitewash themselves by denouncing the Essayists, and leaving them to their fate. We willingly allow all clergymen to take refuge from the storm under the denomination of Anglican. Let them by all means keep themselves beyond the reach of the "judicial constructions" of an ecclesiastical court. But when the tempest of unreason and theological suspicion shall be allayed, and men are at leisure to reconsider their ground, it will be impossible for any man who possesses any share of philological or theological acquirement to countenance the party of ignorance in tendencies so injurious to the highest interests of the English Church.

Could we hope that the handful of scholars and divines who still represent the tradition of learning in our Church—they are but a handful out of 17,000 clergy—would be allowed to pursue their researches in peace and freedom, and to transmit the torch of learning to another generation, we might hope that the spirit which has recently been kindled in the Church might be productive of a new and noble result. The English Church, in the exercise of her measured freedom, might be the instrument of carrying on the work of the Reformation, and restoring the destroyed harmony between the Christian tradition and human science. At least the attempt, however little successful, would have a beneficial influence. As long as there is room within the Church of England for free learning and a philosophy having its roots in science, so long will that healthy intelligence be maintained, which is an indispensable element of the life of all teaching bodies. But we cannot be blind to the fact, that a spirit is slowly but surely gaining strength within the Church, a spirit which is incompatible with any exercise of the intelligence, and which, if it succeed in gaining the upper hand, must end in expelling all intellect from her bosom. The "Conservative reaction" may be, as the Liberal press is even endeavouring to show, a mere temporary movement, the oscillation of the pendulum of parliamentary politics, a reaction against over-liberalism, a reaction which is in antagonism to the general progress of society, and which will be ultimately absorbed by that progress. This may be so. But looking only at the condition of religion among us, we cannot but think that, far down in the deep waters of society, below the surface which party combinations agitate, causes are at work more fatal to freedom of opinion in religion than any crisis through which we have passed since the Reformation. These causes and influences are new to English society, and

operate, not in antagonism to the general movement, but—and this it is which makes them formidable—are entirely of it, and are strong by its strength.

These causes are to be found in the general levelling tendency exerted by the advancing tide of civilisation. In its superficial aspect, this tendency shows itself in that spectre of the Tory party which they call "democracy." Its deeper forces are found in the increasing influence exercised over Government by a certain dead level of "public opinion." Our national Church has happily escaped political revolution for nearly two centuries; but it has not been exempt from the silent revolution which is leavening society. The tyranny of opinion has been making steady advances in Western Europe; nowhere more rapidly than in England. At one time it was worth the Church's while to ally itself with the State, *i. e.* with the Government. But it is now understood that Government has a master, and it is found to be better policy to contract the alliance directly with that master. This master is the public opinion of the majority. He who has a good understanding with this can afford to quarrel with power, even though it be the power of a Napoleon. Whatever other merit the opinion of the majority may have, it is, in the present condition of our population, an unenlightened opinion. It must be founded on passion rather than on reason; on prejudice, not on knowledge; it will prefer the interests of its class to those of the whole, and its own immediate to its remote interest. The numbers of the wise who think are little capable of increase at any time; but the numbers of the public who are influenced by opinion become yearly greater. Knowledge has less and less influence on affairs, and opinion more and more. This is not only the case in secular politics, but in religion also. Theology has absolutely no weight in this country, where there is not even any faculty of canonists. But religious opinion operates over a larger area than any other opinion whatever.

The only home of theology, and the learning which must minister to it, in this country, were the cathedrals and the universities. Within the last thirty years the cathedral endowments have been broken in pieces, and scattered in dust over the English parishes. This wanton havoc has been committed, not by confiscating statesmen, but by the hands of the bishops, and the consent of the Church herself, which has come to believe that more churches and more services were what were wanted, and that if she got them, she would do well enough without learning. The English cathedral, as it now stands, reformed in the spirit of the age, reformed by the Church herself as she now understands her mission, has been transferred from the learned

class to the working clergy. A modern Bishop is a mere vicar-general, having a peculiar department of official business to transact. Up to the moment of his consecration he was a working clergyman. If any crisis of opinion arises, he is sure to reflect the prejudices of the majority. Of the Deaneries only three or four have been left with an independence. Even those are threatened by the same public opinion which desires to utilise them by converting them into endowments for more bishops. The Canonries have come to be considered as mere means of rewarding some deserving parish priest, and appendages to his income. The Universities have long been diverted from the pursuit of the higher branches of study to the purposes of elementary education. In 1854 the opportunity of restoring the balance by the endowment of chairs was lost. After much flourish of trumpets, nothing worth speaking of was done in this way; while the compulsory theological degree was abolished, and a large portion of college revenues was converted into exhibitions for young students. The election of heads of colleges being left in the hands of the fellows, experience has shown that the man of business and social habits will be preferred by them to the man of culture and learning; while at Oxford the only two unappropriated canonries in the cathedral remaining to the Crown were recklessly sacrificed to the same furor for practical purposes. All this was done in compliance with public opinion, in the face of which it was found impossible to proceed with the creation of a professoriate. The public could not see the use of higher knowledge. In Oxford, too, the annual income is more and more voted away for non-academical objects by the Bishop of Oxford's party, which has now acquired a large numerical preponderance in the academical convocation.

The same animus which has levelled the whole Church, including the episcopate, into a parochial machine, when it turns to theology, will tolerate nothing above the level of sermons. Not only must the clerical writer not rise above the pulpit level, nothing must come from his pen beyond the phrases which are expected in the pulpit. Any thing which travels beyond these conventionalisms shocks the expectation which knew what ought to have come next. The Church party speak of all that a clerical writer utters as "teaching." Teaching is become their cant term. As if there were no such thing as discussion, or learned research; no unexplored fields in historical criticism; as if the relation of the theological writer to his reader was that of spiritual guide, and the public sat at his feet to receive dogma. It is an evil incident to the pulpit, as too often employed, that it spreads a loose and superficial

conception of Christianity. Designed properly for Christian exhortation, it has become in our day chiefly a vehicle for a popular and attenuated theological opinion. But the evil is magnified a thousand-fold when the corrective which learned discussion out of the pulpit might furnish is withdrawn. What would be the condition of any other of those branches of knowledge which bear on social life, if all attempts to handle them had to be made with the halter round the neck? What sort of notions would prevail among us on political economy or jurisprudence, *e. g.*, if Mr. Mill or Mr. Austen were required to put nothing on paper which could offend the prejudices of the common run of Englishmen? The matters which the divine would seek to treat, were it open to him to do so, are so high and intricate, that their intrinsic difficulty might alone deter him, without having error made criminal and punishable.

Even this might be borne, were it an honest desire to take security against error in treating topics so momentous. It is not error which is offensive to the world of religious party. It is the philosophical spirit which is so obnoxious to them. We know the hatred of practical statesmen for the "ideologists." It is ideology in religion which irritates beyond control the susceptibilities of the vulgar. Philosophising in other matters does not touch them. It is an idle waste of time, which they can despise, but will not quarrel for. But revealed religion, that is their affair. They understand it thoroughly. There is nothing in it with which they have not been long familiar. To have any one endeavour to go behind these familiar phrases, to bring to light some part of their deep significance, to sound the unfathomable "mystery of godliness," —this is an insult to the popular religion which the modern religionist will not bear. The suspicion that he has been all his life feeding on words is a very painful one. To be told that just where his phrases leave off, there that which is indeed spiritual religion begins; that the symbols of ideas are not those ideas; that an effort of heart and mind and soul is requisite for the apprehension of spiritual truth;—all this is extremely galling. A man need not be a Pharisee to resent it. But the mass of orthodox English is not merely well satisfied with its own notions, but with itself for entertaining them. It can better bear to be contradicted than to be treated as of no account. It can tolerate dissent, or even unbelief, but not ideology. A philosophical Christianity which admits, but leaves below it, the popular formulæ, trenches upon the egotism as well as the prejudices of the community. Our church public is, perhaps we ought rather to say was, strongly opposed to Romanism; yet it would hear with patience the Romanist argu-

ments, and defend its own notions against them with temper. But when, some twenty-five years ago, a rich genius within the Church of England, revolting against the popular theology, endeavoured to escape its arid barrenness by glossing it with patristic and catholic interpretations, the irritation of the religious public knew no bounds. It was not the Romanism, but the "treason within the Church" that excited the clamour. Those who are old enough to remember 1840 will remember that "mystical," not "popish," was the public epithet of dislike for Dr. Newman's mode of treating Christian truth at that period. Its doctrine of "reserve in communicating religious truth" was that which first embroiled nascent Tractarianism with the religious world. Just so in the recent ferment on occasion of *Essays and Reviews*. It was not the crudities, blunders, and hasty opinions that volume contains which has stirred all the indignation, but the transcendental treatment of religion from within. Newman's constant effort was to "realise" the doctrines of the Church; it was his favourite word at one time. Jowett is ever idealising the language of Scripture. To the common understanding both alike are felt to be not only passing beyond its ken, but to be taking truth away with them into some region into which it cannot follow.

For, over and above the wound inflicted upon the vanity of the semi-instructed by these supercilious pretensions of an aristocracy of illuminated minds, we must remember that such persons are *bonâ fide* unable to see truths and relations of truths which are nevertheless matters of habitual intuition to those whose minds are further opened. The instincts of a democratic majority not only lead it to hate culture which it believes to be real, they compel it to disbelieve the existence of such culture. The public claims to be arbiter in religious controversy, because, like James I., it believes itself qualified to be so. The mass of religionists feel towards mysticism in religion as the artisan does towards political economy. He has an idea that it is his interests treated of in a pedantic jargon, for the purpose of being made unintelligible to him. The evil against which we have to strive is partly a denial of the utility of theology, but partly also the negation of its possibility. That the Gospel is for the poor, the simple, and the unlettered, is construed to mean, that there are no ideal elements in religion but what are accessible to them. Because the uninstructed can use the Bible for devotional reading, it is denied that the instructed can see in it a historical record of past events. In all ages the multitude of the semi-educated have resented these transcendental pretensions, whether of the philosopher or the saint. It is the old standing schism of the ψυχικός and the

πνευματικός,—the man of the letter and the man of the idea. It is not the wholly unlettered who at first come into collision with these claims, but those who have gone through some educational routine without ever having had their minds awakened. Large numbers even of those who read and write books are in this predicament. To this large and increasing class abstract truth has as good as no existence; but they have acquired a sort of vested interest in the language they have been accustomed to repeat about it. With respect to religious truth we are almost all in this condition. We have all got the Christian terminology by rote long before we quit childhood; and we are most of us already immersed in practical life before we have capacity to follow the terms into their meaning. Affliction and the trials of life do something for many of us towards opening the mind to moral and spiritual ideas; but many even these never touch. And at best how imperfect is the qualification thus given for passing judgment on the whole range of religious ideas, involving often special knowledge, critical and interpretative! Yet this is what our religious public assumes the right to do, and without any misgivings as to its own competence. How great is the contrast with the humility of true learning! "I found," said Porson, "that I should require fifty years' reading to make myself thoroughly acquainted with divinity, to satisfy my mind on all points; and therefore I gave it up. There are fellows who go into the pulpit assuming every thing and knowing nothing; but I would not do so."

With this popular opinion to work upon, it is not difficult from time to time to bring an overwhelming amount of public reprobation to bear upon any original mind that dares to treat religion as any thing beyond a superficial string of inefficacious commonplaces. It is a necessary consequence of the advance of education that every subject becomes vulgarised and superficialised. Superficial knowledge is a very different thing from incomplete knowledge. The knowledge which an occupied man has of any extra-professional subject must be imperfect. But be it ever so partial, if he be aware of its imperfection, that portion which he does possess will be of some value to him. But of superficial knowledge it is the characteristic, that it believes itself exhaustive,—that is, it is negative of all beyond itself. A majority so educated will not require in its church ministers a body of teachers; for what has it to learn? There is too much truth in Dr. Donaldson's picture of the moral level of the lower middle class among ourselves, though we might wish it more charitably expressed.

"The man of business is prone to acquiesce in the consciousness of

his own respectability. This is the idol of his heart. He imitates the expensiveness rather than the refinements of the class above him. If he lays down the law in politics or religion, he is the unconscious mouthpiece of some short-sighted utilitarian or canting bigot, whom it is respectable to follow. He cares for little beyond the uncontradicted maintenance of the sentiments he has adopted from his newspaper or his preacher, his personal and domestic comfort, and the decencies of his outward appearance. Abundant meals, good clothes, and a well-furnished parlour, are the extent of his wishes. He measures things without his circle by the ideas which suffice for his narrow world. Hence he is too often the tool of bigotry, the echo of stereotyped opinions, the victim of class prejudices, the blind or obstinate advocate of measures which have no connexion with his own or his country's interests. He has no wish that his sons should be more cultivated and enlightened than himself. I regard the middle class as practically the great stumbling-block in the way of a general diffusion of higher cultivation in this country; for though they have really no opinions of their own, it is impossible to induce them to listen to any argument which runs counter to their inveterate preconceptions." (*Classical Scholarship*, p. 88.)

The increasing influence which minds of this stamp exercise in controlling the religious teaching of the clergy is a circumstance of very grave import. Hitherto the tendency of the congregation to legislate doctrinally has been kept in check by the presence, in the Church, of superior attainments and more comprehensive knowledge. The Church has (it is true, too faintly) maintained a protest against the grossness of popular conceptions, and opposed a higher standard of knowledge to the assumption of popular ignorance. But the continued degradation of the intellectual level of the clerical body on the one hand, together with the continued spread of the area of religious opinions on the other, are gradually doing away with this safeguard. The small band of men of mental acquirement in the Church is coming to occupy a more and more isolated position within it. Their knowledge appears alien, almost outcast, amid the recognised conventionalities of the popular theology. In another generation there will, in all probability, be no room for such within the Establishment. They are already struggling hopelessly against a majority,—a majority such as described by Mr. Mill,—a majority which is supreme, and therefore "has no longer need of the arms of reason. It can make its mere will prevail. Those who cannot be resisted are usually far too well satisfied with their own opinions to be willing to change them, or to listen without impatience to any one who tells them that they are in the wrong." (*Representative Government*, p. 174.)

If this result should be attained, if the High-Church movement should succeed in stifling the voice of conscience and

reason, and the Church of England should be beaten down to the dead level of democratic orthodoxy, what would be the result to the Church, and through it to the nation?

We are not left to mere speculation to answer this question. History furnishes us with a parallel case. The Church of Rome had at the Reformation the same option which the Church of England now has. It had to choose between conforming its doctrine and discipline to the accumulated knowledge of the time, or of breaking for ever with the intellectual progress of Europe. We know which side it took. Was its choice a right or a wrong one? a wise or an unwise? The history of the three centuries which have elapsed since that choice was made, are not more than enough to enable us to answer this inquiry. Looking to the spiritual duties which a church is called to perform, it was the wrong choice. It threw up for ever the office of teacher, renounced the dangerous and troublesome duty of raising man above himself, of guiding and shaping the intelligence of Christendom. The Church ceased at the Reformation to do that which it had done ever since the first promulgation of Christianity. The education of mankind was from that time forward handed over to the impersonal and irresponsible moralists of the press. That education went on, but outside the Church, under its ban. On the other hand, looking to the temporal and selfish interests of the Church as a corporation, it was the wise choice. It was the wise instinct of the Italian statesmen that led them to choose ignorance and the masses as the solid foundation for the edifice of their ecclesiastical power. An aristocracy of intellect is a very precarious institution. Power always finds its way back to the majority in the long-run. The press may be troublesome at times; but the majority can always tie it up when they please to do so.

The church movement in the Church of England is arriving at power at the moment of a similar crisis. It has to choose between the knowledge of the few and the ignorance of the masses. Will it rise to the high calling of combating prejudice, resisting popular delusions, vindicating learning, maintaining the standing protest against superficial religionism, restoring the superior education as a preparation for the ministry, asserting its rightful place as the instructor of the nation? The party guided by the Bishop of Oxford will not be so unwise in its generation. To an arduous and responsible struggle it will prefer an easy and certain party-triumph. The loss of caste which the Church will suffer by an overt breach with the intelligence of the country will be far more than made up to it by its becoming more at home with the majority, whose opinion

controls the Government. "With a uniform 50*l.* suffrage," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, "the Church would be politically omnipotent. With universal suffrage and electoral districts the power would be vastly greater than it is. The line is now drawn at that precise point which is most inimical to her interests. For it is with the class of the 10*l.* householders that Dissent has struck its roots."* If the party now uppermost in the Church choose to act with a single eye to her interests, irrespective of her duties, they seem to be on the eve of strengthening her political position by a sacrifice of her moral and religious usefulness, to an extent which has not been achieved since the Restoration.

Art. X.—LANCASHIRE IN 1862.

Lord Derby's Speech; "Times," Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1862.

The authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, if we are not mistaken, ventured on one occasion in the presence of a Lancashire working-man to compassionate him and his fellow-operatives as "white slaves;" and was surprised to find her compassion civilly but decidedly disclaimed. Mrs. Stowe's ignorance might be forgiven; she only repeated the nonsense which had for years been current among English philanthropists and New-England declaimers. But it is not easy to forgive the wilful perversity of some of those English friends from whom she learned her absurd error; the gentlemen who, living where a peasant's family thought themselves lucky to earn ten shillings a week, undertook the championship of the imaginary claims of a class whose incomes were thrice as large, and who were able, if any body of working-men are able, to take good care of themselves. Lord Shaftesbury's labourers and Mr. Kingsley's parishioners would have been astonished indeed, if, two years ago, they could have had a glimpse of the real condition of the factory folk of South Lancashire, Cheshire, and the West Riding; and we are afraid that many men who ought to have known more of the state of the most prosperous, wealthy, and influential districts in England, were almost as ignorant on the subject as if they had depended for information on the orators of Exeter Hall and the pamphlets of the Christian Socialists. It is this ignorance which must be our apology for prefacing what we have to say about Lancashire in 1862 by a brief reference to the Lancashire of 1860,—the last year of the prosperity of the cotton manufacture.

* Liturgy and the Dissenters, p. 7.

The last grievance of the operatives was long ago removed by the enactment of that which is popularly known as the Ten Hours' Bill. They worked in the factory five days a week from six to six, with an interval of half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner; on Saturday work ceased at two o'clock. Their labour was not fatiguing; it involved no severe physical exertion, and its one great drawback was, that it was necessarily performed within doors, in an atmosphere somewhat overheated and generally close. But it was not an unhealthy occupation, and it would have been a healthful one for the vast majority of the employed, if that fear of fresh air which characterises the working-classes of most countries, and not least those of English towns, had not thwarted all the efforts of intelligent masters to insure a constant and adequate ventilation. The people were well paid; better paid by far than any other large class of labourers in any old country are paid for any work requiring no greater skill and no severer exertion. Children could earn from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, and were obliged to spend half their day in school; boys and girls of thirteen and upwards could earn as much as 7*s.*; women, up to 15*s.* or 18*s.*; and men, not engaged as mechanics, from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.*; while the wages of the higher class of mechanics sometimes exceeded 2*l.* It is plain, therefore, that the income of a family of six, of whom there would be two, two and a half, or three labourers, could range from 75*l.* a year to 150*l.*, or even 200*l.*; and that 100*l.* a year would be by no means a high average. Once in five or ten years came a period of depression, when for three or even six months only half this amount was to be earned; when the mills worked "short-time," or "half-time;" and when, consequently, the people had idle days upon their hands, and were sometimes severely tried by privations which, to agricultural labourers in Dorsetshire or Somerset, are simply the condition of every-day life. But for the most part work was abundant; so abundant that a steady workman could never feel much anxiety about the prospect of finding employment, or providing for a growing family. Men who were not actually reckless were well off in ordinary times; prudent men might reasonably expect that, save by some unexpected visitation of Providence, they would always be able to keep themselves above want; men who were at once clever, prudent, and ambitious, might not unreasonably dream of attaining one day the position of masters. Even now, there are scores of manufacturers and merchants in Lancashire—among them some of the richest and best known—who rose from the ranks, and hundreds whose fathers did so. It is not so easy to rise now as it was once, when capitals were small and profits enormous; but it is

even now no unreasonable aspiration in a young and clever mechanic or overlooker, if he look forward to owning one day a mill of his own, and leaving a fortune to his children. No common talent is required to do this; but uncommon talent has a fair chance and an ample field.

Up to the end of 1860—indeed, up to June 1861—the operatives were therefore in a condition which the vast majority of their countrymen would have envied, with which they themselves had reason to be contented, and which seemed to sympathising observers full of hope and promise. Circumstances were favourable, and the people were fit to make the best of those circumstances. Education had spread rapidly among them. They were all aware of its value, they had many facilities for its acquirement. Even of the older generation many had at least learned to read and write; and having thus the key of knowledge in their hands, they were not without leisure to use it. In every considerable town excellent Mechanics' Institutions opened their doors to adult students; and the numerous places for which a certain amount of education was an indispensable requisite afforded every inducement to self-instruction. For the younger men, the half-time system has made education compulsory. A factory child must spend half of each day, between nine and thirteen, in school; and the schools provided are for the most part very good. It is found, too, that children of that age learn nearly as much in half a day as in a whole day, and thus, while they are acquiring their trade, get on almost as fast as their companions whose whole time is given to their books. Consequently the Lancashire operatives are, for working-men, an educated class. Their intelligence, sobriety, and practical good sense, are far above the average; and their independence of spirit, while it is sometimes carried to an excess, and becomes troublesome to their employers and offensive to strangers, has nevertheless done much to raise their character, and stimulate them to efforts which have resulted in successes of no small moment. The progress of Coöperation is a striking proof of their capacity to take care of themselves, and their resolution to do so. The pattern Coöperative Society, the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale, started with about thirty members, and a capital of 28*l.*; it had, when we last saw its quarterly statement, about 30,000*l.* and nearly 4000 members. It began with a little shop for the sale of flour and groceries; it has established butcher's, provision, drapery, tailoring, and shoemaking concerns, and has created an excellent reading-room and library. It has been the parent of two other societies in the same town, whose joint capital in 1860 did not fall far short of 100,000*l.* Its achieve-

ments gave rise to the establishment of many scores of similar institutions throughout the manufacturing districts, several of which were doing a very flourishing business so long as there was in Lancashire any business to be done. All these societies were founded and managed exclusively by working-men; working-men were their sole shareholders, and almost their only customers; and through them it seemed that the *élite* at least of the factory operatives were likely to emancipate themselves not only from debt, but from that absolute dependence on the week's wages which had hitherto been accepted as the normal condition of all working-men. The opportunity of making even small savings available gave a powerful impulse to thrift; and the business of the societies gave their members a lesson in political economy, a notion of the relations between capital and labour, and an insight into the nature of trade and manufactures, which was of the highest practical value. By giving five per cent on money at call, by making every shareholder participate in the control of their affairs, by saving for their members in the form of dividends, which were generally reinvested, ten or twelve per cent on each man's household expenditure, the Coöperative Stores rendered an amount of service, moral, educational, and material, which it would be difficult to estimate.

The homes of the workpeople were for the most part decent and comfortable—those of the more thoughtful and fortunate very comfortable indeed. For half-a-crown or three shillings in country places,—for rather more in the large towns,—a good cottage was to be had; and if the master were also the landlord, and were alive to the advantage of promoting the health and happiness of his people, the cottage would have a bit of garden attached to it—a privilege which is highly valued by the operatives. These modest homes were neatly furnished, and as well kept as was possible when female labour was too valuable to be reserved for home consumption. The mechanic himself and his family were well and sufficiently clothed; and the appearance of a factory village was proof to the most careless observer that the condition of the people was prosperous and improving.

And they were worthy of their prosperity: how worthy, they have proved since adversity came upon them. But even before they were tried, those who knew them did not doubt that they would bear the trial well. The old times of violence and riot are passed away,—belong to the past so completely, that no amount of suffering could revive them. It is true that even of late years there have been senseless strikes, and that the men on strike have exercised much lawless tyranny over their

fellows; but strikes were becoming more rare and more respectably conducted every year; the workmen were learning to understand the conditions on which wages depend, and to appreciate the conduct of their employers more fairly than workmen generally do, to deal justly where they were justly dealt by, and to listen patiently when facts were fairly and frankly put before them. As they grew richer, they grew not less but more manageable. They used their prosperity to good purpose; they became more thrifty, more solicitous to maintain their own independence and to improve the prospects of their children; and, contrary to the general rule with men in the receipt of high wages, they were among the most sober of the working-class. Let us add that, whether in good times or in bad, they were ever charitable towards one another; and that when they accept, reluctantly enough, the assistance which their wealthier neighbours and their distant countrymen now tender them, they only receive what they were ever willing to render to those less fortunate than themselves.

Owing to the character and condition of the operatives, the outward signs of distress were for a long time so slight as greatly to mislead distant or careless observers, and even those whose business it was to make themselves acquainted with the actual state of the suffering districts. The manufacturers of course knew what was passing, and had a sufficiently accurate prevision of that which has since come to pass. But the language of the Government, so lately as last July, showed that they altogether underrated both the actual and the prospective extent of the evil. Mr. Villiers refused to believe that the provisions of his Rate-in-Aid Bill would be brought into operation; that is, he did not expect that by Christmas there would be many unions, or even many parishes, where the expenditure on the relief of the poor would exceed the rate of 5*s.* in the pound per annum, or 1*s.* 3*d.* per quarter, the limit fixed in his original measure as entitling parish or union to assistance from its neighbours. He relied, of course, on the information which reached him through the Poor-Law Office, and that information was necessarily deceptive. The people of Lancashire are not, like those of some counties, accustomed to pauperism. It is not their wont in time of need to look to the parish for aid, and they regard the receipt of parish pay as a degradation scarcely less dreadful than imprisonment. There are districts where the labouring classes, educated under the demoralising system of the old poor-law, have learned to consider the parish allowance almost as much their right as their wages; where most, perhaps, have at one time or another been paupers, and where old age looks to the workhouse as its na-

tural and legitimate refuge. This has never been the case with the factory folk of Lancashire. They have been accustomed to depend on themselves, to feel it their duty to do so, and to be proud of doing so; they would be reluctant to ask for assistance even from a neighbour, and still more from an employer; they may be said to have made independence their point of honour. In their eyes, the distinction between the pauper and the labourer is greater than that between the labourer and the peer. They considered pauperism disgraceful; they looked down on the few paupers among them as a class composed for the most part of incorrigible idlers—a class more nearly allied to professional criminals than to honest and respectable workmen; and we are not sure that those who best know the pauper class of our towns would not indorse their opinion. They made, therefore, the most desperate efforts to keep "off the parish;" and so long as they were able by any possibility to do this, it was obvious that the increase of pauperism bore no proportion to the progress of distress. It was clear, too, that a time must come when all the workman's resources would be exhausted, and that then the influx of claimants upon the rates would set-in in earnest, and go on more and more rapidly, until the whole unemployed population had become dependent on alms. That time has arrived; and the only reason for surprise is, that it did not come sooner.

The distress may be said to have begun towards the end of the summer of 1861. For six months previously the manufacturers had, as a class, been losing; some of them had been heavy losers, for the demand for goods was slack, and the price of cotton was steadily though not rapidly rising. But in September mills were working short time, or closing altogether; it had become evident that this process would go on until all but a small percentage had entirely stopped; and masters and men were compelled to look in the face a prospect as terrible as ever threatened a wealthy, thriving, and industrious community. And they faced it in a sensible and manly spirit. We do not mean to say that all of either class did their duty. There were masters who showed a selfish hard indifference to the interests of their men; there were cases where the men behaved ill and unreasonably. In a few instances there were strikes against a reduction of wages—acts of folly which seemed to promise ill for the future. But we believe that most of these were traceable to an idea which was not altogether unsound, though not under the circumstances practicable. The men maintained that as the want of cotton, and not of a market, was the danger that threatened them, not a reduction of wages, but a reduction of the quantity of work, was the proper

remedy, and they demanded a recourse to short time, by which their earnings would be much more diminished than by the proposed alteration of the wages-tariff, but which would, they conceived, economise the supply of cotton. However, the progress of events soon satisfied all parties that even half-time could not long be maintained; and the operatives patiently and manfully submitted to their fate. There were no murmurs against their employers or against Government, for it was perfectly understood that the former could not have done otherwise than as they did, and that the latter could only avert the cotton famine by sacrificing the policy of the nation to the interests of Lancashire; a sacrifice which, to their honour be it said, the Lancashire operatives would even now most indignantly repudiate. We believe that there is no part of England where an intervention in America, with a view of breaking the blockade and releasing the cotton-crop of the Confederate States, would be less popular than in Lancashire. The operatives have shown themselves readier to endure wrong than to commit it; and the expressions of indignation and impatience which have been provoked by the sufferings entailed on them by the American blockade have not come from them, nor from those who regard the subject from their point of view.

There have been no murmurs; but few of us have any idea how much suffering there has been. At first, men lived on their savings, if they had any. With a heavy heart they drew from the savings-banks the funds which, as Lord Derby said, "represented the small sums set by, by honest, frugal, persevering industry, by years of toil and of self-denial, in the hope of its being, as it has been in many cases before, the foundation of colossal fortunes." From seven banks alone, up to last June, the excess of withdrawals above the usual amount was 71,000*l.* And it should be remembered that not the excess, but nearly the whole amount of the year's withdrawals represents a sacrifice of this kind—a sacrifice sometimes of great aspirations, oftener of modest ambition, or of the hope of securing a decent competence for old age. In ordinary times a large part—in Lancashire, probably by far the larger part—of the sums withdrawn by workmen are withdrawn for investment; this year they have been withdrawn to stave off the cruel alternative of starvation or pauperism. Again, by no means the whole of the savings of Lancashire were stored in savings-banks. The Coöperative Stores were the great bankers of the poor, or rather of those who were ceasing to be poor; and we are informed that from all these stores—which by their rules allow withdrawal of money invested in the form of shares—considerable sums have been drawn out. We cannot pretend to calculate

the extent of the loss thus sustained by the working-classes; but we are sure that the figures given by the savings-banks represent only a small portion of the capital which they owned in 1861, and which has now ceased to exist. And when their savings were exhausted, a still severer trial came. Their homes were dismantled; they sold or pawned, with little hope of redeeming them, the ornaments or the superfluous furniture which had adorned their dwellings—the reward of hard work and self-denial, in which they took an honest pride, and for which they felt an affection which those only do feel for their possessions who have earned them. Then went things that could ill be spared, but that must go to buy bread: the clock that was no longer needed to warn the workman when it was time to prepare for work, or the wife when to expect her husband home—the table that could no longer be covered with a plentiful and wholesome meal—the household linen—the blankets, which in summer might be dispensed with—the best clothes, of which there was no longer need, now that there was no distinction between days of work and days of rest—every thing that could be sold must go to buy bread, and little enough of that, for men and women who had been wont to live well as they worked steadily, and for children who hardly knew what want might mean. It makes the heart sick to write of these things; men who know Lancashire can hardly bear to speak of them; what must those have felt who suffered them? But they were patient—patient even when they sat looking at bare walls and fireless hearths, and heard the children crying for the bread they had been used to earn and could not endure to beg. There were hundreds, nay thousands of families who would not ask charity even in that dire extremity. "Nay, but we'll clem first," they said; and some of them came terribly nigh "clemming" to death. One case came to light at the beginning of this autumn in which a family had been found in a dwelling bare of every thing but the bedstead, literally awaiting death by starvation. For two or three days they had not tasted food; and if food had not been brought them, if they had not been sought out by those who had undertaken the work of relief, they would have perished by famine rather than stooped to ask for that which their countrymen were not only ready but eager to give them.

This case was extreme, of course, but hardly exceptional. Of those who were thrown out of employment at the commencement of the pressure, numbers were in utter destitution before the machinery of relief was properly organised, before the country was roused to a sense of the fact, that Lancashire was afflicted by a cotton famine as terrible in its way as the

potato famine of Ireland, or the dearth that recently desolated some provinces of India. And there were hundreds of these who would have done just what the family whose case we have cited did,—who would never have stirred abroad to ask for charity, and who accepted it with shame and reluctance when it was brought to their doors. We know that there are many who have behaved very differently—many who were ready recipients even of parish pay, and who vex the souls of the visitors by their clamour and complaints. On the verge between labour and pauperism, in Lancashire as in other populous districts, hangs a class which dislikes work, and objects to the parish dole only on the score of its insufficiency. In prosperous times there are a certain number of hands of this sort in most of the town-factories, many of them Irish, all of them idle, dissolute, and dishonest: in times of trouble, these are of course the first to be dismissed, and as they never save, they are immediately destitute. But that this class is a very small one is evident from the police returns, which show no increase in the number of depredations. The vast majority of the operatives are, as we have described them, proud of their independence, shamefaced in asking aid, however sorely they need it, and disposed to shrink from pauperism as much as the ruined tradesman or the broken-down gentlewoman. And when we find that there are now a quarter of a million of these people in the receipt of out-door relief, we know how to estimate the mental sufferings, the shame and the sorrow, which the American war has entailed on the most innocent of its victims. No matter what their extremity of need may be — no matter how clear and how readily acknowledged their title to assistance from without— to those who have been wont to eat the fruit of their own labour the bread of dependence cannot but be bitter.

And we think that their actual physical sufferings have been underrated. Something has been done of late to increase the amount both of parochial and of charitable relief; and when 2*s.* a head has become practically, as it is theoretically, the minimum income allowed, and when, in the case of single persons, this is raised to 3*s.* or upwards, we suppose that at least the people will have enough to eat, will not actually suffer from hunger. But it is only recently that the Central Executive Committee have begun to insist effectively on this scale, which even yet is not recognised by the Poor-Law authorities. For a long time the average grants of the latter were considerably under 1*s.* 6*d.* a head, and those of the Relief Committees did not reach a higher figure, even where they constituted the sole income of the family. There were hundreds of cases where a family of six had an income of about 7*s.* per week, and in very

few instances would they, if none of them were in work, be receiving more than 9*s*. And be it remembered that they were worse off, in two important respects, than the families of ill-paid labourers in some southern counties, who contrive to exist on such a pittance. They were used to better things. They had not been accustomed to the barest sufficiency of the coarsest food, nor had their life fitted them for such fare. They were less robust, and much more delicate in their appetites, than an agricultural peasantry; and we suppose that no man of experience or medical knowledge will question that there is great physical suffering in descending from a generous to a poor diet, even though the latter be sufficient to sustain in life and health those who have never known any thing better. And again, the Lancashire sufferers had deprived themselves of every thing they possessed before they were reduced to depend on charity for this miserable pittance. Their homes were bare of furniture, their clothing was worn out, their shoes let in water,—many of them had no shoes at all, and very insufficient clothing. We read of men obliged to go barefoot, to whom this must have been as severe a trial as it would be to their employers; of girls crouching behind a door to hide from visitors the scantiness of their apparel, who were wont to be as well clad as domestic servants. And this is still the case, although large quantities of clothing and blankets have been contributed in London and throughout the country, and large sums have been voted by the Committees in Manchester and at the Mansion House to redeem the clothes pledged by the operatives during the earlier months of the distress, or to purchase new clothes. Still the people suffer sadly from insufficiency of apparel during the day, and of bedding at night; and they are, we repeat it, peculiarly ill-qualified to endure privations of this kind. The mildness of the weather during the whole of November and the greater part of December has been a happy accident; had winter set in early and severely, the sufferings of the poor people, before assistance could be effectually rendered, would have been horrible. As it is, we fear that they have suffered nearly as much from cold as from hunger; and happy shall we be if it should prove that the timely influx of funds from all quarters, which has enabled the Committees to extend their operations and increase the rate of relief, has come in time to avert a more terrible scourge than either cold or hunger. Some weeks ago, there were alarming rumours of the appearance of fever of that type which is always found to follow closely in the steps of famine. We heard of typhus at Preston; and one of the chief medical officers of the Ashton Union reported: "I have daily

experience of the prevailing misery and want. Increase of sickness is the natural result. Fever, measles, scarlatina, rheumatism, pulmonary and other diseases are rapidly increasing, and I fear there will be great mortality during the winter; for the poor people have neither money nor credit, and are destitute of the common necessaries of life, many of them subsisting on Indian meal and other cheap articles. My district includes the north side of the borough and adjoining villages. You will understand the ratio of increase when I report 300 cases for the last four weeks, as compared with only fifty-four cases for the corresponding weeks of October 1861. Eighteenpence a head is not sufficient to recruit the strength of sick people who are wasting for want of proper food; and a form of typhus is setting in which will spread through the country and affect the rich as well as the poor." At present we do not hear much of disease of this kind, and we may hope that a generous and judicious use of the means which the national liberality has placed at the disposal of the Local Relief Committees will spare us the shame and grief of seeing the patient sufferers in Lancashire decimated by a pestilence traceable distinctly and solely to want.

We agree with Lord Derby in thinking that the relief administered should not go beyond what is necessary to maintain the health of the unemployed population, and we feel sure that they would approve his remarks on that point as fully as we do. But there is not much danger of excessive liberality in general, whatever may happen in particular instances. Two things are chiefly to be borne in mind by those who are the almoners of the nation: first, that they must give judiciously; and second, that they must give fairly. They must make their relief sufficient—and this they are trying to do; and they must take care, either by giving it in kind or by other precautions, that it shall always be properly applied,—and this, we believe, they have in most cases successfully endeavoured to do. Fairness is more difficult. We do not mean that there has been any thing like intentional partiality. On the contrary, we believe that, in face of so great a disaster, all personal and sectarian prejudices have been overpowered, even in the Local Committees; and we are quite certain that the charge of being influenced by such feelings, which was made by one insignificant speaker at the Mansion House against the body over which Lord Derby presides, was utterly without the pretence of a foundation. We mean, that it is very hard for the central authorities to apportion their grants fairly between different districts, and still more difficult for the Local Committees to be quite just in their dealings with individuals. The Executive Committee at Manchester has taken great pains

to do its duty in this respect; and has had the use of so much private information and local knowledge that it has probably succeeded, as far as success is possible, in doing justice to local claims. But the London Committee has done much to thwart its efforts, and destroy its salutary influence over the local distributors; and the existence of this second centre, as a centre of distribution, and not merely of collection, is an unmistakable evil. The Relief Committees of each township, in their turn, are constantly liable to mistakes—liable to give to clamorous impudence what was meant for honest, and generally silent, want,—to overlook those who need their aid the most, and to be liberal to those who deserve it least. Errors of this kind are inevitable. In all cases of widespread distress, those who undertake the duty of relief must often be deceived, must often omit the good they ought to do, and do harm without intending or being aware of it. We hear now and then of imposition; we hear complaints that the Irish, who have no shame in living on charity, and who fear work more than want, are so successful in their demands on the visitors and the Committees, that they would be almost sorry to return to their employment. But, on the whole, there can be no doubt whatever that the public charity is as well and wisely administered as it is liberally bestowed.

The extent of the calamity which has befallen our most prosperous districts is such, that the organisation of a machinery for the relief of the distress it involves, so complete and efficient as that which is now at work, reflects great credit on the business capacities of Lancashire, and is in itself a warranty for sound and careful management. The twenty-one distressed unions included in the weekly Poor-Law Report contain a population a little exceeding 2,000,000. Of these, about 280,000 are paupers—nearly all of them pauperised by the cotton famine. About 180,000 more, not in the receipt of assistance from the unions, are aided by the Local Committees which report to the Manchester Executive. Including the not inconsiderable numbers maintained by private charity, of whom we shall presently have to speak, we are sure that we underrate the number of persons now dependent on alms in stating it at half a million. Half a million more are probably on the verge of pauperism or dependence, in consequence of the almost total suspension of trade and industry throughout the cotton districts. But, leaving these altogether out of the account, the fact that 460,000 souls, or one-fourth of the entire population of the manufacturing district, are to be maintained by parish rates or public charity, sufficiently proves that too much has not been asked of the country; that though the sum raised

by voluntary contributions amounts already to 800,000*l.* or 900,000*l.*, more will probably be required ere long.

And more will doubtless be forthcoming as it is wanted, in spite of the persevering efforts made in certain quarters to discourage the excellent spirit which animates all classes, sects, and parties, by imputations of neglect of duty on the part of those who are more especially bound to be diligent and earnest in the good work. Foremost among individual sinners in this matter stands one of those men whose faults of intellect and temper make their goodness more noxious than the vices of others —the Rev. Charles Kingsley. That gentleman has three capital disqualifications which render him utterly unfit to deal with a question like this. He hates rich men as a class—capitalists above other rich men, and employers of labour above all other capitalists; and he cannot, if he would, believe any good of a Lancashire manufacturer. He is profoundly and amazingly ignorant of political economy,—so ignorant that he commits blunders on matters of fact which no ordinary man of business could perpetrate. And he has a mind incredulous of figures and impenetrable to statistics. He, without waiting to be sure of his facts, or to understand their bearing, commenced a fierce attack on the ratepayers and parish authorities, whom he confounded with the capitalists of Lancashire, because the rates in the distressed districts were lower than those in what he is pleased to call by the name—meaningless for eight hundred years—of Wessex. On this fact he based a charge, first of general and then of particular stinginess. He inferred that, as a general rule, the wealth of Lancashire did less for her poor than that of the southern counties—a childish absurdity, which was at once disposed of by the obvious reply, that wages in Lancashire were so high and work so abundant, that pauperism was very rare, and rates consequently very low; while the high rates of Wessex are a consequence of low wages and scanty employment—a proof that capital there, from whatever cause, does but little for labour. Secondly, he accused Lancashire of keeping down the rates, in order to compel the charity of the country to maintain her poor. And here he did good which he certainly had not intended; he provoked proof, clear, certain, and irrefragable, that there was not the slightest truth in his accusation. In the first place, his facts were wrong. He had got hold of the rates levied in certain parishes and unions at Lady-day or at Michaelmas last, and on these he founded his assertion, that the expenditure on the poor did not reach 3*s.* 4*d.* in the pound. The truth was, that, up to Midsummer, the people were still able, to some extent, to help themselves; and the charity extended to them by neighbours and strangers enabled a large

proportion of the sufferers to avoid the humiliation of pauperism, and therefore the rates were low. But the present expenditure is such that it will require for the quarter rates varying from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.* in the pound; and if it continue for a year, the rates for the twelvemonth will in few places be lower than 5*s.* in the pound. The following table exhibits, on the authority of Mr. Farnall (the Special Commissioner of the Poor-Law Board), the proportion of the present expenditure to the rateable value of some of the most afflicted districts, and the relation between the actual and the normal rates. The annual rate required now is in

	s.	*d.*			*s.*	*d.*
Ashton-under-Lyne . . .	11	4¾;	last year it	was	0	7
Blackburn	7	7½	„	„	1	0
Burnley	5	4½	„	„	0	9¾
Bury	4	6	„	„	0	8¾
Glossop	12	8½	„	„	0	7¾
Haslingden	9	3½	„	„	0	6½
Manchester (township) . .	5	8½	„	„	1	0½
Oldham	8	2½	„	„	0	9½
Preston	8	2	„	„	1	1½
Rochdale	6	5¾	„	„	0	8¾
Stockport	6	8½	„	„	0	8⅞
Todmorden	6	4¾	„	„	0	10⅞

So far, then, from being low, the rates in Lancashire are rising to an enormous height. And we must not forget the condition of those on whom they are levied. For a year or more the manufacturers of Lancashire have been losing money —losing, perhaps, one-tenth of their capital, according to Mr. Cobden's calculation. For six months the majority of the shopkeepers have been doing no trade; for some time previously they had been dealing on credit, trusting their poor customers to the utmost of their ability, and being trusted largely in return by the wholesale dealers. One firm of the latter class alone is said to have owing to it, from the retail tradesmen whom it supplies, as much as 20,000*l.*, which for the present is irrecoverable. That sum probably has passed through the hands of some hundreds of shopkeepers, to each of whom fifty, a hundred, or two hundred pounds is owed by unemployed workmen, who of course cannot pay a sixpence. For six months the owners of cottage property have received no rents, or a very small proportion of their rents. The operatives, who formed, perhaps, a majority of the ratepayers where the Small Tenements Act is not in operation, are not now ratepayers, but rate-receivers. Under such circumstances, a heavy rate is an enormous cruelty. Exemptions must of course be

numerous, but payment must be exacted from thousands who really cannot afford to pay. Yet borrowing, the only resource, is not allowed till the *expenditure* reaches the *ratio* of 3*s.* in the pound per annum, which, under present circumstances, means a *rate* of 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* in the pound. In the counties where a 3*s.* or 4*s.* rate is normal, it is paid by the owners of property, seeing that their rents are lowered thereby. But when it is levied suddenly, in places used to a rate of ten-pence, it falls actually as well as nominally on the occupiers; and these, who can in many instances but just keep their heads above water, are in no condition to bear it. A letter from the Secretary of the Blackburn Relief Committee, which appeared in the *Times* of the 6th December, throws so much light on the question of the ability of Lancashire to bear heavy rates, that we make no apology for quoting the greater part of it. The writer (Mr. Fielden) says:

"Blackburn is entirely dependent on one trade, viz. cotton manufacture, and three-fourths of the machinery is employed for one market; and any merchant can testify that the trade in East-India cotton fabrics has been most unprofitable for the past two years.

Out of a population of 63,125, no less than 24,845 earn their livelihood and the means to support those at home in our cotton mills and sheds.

It scarcely needs remarking that the value of property, the profits and loss of shopkeepers, and all the various trades that are necessary to supply the requirements of cotton and its workers, are regulated and governed by the prosperity or adversity of our staple trade.

The present state of employment, including mechanics and other artisans, is 5713 full time, 4769 short time, and 16,791 entirely unemployed. The present weekly loss in wages is fully 13,500*l.*; and the total deficiency since the crisis commenced averages 19*l.* to every worker, or the enormous sum of 51,800*l.** This amount is equal to 3½ times the whole assessment of the town; and taking 10 per cent as an average profit, it represents a loss of 100*l.* from this cause alone to every shopkeeper in Blackburn.

From the above items it is easy to conclude that great losses must have been sustained from idle and unproductive machinery and buildings.

There were 73 firms in the cotton business, 18 of whom have suspended payment, compounded with their creditors, or have been made bankrupts. The rateable value of 63 firms is 42,541*l.*, on which during this year a 6*s.* poor-rate and 2*s.* 5*d.* for improvement rates have been levied and paid, making an average of 284*l.* to each firm, or a total sum of 17,902*l.* Twenty of these firms are rated at 32,469*l.*, and the remaining forty-three at 10,072*l.*; thus showing that two-thirds

* There is some misprint here. The real sum is over 470,000*l.* And, as will subsequently appear, the rating of the manufacturers alone is over 40,000*l.*

of these consist of men in a small way of business, and refuting the idea that has been pressed upon the public, especially in the South of England, that they are as a rule men of fabulous wealth.

The subscription-list contains the sum of 6,940*l.* from our local manufacturers, and this is no real criterion of what they have done. Many of them are supporters of sewing and educational classes; several other funds for special purposes they have given liberally to; and, together with what has been done in such movements, it is not too much to estimate their subscriptions at 13,000*l.*

Without going into details, I may state that the Blackburn overseers of the poor are more than 10,000*l.* in debt, and there is exceedingly little of the old rate that can be collected.

The present weekly relief by the guardians is twelve times the amount expended in ordinary times; and were it not for the Relief Committee and the private efforts made in the town, a 30*s.* rate would not meet the case, assuming the distress to continue as at present for the next twelve months. If it is considered a desirable thing that small-property owners, small manufacturers, and small shopkeepers, composed chiefly of, and regularly recruited from, the most thrifty, intelligent, and industrious operatives—I say, if it is desirable that this class should be reduced to the condition of receiving relief, then the most effectual way to do this would be to levy a 5*s.* poor-rate. *I know that manufacturers who have been ruined in this crisis are now receiving flour and meal from the Relief Committee.*

I unhesitatingly say, that the great bulk of the property in the town is unproductive, and that no more rates in Blackburn will be quietly submitted to by a large body of struggling tradesmen, until better times shall again bring cheerfulness to this at present gloomy Lancashire."

On the day on which this letter appeared, a deputation of tradesmen waited on the Blackburn Board of Guardians, to request that they would apply for a loan from the Consolidated Fund. They pleaded that "many of the small tradesmen and cottage-owners are in that financial strait that they *know not how to obtain food.* Some of them have paid rates and extended aid in goods to their unemployed customers, until their own credit and stocks are exhausted; while those among them who, after a life of struggling, had succeeded in obtaining an interest in a few cottages, in hopes of preventing dependence on charity when old, find that the value of their little properties is almost consumed by the claims for mortgage interests and *the payment of excessive rates.*" Heavy rates levied at such a time as this must prove to these men—including the *élite* of the operative class—that "last straw that breaks the camel's back;" and we cannot but rejoice that the amended Act, carried at the close of last session, has opened a chance of rescue for those who do not less deserve our sympathy and respect

than those who are actually and directly deprived of bread by the failure of the supply of cotton.

The ratepayers of Lancashire have done what they could; and the attack upon them is shown to have been as unfounded as it was malignant. But there was one complaint preferred by the pauperised operatives themselves which deserves a few words of notice and explanation. They protested against the treatment they received when they came to apply for parish relief. They said that degrading tests were imposed upon them; and one case was quoted in which an applicant, ordered to sweep the streets, refused, went home unrelieved, and actually died of hunger. They were forced to herd with habitual paupers; and they felt the insult much as political offenders feel that of being thrust into the company of felons and outcasts. They complained of the kind of labour exacted. Stone-breaking, they declared, overtasks the strength of men accustomed to weaving, and moreover unfits their hands for their ordinary work; both of which assertions are probably correct. It is possible that many of these remonstrances were well founded; it is possible that at first the Poor-Law authorities hardly knew what to do. They were trained to suspicion, strictness, and harshness of tone by habitually dealing with men whose anxiety was to avoid work and defy regulation. They may have offended the reasonable pride of the operatives. On the other hand, the latter are probably often over-sensitive and unjustly jealous. But of late we believe that all disputes of this kind have been adjusted; that the labour-test has been suspended with almost too much readiness; and that the operatives have learned to acquiesce in the justice and necessity of such regulations as are still maintained. Complaints on their behalf against every body who is labouring, officially or voluntarily, to relieve their distress, are preferred from time to time by the secretaries of certain trades-unions; but most of their charges are palpably frivolous, and the rest are discredited by their authorship. No statement that comes from such a quarter is entitled to the least attention or respect.

We wish that it were possible to close this article without reference to another set of accusations, which have been preferred without due consideration, and persisted in, in despite of knowledge, and in the face of unanswerable evidence of their inaccuracy; we mean, those which have been advanced against the proprietors, merchants, and manufacturers of Lancashire. It has been asserted and reasserted that the immediate neighbours of the suffering operatives—those who have grown rich by the cotton trade, who are most directly and closely connected with those whom the cotton famine has reduced to indigence—

have been backward in the work of charity. Lord Derby and Mr. Farnall have furnished the answer to the general charge. The distressed unions are spending from 15,000*l.* to 18,000*l.* a week in out-door relief; and by the end of this winter will have spent over 200,000*l.* in this way. The contributions of Lancashire men to the Central and Local Relief Funds exceed 400,000*l.*, and subscriptions are still pouring in. In the face of figures like these, it is something worse than folly to pretend that Lancashire has been backward or lukewarm. Lord Derby himself has given 6000*l.*, and services of the highest value, to the Central Relief Committee; and the example set by the first gentleman of the county has been followed by the rest of its proprietors and merchants. Lancashire as a whole has certainly done and is doing her duty.

But what of the manufacturers? They have been reviled as the creators of the distress, either by over-production, or by an exclusive preference for American slave-grown cotton, or by both; and they have been reviled for having done little or nothing for the relief of their destitute workpeople. Is there any foundation for either of these charges? We venture to affirm decidedly that there is not.

First, as to the origin of the distress. Some persons have actually been perverse enough to affirm that there is no dearth of cotton; that the mills are closed, not because material is wanting, but because manufactured goods find no market; and this is because in 1860 the markets of all the world were glutted by over-production. If over-production were the cause of the present distress, it would not be the fault of the manufacturers, but of the merchants, wholesale dealers, and shippers, whose demand immediately regulates production. The mill-owner must make as much as he can sell while he can sell it, even if he be aware that the general production is excessive; all he can do is to be prepared for a sudden cessation of demand. While his cloth is demanded, he must make the most of a good season. But it is not true that the markets are glutted. The slackness of demand proves nothing of the sort; it proves only that merchants, tradesmen, and consumers are keeping their stocks as low as possible, and buying as little as possible, because the price is high, and because they do not know how long the present high price will be maintained. But there are two facts which of themselves refute the accusations of those who attribute the present distress to any other cause than the American war—the stock in Liverpool and on its way to Liverpool, and the price of cotton in that town. The former proves that we have not more than enough to keep our mills for a few weeks in full work; the latter, that prudent men expect this

condition of things to last for a long time to come. A famine price for cotton is irrefragable evidence of the terrible reality of the Cotton Famine.

Nor was it the fault of the manufacturers that they were absolutely dependent on American cotton. They were forced to buy the best article at the lowest rate at which they could get it. To do otherwise would have been to court inevitable ruin; and no country could compete with America in price and quality. So long, therefore, as American cotton was forthcoming, it had a practical monopoly in the European market. The manufacturer could not choose but use it; the growers of cotton in India and elsewhere, finding that they could not compete with it, ceased to grow more than a very limited amount for exportation to Europe. No doubt it was most unfortunate that we should be dependent for the material of our largest manufacturing industry on a foreign country and on slave-labour; but the misfortune was not one for which the manufacturers could possibly have provided a remedy.

But, granted that they could not have averted the distress, have they done their best to relieve it? With few exceptions they have. Put aside the idea that the manufacturers are all rich men, men of large realised wealth. Spinners, indeed, must have a considerable capital,—their own or borrowed; but of the manufacturers who are not spinners, but only weavers, multitudes are very poor; scores are now scarcely better off than their work-people; hundreds could only contribute to relief funds by defrauding their creditors. Those who are rich have, as a rule, behaved nobly; how nobly, let the following list given by Lord Derby—one list among many which we have seen—assure the most sceptical. It contains extracts from reports sent us from a few places taken at random, and fairly represents the general conduct of the maligned class.

"1. Nearly 3000 operatives out of work. Most of them are the hands of Messrs. ——; and Mr. ——, at his own cost, employs 555 girls in sewing five days a week, paying them 8*d.* per day; sends 76 youths, from thirteen to fifteen, and 332 adults above fifteen, five days a week to school, paying them from 4*d.* to 8*d.* a day, according to age. He also pays the school-pence of all the children. Mr. —— has hitherto paid his people two days' wages a week; but he is now preparing a scheme like Mr. —— to a great extent. I should add, that, in addition to wages, Mr. —— gives bread, soup, socks, and clogs.

2. Mr. —— has, at his own expense, caused fifty or sixty dinners to be provided for sick persons every day.

3. Messrs. —— are *giving to their hands three days' wages, about* 500*l. a week.* Mr. —— and Mr. —— are giving their 130 hands, and Mr. —— his 230 hands, two days' wages a week. *I may mention that Messrs.* —— *are providing for all their* 1700 *hands.*

4. A great deal of private charity exists, *one firm having spent* 1400*l.* *in money, exclusive of weekly doles of bread.*

5. Messrs. —— are providing all their old hands with sufficient clothing and bedding to supply every want, so that their subscription is merely nominal.

6. The ladies of the village visit and relieve privately with money, food, and clothing, or all if needed urgently. In a few cases distraint has been threatened, but generally the poor are living rent-free.

7. Payment of rent is almost unknown. The agent for several landlords assures me that he could not from his receipts pay the property tax; but no distraints are made.

8. The bulk of the rents are not collected, and distraints are unknown.

9. The millowners are chiefly cottage owners, and are asking for no rents, and sacrificing a large amount of income they had a right to count upon."

Before the larger benefactions of this kind, the most munificent gifts on the subscription-lists sink into insignificance. Of course some manufacturers who could well have afforded to do likewise have failed in their duty. There are in every class men who do not understand their own interests, and men who care for no interests but their own. And, especially in the towns, the absence of any habitual intercourse or personal relation between master and men has made shortsighted and cruel selfishness more possible,—less palpable and less unnatural,—than would be a similar indifference on the part of a landowner to the sufferings of a destitute tenantry. Nevertheless, a wise master knows that he has a great interest, if his mill is ever to reopen, in keeping his workpeople from being dispersed, and even in seizing this opportunity to cultivate a friendly relation with them; a kindly man, even if he know nothing of his hands except in the mill, is pained to think that they are starving; a Christian cannot forget the duty he owes to those to whom he is bound by an especial tie of Christian neighbourhood. And the millowners are generally clearsighted, kindly, and Christian; they have done what they could for their hands, not generally by subscribing to relief-funds, but in a far better manner, by attending themselves to the wants of their own people. The man who is foolish enough to give up all care for his hands,—the man who is shameless enough to allow them to starve while he can fairly afford to help them,—is a rare exception among millowners, as he would be in any other class.

By them, and by those who have come forward to supplement and complete their work, provision has been made, or is about to be made, for the present. The prospect of the future

is as yet utterly uncertain. Every thing is doubtful. No one can venture positively to predict that the cotton of the Confederate States will, or that it will not, be liberated this year. None can say what quantity of cotton actually exists there. We have seen estimates, official, commercial, and speculative, ranging from two to five millions of bales. The first figure is probably too low; the last is almost certainly too high. Our own impression, gathered from a comparison of conflicting statements, is, that not more than three millions of bales would be forthcoming, if peace were declared to-morrow; a quantity which would suffice us until the crop of 1863 came forward, but which would not reduce the price of cotton to its normal rate. If—which is hardly to be hoped—peace should be restored before the planting season of 1863 arrives, we should probably be able to rely on a sufficiency to keep the mills in full work for the future; if not, little or no cotton will be planted this year, and that already existing will, whenever liberated, have to last us until the winter of 1864-5. In the absolute impossibility of forming any reliable opinion on the time and conditions of peace in America, those who have endeavoured to forecast the future of Lancashire have turned their eyes elsewhere, and chiefly to India. The *Economist*, which expresses the views of the most sanguine, anticipates a supply of 2,175,000 bales; which, it affirms, would suffice to provide for the foreign demand (calculated at 12,000 bales per week), and to keep the mills of Lancashire working forty hours weekly. A correspondent of that paper impugns its conclusions, on grounds which we are inclined to think substantially sound.* But the controversy is one on which we cannot pretend to pronounce judgment. It certainly seems to us that the

* "*To the Editor of the Economist.*

Sir,—Allow me to say that your 'Resources of the Cotton Trade for the next Year,' in the *Economist* of 15th inst., are not likely to be borne out by facts.

1. You under-estimate 'full consumption.' The consumption in 1861 was not 42,000 bales per week, but 45,454 bales per week, according to George Holt and Co.'s statement, which is admitted to be the best authority. But 1861 was *not* a year of *full* consumption, owing to considerable reduction having already taken place during the last months. In 1860 the deliveries for home consumption were over 50,000 bales per week: making allowance for extra stock in spinners' hands, the real consumption, according to Holt, amounted to 48,523 bales per week. For the sake of round numbers, we will say that full consumption in the kingdom requires 48,000 bales a week.

2. You under-rate the consumption of the Continent. The average of the two years 1860 and 1861 has been 1,746,000 bales—say 33,577 per week—which I will prove to you, if you wish it.

3. You forget that the average weight of India cotton is only 380 lbs. per bale, and of Brazil cotton 180 lbs. per bale; while the average weight of bales consumed in Great Britain in 1861 was 426 lbs., and in 1860 429 lbs.

4. You begin your statement with the supposed stock in ports on 31st De-

millowners do not believe in the immediate large relief which the *Economist* expects; and that a gloomy view of the future prevails generally among those who are best acquainted with the circumstances of the trade. If that view should unhappily be realised, some years may elapse before prosperity returns to Lancashire; and during those years no small proportion of the industry that has made her what she is may be withdrawn, and no small part of the wealth on which that industry depends may have perished. The evil effects of this terrible season will not soon pass away. Nor, we trust, will the lessons it has taught—lessons of mutual trust and goodwill between masters and men, lessons of charity, good understanding, and frank and fair dealing—be lost on either rich or poor. England has learned to be proud of Lancashire; Lancashire men have learned to be proud of and grateful to one another; and we hope and believe that the adversity which they have endured together will bind them closely and kindly to one another through the years of plenty which Providence may yet have in store for them.

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cember next, which is a guess; while it would be better to take the stock on 31st October last, which is a fact.

The amount then will stand thus for England and the Continent: Stock in British ports, October 31, 1862, 365,000; ditto, in Continental ports, 50,000—total 415,000, of which the average weight at the outside is 380 lbs.: these 415,000 bales are, therefore, equal to 370,000 bales of 426 lbs. Suppose India sends you 1,400,000 bales during the twelve months October 31, 1862, to October 31, 1863, they are equal to 1,248,000 bales of 426 lbs.; Egypt you estimate at 200,000 bales, which I will increase to 240,000 bales of 426 lbs., including what goes to Marseilles and Trieste; Brazil you estimate at 150,000 bales of 180 lbs., equal to 64,000 bales of 426 lbs.; and the other small kinds, 25,000 bales of 426 lbs.; which will give a total supply of 1,947,000 bales of 426 lbs.; stock, October 31, 1863, England and Continent, 123,000 bales of 426 lbs.; would leave for consumption 1,824,000 bales of 426 lbs., or 35,077 bales per week. Full consumption of Great Britain is at least 48,000 bales per week; ditto of Continent, 33,577—total per week, 81,577 bales. The highest possible supply for the twelve months ending October 31, 1863, is therefore equal to 43 per cent of full consumption, or sufficient for 2·58 days per week, provided always no cotton comes from America and no cotton goes *to* America.

But you will not even get the 2·58 days per week; because the Continent, as a whole, will take more than its proportion. Spinning on the Continent has not been reduced, and, unless you prohibit the export of cotton from Liverpool, will not be reduced in the same proportion as is done at Manchester, for which I will state my reasons if you should wish it.—Your obedient servant,

Zurich, Nov. 18, 1862. OTT-TRUMPLER."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

I. *Eugénie de Guérin, Journal et Lettres.* Publiés par G. S. Trebutien. Didier.

Two years ago this Review contained a short notice of Mdlle. de Guérin's journal and letters, which had then only been printed for private circulation. The wish expressed in these pages, and felt we believe by many in France and England, that a book of rare charm and value should be given to the world, has at last been acceded to by the author's relatives. M. Trebutien, to whom the task of editing it has been intrusted, was singularly fitted to perform it, from his antiquarian habits of accuracy no less than from the instinctive good taste which is born of profound sympathy. He has omitted the dithyrambic preface, which formed the one blemish of the first edition, and has replaced it with a few pages of his own, which we could wish longer. A happy chance has enabled him to recover a large portion of the journal which had been given up as lost, and which now therefore appears for the first time. A more thorough or vivid picture of country and home life in France, as it was lived within our own generation by a woman of singularly strong and deep character, cannot be desired. We can only regret that M. Trebutien has omitted the description of Mdlle. de Guérin's daily life by her surviving sister, which we quoted from the first edition in our former article (Jan. 1861). But it will be easy to replace it; and we hope a third edition may also contain a few more of the numerous letters which are said to exist in manuscript. There are books of which it is difficult to have too much, and this is one of them.

In speaking thus strongly, we would yet guard against all misconception. Mdlle. de Guérin's life and letters are not meant to amuse an idle hour or a frivolous mind. Her casual description of one of her days,—"a reel of thread, a little reading, a little writing, a little looking out on the rain,"—may pass for a fair account of the ordinary routine of her life. But she adds a saving clause, "I do not speak of what has passed in my soul;" and herein lies the whole difference between herself and an average squire's daughter. A woman of strong will and clear mind, living in a narrow circle, with no interests but intense family loves, no support but an intense faith, she grew inwards and upwards, so to speak, rather than outwards, and having few points of contact with mankind, fed all the more upon her own heart and heaven. The old father, whom she sustained; the gifted, weak, erring brother, whom she hoped for, prayed for, and trembled for, in whose grave the best part of her own life was buried,—are the realities of her existence on earth. "My thought," she once says, "was only a reflex of my brother's; so vivid when he was there, then changing into twilight, and now gone. I am on the horizon of death; he is below it. All that I can do is to strain my gaze into it; to see every thing without sympathy and without love." It was probably

from this ideal of friendship, as the union of thought and soul, that she conceived a certain distaste for the less intellectual society of her own sex. "A woman's friendship is soon made up; a charm of manner, a word, a nothing, is sufficient for a *liaison*,—but they are commonly like ribbon-knots, so that it is said women cannot love one another. I do not know; we can love for a day or two, more or less, but can we love perfectly?" Gradually, as her life was left desolate, she seemed to grow in grasp of thought and insight into the spiritual order. "In the desert," as she once observes, "one can only learn thought. I told Maurice, when he talked to me about Paris, that I could not understand its language. And yet I have met people there whom I could understand. Certain souls meet through all distance. One rises, the other descends; and thus is there the meeting; thus has the Son of Man descended among us. May we not believe that those who go before us in the great things of life have pity on us, and in love send us some impulse toward the other world, some gleam of faith, some flash of light, which had else been wanting to the soul?" An ascetic by one half of her nature, finding "void and nothing every where in the world," she had the ascetic's power of rising above suffering and the things of sense. "It is true we are all born, as it were, devoted to misery. Every one has some grief; but the Christian is like the martyr, he suffers, but he sees the heavens open."

With all this, and perhaps all the more that she was real as only intense natures can be, she had a power of appreciating the little surroundings of life, and of seeing beauty everywhere where there was not sin. Her style, which is commonly marked by the strength of severe concision, at times rises into eloquence, and at times plays round her thought with the purity and light of a sunbeam. "Louise told me the other day that I found a great deal to say where other people see nothing. 'Hold!' she said; 'you would say a hundred things about that.' It was a door-latch which she raised as she went out. Assuredly there is much to say and think about this bit of iron, which so many hands have touched; which has sprung up under so many different emotions; under so many looks, under so many men, days, years. Oh, the history of a door-latch would be long!" What can be more womanly, in the pleasantest sense, than the following, or more instinctively just than the criticism of *bourgeois* government under Louis Philippe! "'The gods have only made two things perfect —the woman and the rose.' Amiable saying of a philosopher, whose tribe are not famous for them, and which for that very reason has been preserved, and which for that very reason I have extracted from a journal where it lay among the dry politics, like a flower in the shingle. I am not fond of state matters, in spite of the great interest that attaches to them; because the way in which they are treated makes one despise the men; a feeling that is painful for me: then these great and cold questions have no meaning for me, and I understand nothing where the springs of action are speculation and diplomacy. When his papers come, my father seizes on the debates, and I on the *feuilleton*. It is there that I read the Rose, and Solon's

pretty speech about the flower and us. It is a trifle, a perfume from the East, which has pleased me; a scent-box in a wilderness. It was some pretty Greek who made him say that; or perhaps it is true; how shall I say? Is there any thing to compare with the rose? Is there any thing to compare with the woman? When these two flowers of the earthly paradise appeared, the question must have been asked of God himself which he thought the more beautiful." Almost invariably these playful thoughts end in religion. In the early part of her journal, written when she was quite young, she has a great grief for a sick dog. "My Bijou is so pretty, so winning, so well-bred, so unspeakably dear as coming to me from Lili. A dog is so cheerful, so caressing, so tender, so quite our own. I think I shall cry over it; but it will be here in my room, where all my secrets pass." And she goes on to decide, that she will be justified in praying to God to save it. Similarly, on one occasion, she sees a figure on the wall. "Never have I seen a head more sublime, more divinely sorrowful, with the features attributed to our Saviour. I am struck by it, and admire the effect of my candle behind the handle of a water-jug, whose shadow encircles three flowers on the tapestry, which make up this picture." Among the secular books which composed her little library, Xavier de Maistre seems to have been the only one which at all influenced her style. Competent French judges say that no better has been written by a woman since the days of Mme. de Sévigné. The masculine thought underneath it was probably fed by Corneille, Shakespeare, St. Augustine, Pascal, Bossuet, and Lamennais. After all, a modern lending-library might not have added much to this list. Βαιὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα ought to be the motto of every private collection. Perhaps no better could be found for Eugénie de Guérin's Journal and Letters.

II. *The History of English Nonconformity.* By R. Vaughan, D.D.

Dr. Robert Vaughan is in some sense a representative man; for he is one of the best known, and not the least successful, of those numerous writers who think they are leading opinion when they are following in its wake, and who contrive, with the best intentions, to degrade great truths into very commonplace truisms. No province of literature is more infested by these feeble platitudinarians than the history of the English Puritans. At the beginning of the century no slander was too foolish to be believed against the men who ruled England at nearly the most critical crisis of her fate. The progress of historical investigation, a gradual change in political feeling, and, above all, the publication of Cromwell's Letters, has brought about a revolution in sentiment; and now there is perhaps no one living except the lady writers of high-church novels, who either believes that Cromwell was a brewer, or that Charles was a martyr. This is just the state of things to enlist on the Puritan side the disastrous aid of dull defenders. There is still a certain appearance of boldness in saying, with Dr. Vaughan, "our spiritual forefathers may not have been

perfect, but my impression is, that, take them for all in all, neither the world nor the church has seen such men elsewhere in modern times;" whilst in reality there is no originality or vigour needed for repeating sentiments which, true or false, have become so popular that they may, in all probability, soon appear in copybooks. The natural tendency which impels weak men to crowd and impede the triumph of a great cause has, most unfortunately, in the case of the reaction in favour of Puritanism, been increased by accidental circumstances. English Dissenters, who, for a length of time, let the deeds of their forefathers moulder in oblivion, are now prone enough to plume themselves on the achievements of the men from whom, in a sense, they may trace their own descent, and, as it were, use the tombs of Baxter and Owen as convenient pulpits from whence to harangue in favour of modern voluntaryism. Most unfortunately, the very motives which lead Nonconformists of the nineteenth century to celebrate the history of Nonconformists of the seventeenth century, make it hardly possible that they should tell that history either with dignity or with truth; whilst almost the worst effect of the iniquitous legislation of 1662 has been to take from the Dissenters of 1862 that liberal culture and thorough education which is needed to produce considerable historians. Thus, Dr. Vaughan exhibits throughout his well-meaning volume a certain want of mental cultivation. The subject which he has to treat is one of immense difficulty and immense interest. A writer whose sentences and thoughts had the compression of Gibbon's would find it difficult, in the space of five hundred quarto pages, to give even a clear outline of all those marvellous changes of sentiment and belief involved in the history of English Nonconformity. Dr. Vaughan obviously does not even see the difficulty of his task; for, while writing in a diffuse style, he fills the two first chapters of his work with topics absolutely irrelevant to the matter in hand, and, intending to write on Nonconformity, commits the practical bull of descanting on religious life in the first Christian centuries, and religious life in the Middle Ages, when Nonconformists had no existence. At last he buckles himself to his task, and narrates with considerable detail the story of Puritanism from the death of Elizabeth down to 1662. Much that he says is true, many things that he tells are full of interest; but his truths have all been better stated before; and his facts are known to every one who has paid any attention to the events which preceded and followed the Great Rebellion. Not one new discovery is added by Dr. Vaughan to the stock of information possessed by competent students; not a single new thought is suggested to any thinker who is even moderately acquainted with the historical literature of the last thirty years. The treachery of Charles II., the vices of his mistresses, the irreligion of his bishops, are not, as Dr. Vaughan would appear to think, in any sense facts not generally known. On the controversy between the churchmen who passed the Act of Uniformity and the ministers who thought it a less crime to disobey the Church than to disobey their God, the moral feeling of Englishmen has already pronounced a decision. Few persons now doubt

that a measure which deprived the Establishment of Baxter and of Calamy was not dictated either by care for religion, or by far-sighted views of church-policy. On the points where every liberal-minded man is agreed, Dr. Vaughan says much. Of the points on which the judgment of the most candid and most able critics is still divided, he says little, and that little is not worth saying. No one, for example, can read the details of the Savoy Conference without being struck by the fact that the moral dignity and the controversial ability of the Puritan leaders were at least equalled by the narrowness and intolerance of their opinions; hence it happens that, while Bishop Morley was in heart and intellect infinitely Baxter's inferior, most modern English churchmen feel that on the isolated points at issue Bishop Morley held wiser opinions than the author of the *Saint's Rest*. England would have gained much had the prelates of Charles II.'s court not driven the low-churchmen of their day into dissent; but England would have lost much had Baxter been able to substitute the narrowness of his proposed Liturgy for the comparative breadth of the Prayer-Book. Whence arose the strange paradox, that good men held the opinions of bigots, whilst men whom it would be a compliment to call bigots supported opinions which now command the assent of the best educated amongst good men? Perhaps the question never occurred to Dr. Vaughan; he certainly gives it no answer. Another inquiry he could not entirely blink. That the Puritans held views as to pleasure which are opposed at least to the ordinary feelings of respectable English society is sufficiently apparent; and the question inevitably arises, whether it be the sentiment of the Puritans, or the feeling of modern Englishmen, which is false and unchristian. To answer this question satisfactorily would involve a most profound investigation into the foundations on which the whole Puritan theory of life rested. Dr. Vaughan does not see this, and gives an off-hand reply by quoting one of the least convincing of the many inconclusive arguments put forth by Mr. Kingsley. To urge that modern manners bear more likeness to the habits of the Puritans than the habits of the Cavaliers is, after all, as far as it proves any thing, only a proof of what needs no demonstration; for there is, we suppose, little doubt that whatever the faults even of Cromwell's Ironsides, their moroseness was more akin to religion than was the profligate levity of the bravos and gentlemen who crowded the court of Charles II. After all, the real problem to be solved by any philosophic inquirer into the history of English Nonconformity is,—what were the causes which, in spite of the immense virtues of the Puritans, made Puritanism terminate in failure. Dissenters, perhaps, hardly see how completely their great Nonconformist ancestors did fail in their endeavours; but persons who have no narrow admiration for the Church of England cannot fail to perceive that the decline of the English Nonconformists has equalled, and not been altogether unlike, the decline of the French Protestants. In both cases a religious party, which at one time held commanding influence in their respective countries, has sunk into the position of uninfluential sects. As regards the English Puritans it is

clear that before the Act of Uniformity their power was on the wane. Baxter, Calamy, and Owen were the surviving heroes of a great age; they left no successors; and perhaps the most important, though doubtless the least agreeable, labour which falls to the lot of the historian of Nonconformity is to form a careful estimate and account of the alterations in the character of English dissent after the Revolution of 1688.

Dr. Vaughan shirks this part of his subject. Having in the earlier part of his book tried to undertake a task which did not fall to his share, in the latter portion of his history he utterly neglects his appropriate work. Some few pages, stuffed with sentiments about the progress of religious liberty, are made to do duty for what should be a most important chapter in the annals of religious opinion. The meagreness of our author's concluding remarks at once saves them from criticism, and proves him unfit for the work he has undertaken. If his faults were peculiar to himself, they might be left unnoticed and unreproved; but his platitudes, his truisms, and his wordiness, are characteristics of a whole school of writers whose amiable respectability and want of originality too often saves them from criticism. But critics are occasionally called upon to do summary justice on literary offenders; and it is time that worthy gentlemen who do no harm as long as they confine their literary activity to writing sermons, or to composing biographies of their equally worthy friends, should learn that they do offend, and that grievously, when they meddle with subjects which require for their proper treatment immense learning, and even greater powers of imagination and force of intellect.

III. *Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland.* By Thomas Duffus Hardy. Vol. I., Parts 1 and 2. Longman.

Giraldi Cambrensis Opera. Vol. II. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Brewer. Longman.

Royal and other Historical Letters illustrative of the Reign of Henry III. Selected and edited by the Rev. W. W. Shirley.

It is not often that three books of such singular and varied excellence as the three we have mentioned above can be looked for—within the space of three months—in a series naturally so unequal as the edition of our popular records must be. Mr. Duffus Hardy's *Catalogue* is a monument of learning, which perhaps no other scholar in England could have produced. The historian now sees before him the full extent of those various sources of history,—legends, chronicles, or letters, as the case may be,—merely to discover which might well tax the whole labours of a life-time. Our knowledge of the broad outlines of history, of the succession and interdependence of events, will not be materially affected by this publication, as the most reliable chronicles and the most important extracts from obscurer works are already familiar to the antiquarian. But

our knowledge of the household life of our ancestors, of their mechanical arts and appliances, of the practical working of their laws and customs, may easily be trebled and quadrupled by those who will explore where Mr. Hardy points. What can be more curious, for instance, than the notion of artificial hands and feet, in Anglo-Saxon times? Or more valuable than to trace the progress of the sea-banks, which have wrested so much of England from salt-water?

Mr. Brewer's book is of a widely different kind. The *Gemma Ecclesiastica* of Giraldus Cambrensis was "the whole duty of a priest" in the Middle Ages; a manual of practice by an archdeacon of the twelfth century. Written with an especial eye to Wales, it probably paints the Church in somewhat blacker colours than were deserved for other parts. Written for and presented to no less a pope than Innocent III., it may be taken as a fair view of that clerical tone which is quite distinct from formularies of faith; and it is thus an invaluable supplement to the decrees of synods. The peculiar character of the author, garrulous, boastful, and quarrelsome, fond of good stories and apt illustrations, makes the book more like a private journal than a grave treatise on divinity. Here we read of a prelate who scandalises the faithful of England by carrying a nun about with him, presumably, of course, for the sake of devout conversation only, but in unwise disregard of St. Paul's conduct toward Thecla. In another passage we come on the trace of one of those biblical superstitions which were so common in the Middle Ages; the first chapter of St. John's Gospel being read aloud by the priest, as a charm against ghosts. Luther mentions in his *Table-Talk*, that the same practice prevailed in Germany, as a preservative from thunderstorms, probably from some confusion of ideas with the name of "the Son of Thunder." The scepticism of the twelfth century,—when a certain Master Simon, of Tournay, ventured to ask publicly, "How long shall this superstitious sect of Christians and this modern invention endure?"—is curiously contrasted with the mercy of the early Church, which allowed absolution, as Giraldus tells us, to the most hardened sinner on his death-bed, if he expressed a wish for it, or—in case of his severe illness—if his friends testified to his desire. On the other hand, the stories of priests who commit the worst crimes, sometimes in the most sacred places, would delight Exeter Hall. One narrative of a miraculous judgment on an offender of this sort reads extremely like a case of spontaneous combustion, recorded at a time when there were no theories on the subject (p. 253).

Mr. Shirley's selection of letters illustrative of the reign of Henry III. takes us through the interesting period that succeeded the first confirmation of Magna Charta, when the land was distracted between the aliens who were still powerful in it, the nobles who enjoyed a brief period of anarchy, and the papal legate who was scheming to make himself regent of the kingdom, under the colourable pretext of guardianship to a minor and the son of a vassal. It is strange to think that we were once, through John's baseness, in a fair way to be a State of the Church. The vigour of our governors, the great

earl marshal, Hubert de Burgh, and Stephen Langton, represented the nation worthily, and saved us. Particularly instructive notices of private war will be found in this volume. Every antiquarian has felt certain that it was a constant form of disorder in the Middle Ages; but hitherto it has been easier to find instances where it was punished or repressed, than where it ran its course unchecked. Ordericus Vitalis speaks of it as almost unknown. Mr. Austen could only find three instances, and in one of those the offenders were brought to justice. The early letters which Mr. Shirley gives are rich in allusions to it as an habitual abuse. The volume has been carefully edited; and its successor, taking us through the Barons' War, will probably be among the most important publications of the Record Commission.

IV. *A Manual of English Literature, historical and critical. With an Appendix on English Metres.* By Thomas Arnold, B.A., formerly Scholar of University College, Oxford, and late Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Ireland. London: Longmans, 1862.

It is much to be regretted that we have no history of English literature equal to the interest of the subject and the wants of the student. Our age has produced historical works of vast research and able criticism; unfortunately English literature is not their subject matter. With the single exception of Hallam, no writer of preëminence has handled the subject; a proof of the firm hold which the Greek and Latin Classics retain, but a fact which cannot be regarded with complacency. There are some indications that the reproach will not long continue. The help given to the study of our early and heretofore unknown writers by the publications of the Master of the Rolls, and the general conviction that law and modern history ought to form part of all liberal education, will cause the want to be supplied. The subject is a grand one, and why it should have escaped our living historians, who are no less profoundly read in modern than in ancient literature, is not easy to understand. Of one class of books there is no lack, — of "guide-books," "hand-books," "compendiums," "courses," "readings," and "manuals;" to which class we may apply the words of Lord Bacon, "The opinion of plenty is among the causes of want, and the great quantity of books maketh a show rather of superfluity than of lack; which surcharge nevertheless is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books, which as the serpent of Moses might devour the serpents of the enchanters." We would not undervalue the usefulness of a book because it is elementary. Elementary books are in some sort a necessary evil. Every science has its outlines and framework, and it helps the student greatly when these are correctly drawn.

Mr. Arnold's book is a great improvement on any previous one with which we are acquainted. It is scholarly and accurate, bearing

traces of careful thought and reading; and it makes us regret that it is only what it pretends to be, "a manual." For we want more than this. We want a history in which the progress and succession of thought, the connexion between our civil history and literature, the growth of that literature from the first dawn to the latest development, the deep searching questions which produced it and of which it is the utterance, should be fully and carefully examined.

There are some distinct features in our literature, a right understanding of which is indispensable to the study of it, and which such a work would bring prominently forward. We refer, first of all, to the various foreign sources from which so much of it, in all that pertains to form and expression, is derived. In geographical position, in national institutions, in social life, in individual character, we are a most insular people; but our literature is least insular; as though in the sphere of thought the lines which separate nation from nation were unknown, and one purpose and inspiration made all men kin. It is not too much to say that our four great schools of poetry, of which Chaucer; Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton; Pope; Scott and Wordsworth are representatives, followed and were formed upon the parallel schools of Italy, France, and Germany. Nor does this fact, which we take to be the starting-point of all criticism, lessen the glory and greatness of our poets. In Chaucer these foreign influences are most plainly manifest. His earlier poems (*The Assembly of Foules, The Flower and the Leaf, The Court of Love, Chaucer's Dreme, Romaunce of the Rose*) represent the Provençal and French Trouvères schools; his later and more memorable works (*The Canterbury Tales, Troylus and Cresside*) owe their subject matter to the masterpieces of Italian literature of the fourteenth century. But the glory of Chaucer is not dimmed because the stores of antiquity were opened to him by Italian students. If he drew the outline from "the Laureat Poete," or from Boccaccio, it was out of the rich fulness of his own genius and observation that he filled up the picture with the manners, deeds, and passions of his countrymen. He was not less an English poet because he had learned all that the poets of his time could teach him; indeed, he had read, as few men have done since, the very hearts and lives of Englishmen.

Italian influences are no less apparent in the second great period of English poetry, which begins with Surrey and Wyat and culminates in Milton. Puttenham in his *Art of Poesie*, 1589, says of the two former in a well-known passage quoted by Hallam (*Literary History*, i. 430, fifth edition), that "having travailed into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had bene before." Educated Italians to whom Shakespeare and Milton are as familiar as their own poets, would readily admit that in the higher gifts of imagination and truth to nature the English poets are more than equal to their own. The melody of the noble Tuscan, without diminishing the vigour, smoothed

the roughness of a tongue destined to utter truths that would speak to the hearts of Italians, as well as of Englishmen, for all time.

It is well known how strongly French influences acted upon the poets of the Restoration and the time immediately following, and how the revival of German literature in Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, contributed to awaken that more natural and truer poetry which belongs to our century. Each one of these four periods is marked with its own distinctive character, can boast of its own excellences, is necessary to complete what without it would be wanting to the *ensemble* of English poetry. The freshness and simplicity of the first, the strong national and yet no less universal interest of the second, the elaborate skill and polish of the third, and the high aim and aspirations of the last, could ill be spared from our literature. Nor ought we to omit the influence exercised by the Neapolitan Marini* over many of our poets, *e. g.* Donne, Cowley, and Waller. It is Milton's praise to have been unaffected by his and their example. He is eminently free from the borrowed conceits, whimsical comparisons, "poetical punning, and research," which disfigure the best pieces of his contemporaries.

We think that a history of English literature should examine the causes of the periodical character of that literature. Why, *e. g.* is there such a void between Chaucer and Spenser? In that long time, no work appeared worthy to be compared with what preceded and followed, and the absence of which would be missed by any but professional students. It is instructive to find the same void in Italian literature. Sismondi (*Histoire des Republiques Italiennes*, vol. viii. c. lvii. p. 5) observes of the Italian literature which rose and set with the fourteenth century, that all at once the Muses are silent, and at the close of the century not one genius remained to do honour to his mother tongue, which seemed already exhausted, and to need a century of repose, before being employed upon new creations. "L'antiquité avait été découverte; et, dans un saint respect pour elle, on avait voulu lui faire occuper la place du temps présent: l'étude des langues mortes avait tout-à-coup suspendu la vie chez cette nation, si prompte à prendre des formes nouvelles." The wars with France, followed by the swift retribution of our thirty years' civil war, partly explain the silence of the fifteenth century in England. The shaking of men's minds, by the innovating spirit in politics and religion, which called forth the Reformation, the changing of the old order of received opinions concerning the ground on which truth rested and the authority on which it was to be received breathed new life into the first half of the sixteenth century; but it was not a life which spent itself upon literature. Again, the opening of the treasures of Greek literature and the new and engrossing study of ancient authors tended to overlay, rather than to quicken, for a time at least, original thought. Mr. Arnold has rightly called the fifteenth century a time of active preparation

* "The celebrated innovator on classic Italian taste, who first seduced the poets of the seventeenth century into that laboured and affected style, which his own richness and vivacity of imagination were so well calculated to recommend," as Sismondi (*Literature of the S. of Europe*, Roscoe, vol. ii. 262) describes him.

in every country of Europe, and "the first two-thirds of the sixteenth century fall under the same description." England was behind France and Italy in the extent of her knowledge of antiquity. She needed to meditate, to assimilate to herself what had become the world's literary possession. The arrival and great outburst of her literature could not fail to follow the discussion and settlement, at least for that generation, of the more serious questions concerning faith and righteousness.

Another feature of our literary history equally claims attention. None of our great poets stands alone. Each one is the sun of a poetic system. Chaucer was surrounded with Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, whose lesser light has been obscured, if not quenched, for posterity by the greater light of his. But no age is so remarkable for the number of its choice and master spirits as that between 1590 and 1620—the age which saw the publication of the *Faerie Queene*, the plays of Shakespeare, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's *Essays*. There is another great gathering in the reign of Anne. Pope, Swift, Dryden, Steele, and Addison make up one, however divided, household.

Mr. Arnold has not overlooked these features of our history: we think he has hardly given them sufficient attention. Some passages of his manual we have found faulty and incomplete. In his review of the Norman period, he comes across the venerable Anselm, and he is scarcely just to him. Whether Anselm founded scholasticism or not, whether his method of reasoning originated with himself or not, he was unquestionably the first great theologian of the medieval church, the first who opened the door of inquiry, and who tried to prove as a logician truths which he loved and believed as a Christian. His theories to explain the Atonement, the Trinity, and the existence of God, survive to this day, and in some systems of theology have been incorporated with Christianity itself. It is strange that Mr. Arnold does not even mention Anselm's striking thought, that the fact of our being able to conceive the existence of God is the sure proof of his existence: the thought which, "with no knowledge of its medieval origin, forced itself on Descartes, was reasserted by Leibnitz, if not rejected, was thought insufficient by Kant, revived in another form by Schelling and by Hegel, latterly has been discussed with singular fulness and originality by M. de Rémusat" (Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, iii. 250, second edition, 1857).

Mr. Arnold depreciates the literary worth of Wycliffe's writings. "Wycliffe cannot be said to have contributed to the progress of our literature, or aided to polish our language." If Mr. Arnold will compare Wycliffe's translation of the 21st chapter of St. Luke with that of our Authorised Version (to the *literary* excellence of which Version Mr. Arnold cannot be insensible, although in a manual of English literature he has passed it by without even a notice), he will find how great is the likeness between the language of the one and that of the other, how much the one is indebted to the other. Some critics will perhaps detect in Mr. Arnold's book an undercurrent of disesteem towards the great Anglican divines. We shall only complain that Mr. Arnold is content

with merely classing the first book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* "among contributions to moral and political science." Surely in any review, however cursory, more should have been said than this of a work which, in the judgment of so learned and impartial a writer as Hallam, marked an era in English literature.

Mr. Arnold's longest and best criticism is upon Milton's *Paradise Lost.* He is not wanting in admiration for the poet, holding with Johnson that whatever diminishes the reputation of Milton diminishes in some degree the honour of our country. He questions the fitness of the subject for an epic poem, without disputing the universal Christian interest which belongs to it, and its superiority in this respect to the subjects of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Jerusalem Delivered.* His criticism is sound, that the subject of an epic poem should admit of expansion and amplification, and that Milton's subject does not allow this liberty. Few critics will doubt that the episode of the revolt and war in heaven, however beautiful in itself, is the weak side of *Paradise Lost.* The images of the heavenly are all of earth and material; in strong contrast to the Paradiso of the great Italian, who needed for his description of the heavenly state "only the three ideas of light, music, and motion." We dissent from Mr. Arnold's view of the unscripturalness and inconsistency of Milton's conception of Satan. In Scripture the "archangel ruined" is no less an angel of light in semblance, than the father of lies in reality. Nor does Milton's image of a being consumed with selfishness and pride and dragging himself and others down to ruin rather than submit to the restraints of divine law inadequately represent the principle and essence of evil. We have as little sympathy as Mr. Arnold with Milton's peculiar theology; but we think it unfair to charge him with describing man as falling from his happy state, "in a sort of helpless predestined manner." The poet rises above the narrow system of Puritan doctrine in asserting the free action of the human will, as though, without that first truth of morality and religion, he could not justify the ways of God to man (cf. *Paradise Lost,* Book v. 230-245, viii. 635-643). If it be true that Eve is "a soft yielding fascinating being, who, with all her attractions, is in moral and intellectual things rather a hindrance than a help to her nobler consort," the deep corruption of the female character when Milton lived, as well as his own domestic unhappiness, explains the defect. It required two centuries of social progress to bridge over the wide difference between the Eve of Milton and the ideal of the *Princess.*

Lastly, Mr. Arnold seems to waver between the authority of Anthony Wood and Roger Ascham, as to the effect of the Reformation upon learning in England. The destruction of the Mss. of the library of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester by Edward's commissioners, and the falling-off in the number of students at both Universities, are set against Roger Ascham's testimony to the state of things under Bonner and Gardiner.* The gist of the question hardly lies here. Plato,

* "St John's stood in this state until those heavy times, and that grievous change, that chanced anno 1553, when more perfect scholars were dispersed from

Aristotle, Tully, and Demosthenes might be as little fruitful to the student as medieval schoolmen. It was the principle which the reformers proclaimed of the right and duty of inquiry which unclasped the fetters of the mind; not whether such or such authors should be taken as models, systematised, and servilely followed. In this sense, and in this alone, the Reformation acted upon thought and literature, and with little intention called into life that critical study of the Scriptures which is now so powerfully affecting every one of us.

V. *The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier, taken from his own Correspondence; with a Sketch of the general Results of Roman Catholic Missions among the Heathen.* By Henry Venn, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. London: Longman and Co.

"It forms no part of the scope of these pages," says Mr. Venn, "to describe at length the successes of Protestant missions;" yet such a work would have been far more worthy of the labour he has lavished on this. Notwithstanding "the taunts of the Romanist writers," the apostolic life and labours of Xavier would have been better used as an incentive to emulation than as the subject of more than three hundred pages of not very successful disparagement. Any preëminence which can be asserted for the cause which he has at heart, by a carping criticism of its rivals, affords at best but a sorry triumph. The fact is, that Mr. Venn's position, as secretary of the Church Missionary Society, effectually prevented him from having the smallest sympathy with the man whose missionary enterprise he has undertaken to record. His book is rather a critique than a biography. It is a statement of such facts only as he finds mentioned in Xavier's own letters, while he rejects *in toto* the authority of all previous biographies. As to the more modern compilations, he may probably be right; but it is surely hard measure with respect to Acosta's work, which was published just twenty-one years after Xavier's death, and that of Tursellinus, which appeared only twenty-three years later. The contradictions, however, between their narratives and Xavier's letters, their "loose statements," and "geographical mistakes," have, it seems, destroyed all Mr. Venn's confidence in their "competency or fidelity;" an adoption of the sweeping critical canon which Dr. Colenso has applied to the Pentateuch, which was scarcely to be expected from such a quarter. Once apprised, however, of the system on which he has proceeded, his work is not undeserving of praise. Cold and almost unfriendly in tone, it

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thence in one month than many years can rear up again. For when the *Boar of the Wood* (Aper de Silva, Psalm lxxx. 13) had passed the seas, and fastened his foot again in England, not only the two fair groves of learning in England were either cut up by the root, or trodden down to the ground, and wholly went to wrack, but the young spring there, and every where else, was pitifully nipt and over-trodden by very beasts, and also the fairest standers of all were rooted up and cast into the fire, to the great weakening, even at this day, of Christ's Church in England, both for religion and learning" (*The Schoolmaster*, by R. Ascham: Upton's edition, 1743, pp. 177-179)

nevertheless affords evidence that the writer has tried to be just, and the failure must be attributed to the habits of thought which his position has imposed on him. The statements of fact are, so far as we can see, always to be relied on, and the style is marked by a certain scholarly sobriety of tone. The book, in short, gives us only the skeleton of the great Romish missionary; but the dry bones are all there, and are accurately arranged with anatomical precision. For every thing that gives fulness, warmth, or life to the human figure the reader must seek elsewhere.

Francis Xavier was born in 1506, at the castle of Xavier, in the Spanish province of Navarre. His family was of the highest nobility, but poor; and he endured considerable privation while studying at the University of Paris, where he graduated and delivered lectures on the Aristotelian philosophy. In the first of his letters which has been preserved, written at the age of twenty-nine, he speaks with the warmest gratitude of the exertions of Ignatius Loyola to extricate him, not only from his pecuniary straits, but from his "familiarity with men breathing out heresy." This seems a rather narrow foundation on which to build a claim for the influence on Xavier's future life of his "early acquaintance with Protestant truth." At all events, it did not prevent him from being one of the seven who, on the feast of the Assumption 1534, founded the famous order of Jesus. It was not, however, till 1540 that they obtained ecclesiastical incorporation from Pope Paul III. The interval had enabled Xavier to obtain some celebrity for his voluntary austerities; and when John III., king of Portugal, proposed to intrust to the new order a mission to the Indies, Loyola, who had at first proposed to send two brethren who were both struck down by fever, finally consented to part with his friend. On the journey to Lisbon a man in his company was carried down by a torrent they were crossing, and was only saved by what Xavier calls "a manifest miracle." Mr. Venn, on the contrary, considers that it was only "a providential deliverance;" a distinction eminently in keeping with his general tone. Either expression is open to criticism; but it is surely unjust to blame Xavier because he used the language by which his own church expresses thankfulness for God's remarkable mercies, instead of that which would recommend itself to a Protestant. Xavier passed by the castle of his ancestors without stopping even to embrace the venerable mother whom he had not seen for sixteen years, and was never again to behold in this world. He rejected the prudent counsels by which his relatives would have arrested his departure; and after spending ten impatient months in preparation, he at length, backed by all the authority of the King of Portugal, then the ruling power of the East, and strengthened by four papal briefs, set sail from Lisbon, in the vessel which carried the new viceroy, on the 7th April 1541, having just completed his thirty-fifth year.

After a weary voyage of eleven months they reached Goa, the capital of the Portuguese settlements in the East, and Xavier found himself forthwith engaged in labours not less arduous than any which

could have fallen to him among the heathen. In all ages, a cathedral town, a garrison town, and a seaport, have been the chosen seats of vice. Goa was all three; and the character of the population, consisting moreover mostly of men who were eager to make a rapid fortune, and who heartily despised the natives, was an insuperable obstacle to missionary success. Accordingly, after five months spent in preaching, catechising, hearing confessions, and visiting the sick, Xavier started for the pearl-fisheries east of Cape Comorin. To this population Christianity was not quite a novelty. Delivered from Saracen oppression by the arms of a previous viceroy, a Franciscan named Michael Vass had converted many of them. Xavier took with him some natives capable of acting as interpreters, and in the first place had the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Decalogue translated into their dialect. Then daily summoning them together by a bell, he recited these formularies till his hearers knew them by heart. On the Sunday he commented, through the medium of his interpreters, on the several articles of the Creed and Commandments, and afterwards delivered an exhortation explaining the necessity of a Christian life. Then followed the baptism of such as he deemed sufficiently instructed. Xavier himself tells us, that he had baptised a whole village in one day till his hands failed him with fatigue. Mr. Venn points out the worldly advantages offered to the converts, and that Xavier's ignorance of the native tongue makes it only too probable that they were but insufficiently instructed, and reduces, in his own opinion, the multitude of conversions "from something which sounded very grand to that which is very small." Doubtless great reductions must be made. Holding the Roman faith, Xavier baptised infant children with the eagerness of zeal; of the mass of his older converts the Christianity, perhaps, was little more than nominal; but enough will still remain to justify his fame. For the admission of converts to baptism in a very early stage of their novitiate, he might plead apostolical example (Acts ii. 41); and he openly avows, that he relies rather on the influence of character than of precept. Nor has any one ever alleged that he failed in this part of his duty. At one time defending the natives from Portuguese oppression, at another bringing succour to the Christians of Cape Comorin, who had suffered from an inroad of the army which collected the tribute of the King of Bisnaghur, he was always ready to spend and be spent. But his ardent spirit was already longing for fresh fields of labour. Armed with all the influence which the King of Portugal could give, it was for him to be the pioneer of Christianity, to lay the foundations on which others might build, and set an example of enterprise which had as yet been wanting to the church. For a moment it seemed that an opening would be made for him in Ceylon. The King of Jaffnapatam had massacred the Christian converts of the Isle of Manaar, and the viceroy fitted out an expedition against him. There was, as there always is in India, a pretender to the throne, who professed himself willing to embrace Christianity if the viceroy would espouse his cause. Xavier hoped much from this expedition, which

Mr. Venn stigmatises as a relying on the arm of flesh, and an instigating of "a hostile and murderous expedition for the advancement of true religion." If Cromwell had been obliged to resort to arms to stop the persecution of the Vaudois, would Mr. Venn have called that a hostile and murderous expedition? Surely the fact that men can only embrace Christianity at the risk of their lives is a hindrance to the Gospel, and Xavier might not unjustifiably desire its removal, even by force. His desires, however, were not destined to be granted. The expedition proved abortive, and he set sail for Malacca. During the next fifteen months he went the round of the Portuguese settlements. From Malacca to Amboyna, from Amboyna to the Moluccas, he spied out the land, summoning his brethren to his aid wherever he saw a promise of a fruitful field. He even passed on to the barbarous islands to the north of the Moluccas, where, save a doubtful tradition of a priest who had made many converts, and died among them, no Christian teacher had hitherto penetrated. Here he sojourned three months, and then returned by the same route to India. His ignorance of the native languages of course prevented him from making many converts. His tour was rather one of inspection, but it also enabled him to visit and confirm the existing Christian communities. Indeed, the hostile criticisms which have been passed on Xavier are almost all founded on the fundamental error of regarding him rather as a missionary than as a director of missions. Other less impetuous souls were better fitted for the slow toil of perfecting the Christian character. It was not for this that he had been chosen by Loyola, made papal nuncio, and almost the *alter ego* of the Portuguese monarch. His part was rather to make the first impression on the obdurate hearts of the heathen, to bring them by the spectacle of his zeal, courage, and self-denial, to submit themselves to teaching, to select the spots most favourable for the exertions of his followers; and by his letters to encourage their fainting souls, soothe them in their vexations, and guide them in their toils. In the discharge of these duties he now spent some months. But after eight years, the terrible truth had impressed itself on his mind, that any rapid and remarkable adoption of the Christian faith was not to be expected where the natives were brought in contact with European civilisation. Nothing could outweigh the effect produced by the contrast between the doctrine and practice of Christians. So convinced was he of this, that he even recommended the King of Portugal to hold his lay governors responsible for the failure of the missionaries. For himself, he determined to seek a field as yet unvisited by Europeans. He handed over the government of his order in the East to Fathers Camerti and Gomez, and embarked for Japan.

The result of this enterprise certainly justified him in the above reasoning. Whatever the spirit of detraction may insinuate, a mission which after three generations numbered 37,000 converts, who mostly sealed their faith by the endurance of martyrdom, is a crown of glory to its founder. No doubt Xavier enjoyed some advantages. One Auger, a Japanese driven from his country, by what he himself

calls "the rage of his enemies," was converted by a Portuguese captain. In Xavier's hands he became an instrument of priceless value, and in a few months mastered Portuguese, became a zealous Christian, and even translated the Gospel of St. Matthew into his native tongue. Besides Anger, Xavier took with him a Jesuit named Cosmo Turrianus, who seems to have been admirably suited for the work, and three servants, one a Portuguese, one a Japanese, and the other a Chinaman. It is not necessary to pursue the details of their labours. Xavier himself remained in Japan rather more than two years, and penetrated as far as Miako, the capital. The first object to which he devoted himself was always to conciliate the ruler of the district. This also was "a relying on the arm of flesh;" but it is obvious that people must be induced to listen before they can be persuaded, and that if listening is a capital crime, hearers will not be plentiful. Xavier and his companions, moreover, could have made no converts after they were dead; and his negotiations with the temporal power seem to have been directed towards the not unreasonable end of securing liberty to preach at a smaller risk than that of life itself. The other old taunt, that he knew but little Japanese, and therefore could not himself have converted many, rests after all on Xavier's own self-disparagement; and he was not the man to exaggerate his own doings. Mr. Venn's assertion, that he failed "to acquire any native languages, whether from inability or from undervaluing the means of preaching the Word of God," is as extravagant as the Romish assertion that he had the gift of tongues, and the last words contain a sneer which is worthy of Gibbon. If he did fail to acquire any native language, he abundantly earned the right to have his shortcomings liberally construed; and the doubt whether he may not have undervalued preaching so far as to make no adequate effort to learn, is contradicted by the whole tenor of his life. That he had no aptitude for such studies is probably true, that he never spoke any native language fluently is also probably true; but to suppose that in two years he could not master the Japanese tongue sufficiently to make himself understood, is to suppose him duller than every lad who passes the examination of the civil-service commissioners. As soon as his mission was firmly established, Xavier returned to Goa to resume the care of all the churches. His arrival was none too soon. Dissension and misgovernment were already at work, and three months were consumed in the thankless task of restoring order. But his soul was bent already on opening China to the faith. The Viceroy of India furnished him with a vessel and her outfit, and he determined to seek a personal interview with the Emperor of China. At Malacca the governor seized the vessel and forbad the embassy. But Xavier was not to be deterred. With chagrin and indignation gnawing at his soul, he embarked alone in a merchant vessel, and arrived safely at Sancian, a small sandy island off the port of Canton. A bribe of 300*l.* failed to procure him so much as entrance into the inhospitable land. A fever seized on him. Without even a priest to administer the last rites of his church, he lay in a wretched hovel on the shore. Some Portuguese merchants entering the cabin on the

2d Dec. 1552, found him in the agonies of dissolution, and hastily buried him where he died. Two years later his body was removed to Goa, and sumptuously enshrined in the chapel of his order.

Of Mr. Venn's performance we have not been able to speak favourably; yet he has impressed us with the notion that he would have been just if he could. He concedes to Xavier a clear intellect, a magnanimous spirit, self-abasement, and condescension towards others, and a compassionate and loving heart. He points out five great missionary endowments in him,—energy in his calling, boldness, sympathy for his fellow-labourers, zeal as a peace-maker, and fulness and frequency in his letters to the church at home. But Mr. Venn was bound to show that Romanist opinions were not compatible with sound missionary enterprise; and the necessity has driven him into a series of miserable cavils. But the result may serve to prove that the inordinate admiration for their heroes which commonly affects biographers, and under the name of the *lues Boswelliana* has attained to the rank of a distinct disease, is not the only or the greatest danger which threatens them. A biographer requires, first, sympathy with the character and principles of the subject of his book; and, secondly, a clear head and cool judgment to hold the balance rightly and secure the interests of truth. The want of the latter quality may reduce his work to the level of a panegyric; but the want of the former degrades it into a *caput mortuum*.

VI. *A Lenten Journey in Umbria and the Marches.* By Thos. Adolphus Trollope, author of "A Ramble in Brittany," "A Summer in Western France," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

The subject of Mr. Trollope's book will secure attention to it. Notwithstanding much travel and the making many books, it is strange how large a part of Italy is really unknown. Tourists hurry from one capital to another, passing by on the other side the cities which lie between; and more curious travellers are often deterred by reports of the insecurity and badness of the roads from leaving the beaten track. Of the thousands of Englishmen who visit South Italy, not ten yearly turn off from the high road between Rome and Naples to explore the Molise district, with its vast Matese mountain-chain, or to gain from the top of Mileto the unrivalled view of the Apennines, with their spurs reaching from sea to sea. Yet this district which contains the ruins of Alifæ and Bovianum and has Campobasso for its capital, is within an easy day of Naples.

Mr. Trollope has many qualifications for a good guide through the less known parts of Italy. He is well acquainted with the Italian language and literature; he has a hearty sympathy with the present hopes of her people. Generally he is cautious in forming and giving opinions, unless where some lying wonder rouses a just indignation, and hatred of the Roman system gets the better of him. His Italian studies are also in the right direction. It is time to say that no knowledge of ancient Italy can make up for ignorance of medieval

Italy. In many questions which concern our history and institutions, the latter will help us much, where the former is necessarily silent. Larger acquaintance with Italian topography will clear up doubtful points of Roman military history; the examination of old sites and monuments will set many antiquarian questions at rest; and happily there are learned Germans and Danes ready for the work. But there are few Englishmen who will not say with Mr. T. A. Trollope: "To me the traces and memorials of the times when that civilisation of which our own is the immediate successor and heir grew up and flourished and died, are even more interesting than the remains of a social system immeasurably more distant than our own. And I turned from the anxious speculations of the gentlemen who are hoping to discover enough of the foundations of the Eugubian Roman theatre to enable them to prove that it was exactly like all the other Roman theatres in its arrangements, to look with much livelier interest on a work executed by the free medieval burghers of Gubbio, for the more effectual prosecution of the various industries, especially that of cloth-weaving and dyeing, which produced the 'money power' that so much astonished the monk of a subsequent age" (p. 91).

Mr. Trollope visited the cities of Città di Castello, Gubbio, Assisi, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo, Loreto, Recanati, and Ancona. There is a more or less striking likeness in the fortunes of most of these cities. Once "free" self-governed communities, they sank gradually under a tyranny, "il governo di un solo." The citizens, harassed by civil feuds, preferred that one man should have the rule over them rather than endure the oppressions of the few. And when this tyranny became intolerable by reason of its licentiousness and cruelty, they asked for the protection and government of Rome. The result is instructive. The turbulence of a tyranny was less hurtful to prosperity than priestly rule. The sources of life were checked by the one, they were poisoned under the other. The splendid palaces, the stability and taste of private dwellings, all the signs of a widely-spread prosperity belong, not to the last 300 years of papal government, but to previous times. The blood runs cold on reading the well-authenticated details of judicial murder committed by the ecclesiastical authorities at Fermo in 1854. If such cases were common, and all testimony agrees that they were, Mr. Trollope may well say that the rule of an Oliveretto were preferable. We wish Mr. Trollope had stated more fully the working of those changes which have followed the incorporation of Umbria into the Italian kingdom. We learn that the expulsion of the monks under the Provisional Governor Pepoli has caused some discontent, but not the discontent which reactionists affirm and desire. People complain that the monks who gave away doles to the poor at the convent gates have been ejected because of their large possessions, while the mendicant friars who live on the scanty means of the rural population are suffered to remain, because they have no possessions to lose. The feeling is, that the one should have been done and not the other left undone.

Mr. Trollope surveys at some length Assisi and Loreto. He does

not care to describe that memorable church, long the wonder of Christendom, built to the memory of St. Francis and adorned by Cimabue, Giunto, and Giotto. And his minute account of Loreto will not stand comparison with the eloquent narrative of the author of *Sinai and Palestine*. Some omissions have surprised us. There is no notice of the celebrated Tabulæ Eugubinæ which were found not far from Gubbio, and we believe are still to be seen there; no mention of Recanati as the birthplace of Leopardi; no reference to the siege of Ancona in the twelfth century by the forces of Frederick Barbarossa, and its heroic defence. Mr. Trollope intends his book to be of permanent use. If he had given us a clear history of one of these ancient cities, as told by the chroniclers and local historians (whom it is his great merit to appreciate), and if he had omitted some of the lesser incidents of his journey, which, however noteworthy to himself, are somewhat tedious to the reader, his book would have been quite as entertaining and much more instructive.

VII. *Mr. Worsley's Translation of the Odyssey of Homer.* Books xiii.-xxiv.

This is the second and last instalment of Mr. Worsley's beautiful poem. Beautiful in many parts it is—and *his* poem we may call it; for it is certainly not Homer. Judging by the paroxysm of the translation fever which has of very late years set in, we may fairly augur that we have not seen the last of the attempts which will, very usefully perhaps, yet be made to present Homer to a classical public in every variety of attire. The learned and intricate sublimity of Milton; the shrewd, sweet, limping gossip of Chaucer; the wreathed, romantic fancies of Spenser,—all in turn find their eager advocates as the proper English dress in which to introduce the actual old bard to those who have heard so much about him. In every garb but his own, however, —even Mr. Worsley's,—he looks "translated" indeed. It may be said that the metre of any English poet is something quite independent of his language and imagery. We cannot think so. It appears to us, on mature reflection, that given any language and a certain metre, the use of that metre will exercise a sort of magnetic attraction over that portion of the language, and those combinations of it, with which the metre has most affinity. The poet may fancy he controls the metre; but the metre controls him. A metre is an instrument, in the use of which the poet or translator can use his free will only up to a certain point. The water he draws from the Castalian spring will irresistibly, for the time, take the form of the pitcher he employs. When the English language is poured into the hexametral mould, there is a certain general moral and intellectual form, which it is already predetermined to take, wholly independent of the efforts of the writer at any given points of his composition. If he press it here, it will bulge out there; and so on. This being the case, that prevailing moral and intellectual colour and form which the English language takes in the hexameter, may be, and generally will be, something wholly and generically differ-

ent from the necessary colour and form of another language in the same metre. As a matter of fact, the old Greek hexameter and the English hexameter differ fundamentally in their whole spirit and effect. It is impossible, we think, for any person not the translator to look at the practical effect of the English hexameter in any given number of lines, together or singly, purporting to translate Homer, and not to feel that the total result, independently of scholarship, is not in the least Homeric, but something essentially alien to it—something less homely, less simple, less gleaming, sunny, and distinct, but more prismatic, and inevitably charged with a pseudo-romantic effect which is most of all un-Homeric. It is not that the ideas of Homer may not be partially at least reproduced. It is, that the combination of English words in that metre gives rise at every step to a sidelong moral colour and association, compounded of the sense and the music, which is essentially English, and different from the peculiar collateral associations awakened by the same ideas in the same metre in Greek. And what is true of the hexameter is true of every other metre in different degrees. Each conjures up a moral mirage of its own. Thus, generally, we may say that each particular metre, viewed as a medium of translation, is accompanied by a certain prismatic colouring inseparable from that metre, but different from the prismatic colouring which also would necessarily accompany the use of any other. Mr. Worsley quotes, as the very best and Homeric hexameters that he has yet seen, two of Mr. Arnold's lines:

> "But let me lie dead, with the dark earth mounded above me,
> Ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity told of!"

Very possibly they may be the best. But they are not Homer. Nor is Dr. Hawtrey's beautiful line,—

> "Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;"

nor this of Mr. Kingsley,—

> "As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally crested."

though all are unquestionably beautiful in their way.

In truth, not only has the English hexameter "a plunging and floundering" effect, which, contrary to Mr. Worsley, we hold to be inseparable from it—not merely accidental—but the very genius of the English language, when forced into hexameter, seems to involve a certain mouthing tenderness, a fluffy, particoloured sentimentality, which is wholly foreign to Homer.

Another objection to the English hexameter—a very formidable one, we think—lies in the fact, that hardly any rhythm could be chosen which necessitates turns more remote from the natural idiomatic cadence of English as it is spoken. But if we compare Homer with Herodotus and Hesiod, it is impossible, we think, not to feel that the great bulk, if not absolutely all, of the Homeric idioms formed at one time part of the natural spoken language of the Greeks. Not that the Greeks spoke in hexameters. But we may more than conjecture that the bulk of the Homeric idioms—such as, taking three out of a

thousand, ὡς φάτο, ἐς μέσσον δ' ἄναγον, βὰν δ' ἴμεναι διὰ δῶμα (the last of which suggests our vulgarism, "they went for to go," rather than any more high-sounding words)—were at some time the common popular idioms in the common popular cadence. If so, it is easy to see how the rhapsodists unconsciously fell into the hexameter, because it was, in fact, that rhythm which lay closest to all the possible combinations of the common popular language. In English, the same rhythm is precisely that which of all rhythms lies furthest from the spoken language. Hence the uniform simplicity in the mere tone and gait of Homer's verse. Hence, too, the constant strain, "the plunging and floundering," in the English hexameter.

Nevertheless these are not Mr. Worsley's grounds for trying the Spenserian metre. He admits that the hexameter defended by Mr. Arnold is "the abstract best." But he contends that the abstract best is not necessarily the "practical best" for translation. And his defence of one metre against another is thus founded on strictly personal grounds. "Granted," he says, "that the Spenserian stanza is not the best possible form of English verse for the purpose to which I have applied it, but I feel it to be the best for me." There is some reason in this. Nevertheless we think that Mr. Worsley throws the scientific side of the question too much into the shade. To take a mathematical illustration, translation may be compared to the change of coördinates for a given curve. And looking upon English as one set of coördinates, there must be, we fancy, some expression which is the nearest approach to an undistorted view of Homer possible in our language, and only one; and the discovery of it is a matter of poetical science, not of personal feeling.

But we pass to the actual translation before us; and the first thing we observe is the courtly, romantic style of Mr. Worsley's language, in sharp opposition to the cold, clear, sibilant, and guttural—the popular idiom of Homer. The very opening line of the 13th book,

Ὣς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ·

places the bard before us rapidly gossiping his endless rhythmical stories to idle but hungry ears. Compare it with the smooth, polished, rather languid, and courtier-like utterance: "He ceasing" (you can see the flourish of the poet's white hand, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief),

"all sat charmed in the great halls,
Mute, till the lord Alcinous answer gave."

The "*lord Alcinous*" indeed! Here we are at once in full romance. Then again, "answer gave" is an artificial and therefore weak inversion, alien to our common usage and the common spirit of English talk. The Greek,

τὸν δ' αὖτε Ἀλκίνοος ἀπαμείβετο,

is a plain straightforward idiom, in natural sequence. Homer wanted to say that Alcinous answered the man who spoke last, and he said it *totus in ipso*, uncumbered by care of beautiful speech.

Can any thing be conceived more elegantly alien to the homely headlong earnestness of Homer than the following :

> "Therefore this charge I give you, chieftains brave,
> Who here still quaff the senatorial wine,
> And in my fair halls list the minstrel's voice divine."

These are the mincing, affected words of a man "who sets himself to be himself admired," not of the honest, barbaric, yet garrulous chieftain (garrulous, that is, with the poet's garrulity), who says :

> *ὑμέων δ' ἀνδρὶ ἑκάστῳ ἐφιέμενος τάδε εἴρω,*
> *ὅσσοι ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γερούσιον αἶθοπα οἶνον*
> *αἰεὶ πίνετ' ἐμοίσιν, ἀκουάζεσθε δ' ἀοιδοῦ.*

The burly good-natured emphasis of *ἀκουάζεσθε δ' ἀοιδοῦ* sounds irresistibly comical when rendered by "list the minstrel's voice divine." Nor is there a single stanza throughout the translation against which similar objections could not be urged, and, we think, with perfect justice and fairness.

We trust Mr. Worsley will not mistake our remarks, as in any way implying hostility to his laudable undertaking, nor any insensibility to the beauty of many parts of his work. We can only repeat our conviction, that if any one reading Mr. Worsley thinks he is reading Homer, he will be much mistaken ; but if he dismisses Homer from his mind, and thinks only of Mr. Worsley, he may find much to interest and to gratify him.

VIII. *The Home and Foreign Review.* Nos. I. and II. London : Williams and Norgate.

In departing from the usual reserve which restrains us from noticing our rivals in periodical literature, we must plead as our first justification, that we have nothing to say of the *Home and Foreign Quarterly* that is not to its praise. It is evidently conducted and written with singular ability ; and some of its articles, such as one on the "Secret History of Charles II.," in the first Number, and those on "General Average" and on "Manuscripts at Cambridge," in the second, display an unusual combination of rare knowledge and clear thought. Nevertheless these qualities are, after all, of secondary importance. Mere intellect and knowledge are becoming every day more and more marketable articles, to be obtained in any degree and quantity at their appropriate price. The great merit of the *Home and Foreign Quarterly* is, that being a Catholic organ, even Ultramontane in principle, it represents a living idea, which, if the prelates of its own church do not suppress it, after the fashion of superiors, may go as far to make Catholicism tenable by thinking men in the nineteenth century as the conditions of the case allow. In an answer to Cardinal Wiseman, who has an unfortunate notoriety in his own communion for distrusting and opposing every movement which he does not himself initiate or control, the leaders of this new party explain their philosophical

position. Believing, as all of us believe, that there is a transcendental truth which we know inadequately because we only see it in part, they differ from us in assuming that the Catholic church is its depository in all matters of faith. Where the Protestant believes in a perpetual progression of human thought towards its Divine Original, in a constant remodelling of creeds no less than of sciences, the liberal Catholic assumes that his creed is no subject for speculation, and that if it grow at all through accretion or substitution, its changes must still be the result of the Spirit of God speaking through the visible head of the church. It is in fact the distinction of imperialism and constitutional government; the question whether change shall originate from above or from below. But the man who holds this principle of "central rest" does not necessarily deny the fact of "endless agitation" around it, any more than we who regard the existence of a God as a first axiom are thereby bound to finality on other subjects of speculation. The results of geology, philology, and ethnology, may seem inconsistent with one another and with religion; but these contradictions, which after all are nothing by the side of the contradictions in human nature, the belief in law, and the sense of free-will, must be regarded as mere results of our own imperfect knowledge, as difficulties which will disappear when the system that we see in part is disclosed in its entirety. The cavils of orthodox sciolism against fearless science in fact arise from a latent distrust in Deity; a belief that God may have said one thing to Moses, while he did another in the great scheme of creation. The more reverent philosopher, whose religion is based on faith in the God of truth, knows that his Maker cannot be inconsistent with himself, and answers like Copernicus, when he was told that sixteenth-century observation could detect no phases in Venus such as his theory demanded, that "God will find an answer to the mystery." It is not for us to patch up a theological Kosmos, but to take fact and law as we find them, at all hazards.

We have said that the theory of the *Home and Foreign Quarterly* seems to us of the last importance to Catholicism. It opens a door for admitting the notoriously sceptical men of science, the Cuviers and St.-Hilaires, into the fold. It demands no compromise of opinion on matters outside religion, and leaves the question of faith where ignorance of theology, habit, deference for authority, and other such motives, would decide nine men in ten to conform silently, perhaps to believe. Taken with the doctrine of Development, which opens the path of repentance and change for infallibility, this new theory completes a logical system which is at once rational, tolerant, and severely orthodox. Its only weak point is the fatal one inherent in the very structure of Catholicism. It is based on the supposition of a perpetual miracle in the church's government. It assumes that the men whom all history shows to have been quite as often at least men of narrow intellect, petty motives, and imperfect knowledge, as large-minded and well-meaning, are yet not only the depositaries of eternal truth, but its sole practical administrators. The doctrine of papal infallibility may be explained away and softened down by the limits of its application to

matters of faith, by the doubt where it resides, and by its infrequent exercise; but who is to save conscience and liberty if the church, or, in other words, the priests, are "to govern and educate, so far as government and education are needful subsidiaries to her great work of the salvation of souls"? Who is to define the faint spiritual boundary within which the church is to be supreme, and beyond which the state and the home may be inviolate? It is all "Plato's commonwealth." Assume the clergy all like Borromeo or St. Cyran, the philosophers like Copernicus or Pascal, and the strife of those who seek to save souls with those who desire knowledge would still be internecine; the old story would be acted out again,—the theories of Copernicus proscribed, Pascal persuaded to burn his manuscripts. But take the clergy as they are when such a man as Cardinal Wiseman is one of their most learned representatives and not the least liberal, and what quarter would be given, let any man ask himself, to a historian who wrote honestly about Leo X., to a geologist who differed from Genesis, or to a statesman who counselled the surrender of the temporal power? No philosophy of Catholicism will tempt us into the lion's den, while there are no traces of footsteps from it into the air and life.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

History of the Romans under the Empire. By the Rev. C. Merivale, B.D. Longman.

[Reviewed in Article VIII.]

Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam. Murray.

Scotland under her Early Kings. By E. W. Robertson. Edmonston.

[A scholarly book on a period that has been little treated of by historians.]

Lady Morgan's Memoirs. Allen and Co.

[An amusing book of aristocratic gossip.]

Ten Years in the United States. By D. W. Mitchell, formerly resident in Richmond, Virginia. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Written from the Southern point of view, but neither unfair nor unfriendly to the North.]

Waterloo. By G. Hooper. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A very masterly and thorough discussion and picture of the Waterloo campaign.]

Five Months on the Yang-Tsze. By Captain Blakiston. Murray.

[An interesting account of travels in a country hitherto unexplored by Englishmen, and with two very good chapters on the Taepings.]

My Diary North and South. By W. H. Russell. Bradbury and Evans.

Servia and the Servians. By the Rev. W. Denton. Bell and Daldy.

[A truthful account, chiefly from the ecclesiastical point of view, of travels in an interesting country.]

Kington's History of Frederick the Second. Macmillan.

Lives of the Engineers. Vol. III. By Samuel Smiles. Murray.

Greece and the Greeks. By Frederika Bremer. Hurst and Blackett.

Christopher North: a Memoir of John Wilson. By Mrs. Gordon. Edmonston.

Pre-Historic Man. By Professor Wilson. Macmillan.

African Hunting. By C. B. Baldwin. Bentley.

Collected Papers. By Mrs. Grote. Murray.

[The most interesting of these is an account of a village quarrel with a Lady of the Manor.]

Journal of a Mission to Affghanistan in 1857. By H. W. Bellew. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Amusing and very faithful.]

Lost among the Affghans. Edited by H. O. Fry. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[The romantic and incredible adventures of a boy, said to have been saved from the English army in Affghanistan, and evidently the work of one who has been in the East.]

Modern Pantheism. Translated from M. Emile Saisset. Williams and Norgate.

[A lucid review of different systems of philosophy.]

A Lenten Journey in Umbria. By T. A. Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in the Short Notices, No. VI.]

Roads and Rails. By W. B. Adams. Chapman and Hall.

Eugénie de Guérin, Journal et Lettres. Didier.

[Reviewed in the Short Notices, No. I.]

No Name. By Wilkie Collins. Sampson Low.

Orley Farm. By A. Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in Article II.]

Lady Audley's Secret. Tinsley Brothers.

[One of the best "sensation" novels.]

Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles. By Mrs. H. Wood. Bentley.

[Inferior to former works by the same author.]

Footsteps behind him. Sampson Low.

[Better sketched than written.]

The World in the Church. By F. G. Trafford. Skeet.

[Not equal in interest to the author's earlier works.]

Normanton. By A. J. Barrowcliffe. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1863.

ART. I.—THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

Constitutional History of England. 1760-1810. By Thomas Erskine May. Vol. II. Longman.

The Liberal Party in Ireland; its present Condition and Prospects. By a Roman Catholic. 1862. Kelly, Dublin.

The Irish Church. Speech of Edward Miall, M.P., in the House of Commons, May 27, 1856. Effingham Wilson.

THERE is some reason to hope that the question of the Irish Church Establishment may soon be again brought practically before Parliament and the nation. A movement to redress this colossal wrong would, from its palpable justice, be likely to unite sincere liberals of all shades; and it would most appropriately signalise the revival of the independent liberal party, after its depression under the reactionary domination of Lord Palmerston; a revival which, we trust, will date from the end of the last session.

The Irish Church Establishment was just touched by the languishing waves of the great tide of social and ecclesiastical change which began to flow after the end of the French war, and of which the most memorable result was the Reform Bill. But just as thorough-going reformers had begun to grapple in earnest with this subject, the reaction set in, and the question was postponed for a future time, which, if we are not mistaken, has now arrived. On the 27th of May 1834, Mr. Ward, in a speech which Mr. Erskine May justly terms one of singular ability, called upon the House of Commons to affirm a resolution, that the Church Establishment in Ireland exceeded the spiritual wants of the Protestant population; and that, it being the right of the State to regulate the distribution of Church property, the temporal possessions of the Church in

Ireland ought to be reduced. This resolution, as Mr. May observes, not only asserted the principle of appropriation, but disturbed the recent settlement of the ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland. Mr. May adds, with truth, that it was fraught with political difficulties. The announcement of it had, in fact, brought to a head the schism in the Government, between those Ministers whose hearts were still with Reform, and those whose sympathies as aristocrats and great landowners had for some time been passing from the side of Reform to that of reaction. The Cabinet was in convulsions. When Mr. Grote, who seconded Mr. Ward's motion, had sat down, Lord Althorp rose and said, that since the seconder commenced his speech circumstances had come to his knowledge which induced him to move, that the further debate on the subject should be adjourned to the Monday following. He excused himself at the time from stating what those circumstances were. They proved to be the resignation of Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon. The embarrassment of Ministers was immediately increased by a personal declaration of the King against innovations in the Church, in reply to an address of the Irish bishops and clergy.

But Mr. Ward's motion, though it was lost, was not ineffectual. It was got rid of only at the price of appointing a commission to inquire into the revenues and duties of the Church, and general state of religious instruction in Ireland; points on which there had previously been no certain information, and therefore no solid standing-ground for the reformers in debate. The inquiries of this commission place the facts beyond doubt.* Out of a population of 7,943,940 persons, there were 852,064 members of the Establishment, 6,427,712 Roman Catholics, 642,356 Presbyterians, and 21,808 Protestant Dissenters of other denominations. The State Church embraced little more than a tenth of the people. Her revenues amounted to 865,525*l.* In 151 parishes there was not a single Protestant; in 194 there were less than ten; in 198 less than twenty; and in 860 parishes there were less than fifty.

Strengthened by this disclosure, the Whigs ventured to insist on the principle of appropriation as a part of all measures for the commutation of tithes. The government of Sir Robert Peel was thrown out upon the appropriation question in 1835. But when the Whigs attempted to give effect to their own principle, they found that the resistance had grown too powerful; and the Lords felt their hands sufficiently strengthened by the numbers of their party in the House of Commons, and the growing ascendency of the conservative spirit in the country,

* Erskine May, vol. ii. p. 486.

to stand firmly in the breach, and save the venerable establishment of Ireland from spoliation. The Whigs at last were compelled to pass a measure for the commutation of tithes in Ireland, without introducing the principle which they had declared, in terms rather indiscreetly dogmatic, to be inseparable from all such measures.

At a later period the question was taken up by Mr. Edward Miall, from the voluntary point of view. Mr. Miall, in 1856, moved three resolutions in the House of Commons in favour of the impartial disendowment of all sects in Ireland. His arguments against the continuance of the Irish Church Establishment were put with great force, and were perfectly conclusive. But his opponents had a better answer than arguments at their command: on a division the ayes were 95, the noes were 165. It is highly creditable to Mr. Miall's powers as an advocate, and a remarkable proof of the undeniable justice of his cause, that he should have been beaten by less than two to one; for this was but a few years after the Papal Aggression, and about the time when Mr. Chambers was moving his Nunneries Bill in overflowing houses, in the midst of enthusiastic applause. It was about the time when one who knew the temper of the House of Commons well said that, if Catholic emancipation were then to be proposed to the House, it would be rejected by a majority of one hundred.

The speech of Mr. Ward deserves a higher praise than that which is conveyed by Mr. Erskine May's phrase, "singular ability." It was really a very memorable pleading for a great cause. To the argument which always presents itself, though under various rhetorical disguises, that the religion of the majority of the Irish people is not the true religion, and that therefore principle requires us to treat it and its professors with injustice, Mr. Ward replied in these fine words:

"If I am told that this religion is not the true religion, and that we ought not to sacrifice to political expediency the sacred interests of truth, I again deny the fact. I say that with truth, as legislators, we have nothing to do. We have to look to civil utility alone, as the basis of connexion between the Church and the State; and if we once wander from this strong ground, there is no predicting the consequences which must ensue. Who is to be judge of the truth, except One to whom in this world there can be no appeal? Where is the source of truth, except in that sacred volume from which in all times—ay, even down to the present day—the most opposite conclusions have been drawn, upon points of doctrine at least, by the wisest, the most virtuous, and the most conscientious of mankind? Look at the consequences, again, of adopting this principle. If we maintain

the established religion to be the only true religion, the State must follow up this doctrine. It must enact test-laws for its protection. It must put down all who reject it. Sir, it was in the name of truth that the Spanish Inquisition was established; and Louis XIV. was never more intimately convinced of the truth of his religion than when he desolated the fairest provinces of France, in its name, by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. These were the effects of maintaining the established religion to be the true religion in Catholic countries. But let us not forget, Protestants as we are, that it was in the name of truth that Ireland was cursed with the penal laws. Sir, I have no wish to dwell upon this hateful topic; but when I see—and I do not use the term irreverently—how, in this case at least, the sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation; when I see what a plentiful crop of strife, of disorganisation, and of blood, has been borne by the seed sown in 1704, when the attempt was made to degrade and brutalise the whole Catholic population by a series of legislative enactments,—I feel that there cannot be a man in the assembly which I am now addressing who would ever again consent to sully the pages of our statute-book by unjust and partial laws, enacted in the name of truth."*

There is another argument equally familiar in reference to other questions as well as this, founded on the insuperable prejudice which the representatives of practical wisdom are pleased to say the English people entertain against any large measure of reason and justice, and on the consequent inutility of attempting to pass any such measure. To this also Mr. Ward made a fine reply.

"If I am told that the people of England are not prepared for the adoption of such principles as these, and that, at all events, it is useless to moot them here, because they will never receive the sanction of another branch of the legislature, I once more deny the fact. The people of England are prepared for the adoption of the principles of justice, and of religious toleration, to the fullest extent of the terms; and as to the other branch of the legislature, we have nothing to do with it. We ought neither to court nor to fear its opposition. Let this House but discharge its own duties honestly; let it place itself in the van of public opinion, instead of lagging tardily behind; let it, above all, redeem the pledge which it has so recently and so solemnly given, 'to remove all just cause of complaint in Ireland, and to promote all well-considered measures of improvement,'—and I will venture to predict that its influence will be irresistible. Sir, the path of duty—I had almost said the path

* Ward's speech on the Church of Ireland, 1834,—Hansard, vol. xxiii. p. 1395.

of honour, when I looked to our late address,—lies open before us. Time has worn away those obstacles which Mr. Pitt was unable to surmount; and that vision of conciliation and of peace (I use his own words, and most remarkable words they are) which he saw in the distance, but which he was unable to realise, is now within our grasp. Let this House, by its vote of to-night, calmly and deliberately, but firmly, resolve to enter on this path—the path of duty and the path of honour,—and so far am I from apprehending that the people of England will ever desert us in the attempt to assert what I believe to be the cause of true religion, of just and equal rights, that I am convinced that every honest heart will be with us, and that the blessings of millions will cheer us on our way."*

With the second branch of the objection, founded on the certainty of resistance in the House of Lords, Mr. Ward deals in the only possible manner, by saying that it was for the House of Commons to look to their own duty, and leave the Lords to look to theirs. But, of course, he could not suppose that this obstacle was to be overcome by the same appeals to good sense and good feeling which he might hope would vanquish prejudice, if prejudice there were, in the body of the people. He must have known too well that if a bill embodying his resolutions had passed the House of Commons, it would have encountered in the House of Lords an opposition not to be overcome by reason, not to be softened by the influences of generosity and justice,—the opposition of a privileged class, bent with singleness of heart upon maintaining every outwork, political or ecclesiastical, which protected or could be imagined to protect the citadel of their own order. The obstructive action of the House of Lords is represented by political optimists as a check upon the passions of the people. Unfortunately, it has usually been the embodiment of passions somewhat less generous of its own.

The history of the Irish Church Establishment may be summed up in three words. It has always been the Church of the invader. This, its paramount characteristic, or, to speak more correctly, the essence of its being, it has steadily preserved, notwithstanding revolutions which have completely changed and in fact inverted its character as a spiritual institution.

The conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans was like the Norman conquest of England, a mixed enterprise, partly military and partly ecclesiastical; partly a conquest, and partly a crusade. The Norman lust of territory in both cases received the spiritual sanction and assistance of the Church of Rome, on the condition of its subserving the Roman lust of ecclesiastical

* On the Church of Ireland, 1834, ut supra.

dominion. Hildebrand blest the sword which, together with the independence of the Saxon nation, was to destroy the independence of their national Church. Adrian blest the sword which, besides reducing Ireland beneath the rule of the northern crown, was to reduce the ancient Brito-Celtic church of the Irish people beneath the rule of the holy Roman See. The reforming synod of Cashel, held under the authority of the conqueror of Ireland, was the counterpart of the synod of Winchester, held under the authority of the conqueror of England. The synod of Cashel affected to abolish throughout Ireland the schismatic customs and habits of the national Church, and to introduce in their place the perfect order and complete ceremonial of Rome. But the decrees of this synod were confined in their practical effect to the circle of territory held by the conqueror's arms; and as that circle narrowed, from the internal dissensions of its defenders, and the feebleness of the support lent to them by the government at home, Ireland relapsed into the ecclesiastical irregularities as well as into the barbarism of the Celtic tribes. The Roman Church of the Anglo-Norman pale was, as might have been expected from its essential connexion with a very inhuman conquest, and with the fierce antipathies of a dominant race, the least spiritual, the hardest, the worst of all the feudal churches. Its clergy, drawn, as in after times, from the least worthy part of the order in England, were more adventurers than priests. Its bishops were turbulent feudatories, noted for their outrageous acts of oppression, for their political intrigues, and for their scandalous quarrels and conflicts with each other. It may be confidently said, during those ages, to have done much more harm than good to religion. "Among the fatal consequences," says Leland, "of excluding the natives from the pale of English law, blindness and bigotry proved the natural concomitants of a disquieted, uncivilised, and dissolute course of living. And the irregularities in the ecclesiastical constitution of Ireland, naturally resulting from the odious and absurd distinction of its inhabitants, contributed in no small degree to confirm the people in the grossest ignorance, and of consequence in the meanest superstition. In the dioceses where law and civility were most prevalent, the prelates found it impossible to extend their pastoral care or jurisdiction to the districts occupied by the old natives. Their synods were held (as the records express it) *inter Anglicos;* the Irish clergy, when summoned to obey their ordinary, were refractory and contumacious, and were excluded from the assemblies, where they claimed a right to be present as assessors and coadjutors. In the districts more remote from the seat of English government, where war and confusion chiefly raged, the appointment

of prelates and pastors was sometimes totally neglected. Bishops intruded surreptitiously, or seized the sees by violence; were little known, reverenced, or obeyed; sometimes enjoyed no more than an empty title; sometimes were driven by the public disorders to the discharge of some inferior pastoral function, in places of retirement and security. The very names and succession of several Irish bishops, in the first beginnings of the reformation, were so soon forgotten, that the laborious researches of Sir James Ware could obtain no memorials of them. Prelates of the more eminent dioceses slept in monastic tranquillity, while all Europe resounded with the tumult of theological dispute. It is ridiculous to find an Irish bishop, renowned for the composition of a hymn, in barbarous Latin rhymes, in praise of a Saint Macartin, while his brethren in other countries were engaged in the discussion of the most important points of religion; or others depending for salvation on being wrapt, at their dying hour, in the cowl of Saint Francis, when Rome herself had confessed with shame the follies and enormities which had disgraced her communion."*

Of course there were struggles for patronage between the English and the Irish interests in those days, as there were afterwards in the days of Swift. An English bishop of Ennismore accused O'Hedian, bishop of Cashel, of the most heinous and scandalous offences; charging him with incontinence, with profane sacrilege in presenting his concubine with a ring taken from the image of the Virgin, and also with counterfeiting the great seal. But, says Leland, he discovered the true source of his animosity, by adding that O'Hedian was an enemy to the English nation, never conferred a benefice on any Englishman, and advised his brethren to pursue the same conduct. A slanderous attack of the same kind was made from the same motives on the bishop of Cork by the neighbouring bishop of Cloyne.† There are other indications of the same kind.

As to propagating the faith among the wild natives of Ireland, which was the proper work, if there can be said to have been a proper work of this intrusive church, and which could alone furnish an apology for its existence, it seems never to have been seriously attempted. The difference of language between the two races placed a great barrier in the way of the missionary; border wars placed a still greater barrier; and the greatest barrier of all was the character of the English clergy, and their connexion with the policy and interests of the dominant race. But when has missionary labour prospered with conquest for its associate? Even in Paraguay the Jesuits found

* Leland's Ireland, book iii. chap. vii.

† Ibid. chap. i.

it necessary to establish a polity of their own, apart from that of the conquerors, as a condition of propagating religion with effect among the victims of the conquest.

The Reformation brought a change in the doctrinal character both of the church of the conquerors and the church of the conquered. But it did not change their essential relations to each other. At the command of a Tudor prince, the church of the conqueror instead of Roman became Protestant; and the feudal nobility of Ireland were gorged, like those of England, with the spoil of monasteries and chapters. The church of the conquered, on the other hand, which, while the church of the conqueror was Roman had been very imperfectly Romanised and very loosely connected with the Roman See, became, out of mere political antipathy, ultra-Roman, and formed a very close connexion with Rome and with the Catholic monarchies, of which she was the head. An independent Roman hierarchy was gradually set up in opposition to the state hierarchy of the Tudor church; Jesuists and seminary priests alighted in Ireland, and began to spin the webs of their intrigue; and Spain landed her armies there to create a diversion against the head of the Protestant interest in Europe. From this period dates Irish Ultramontanism; and from the same period Ireland has incessantly been a thorn in the side of England, whenever she was at war with powers which could set ultramontane influences at work.

James I. made a real effort, for which he has never had sufficient credit, to compose and pacify Ireland; and to introduce into it English civilisation. He was baffled partly by the difficulty of dealing with the Popish recusants, who had become more intensely odious than ever to the Protestants of England and Ireland after the Gunpowder-plot. The financial difficulties of Charles I. brought his government to the point of selling a toleration to the Irish Catholics. But the Protestants, many of whom at this time were Scotch Presbyterians, admitted into the Anglican Church by the indulgence of the bishops at the instance of Usher, raised a tremendous clamour against the horrid design of selling the truth, and of establishing idolatry for a price. "The archbishop of Armagh," says the orthodox Leland, "in this time of danger and defence, acted with the zeal which suited his superior station." He assembled several of the Irish prelates, to deliberate on the danger to which they were exposed, and to bear their testimony against the ungodly concession of Popery meditated by the State. "The religion of the Papists," said they, "is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical; their church, in respect of both, apostatical. To give them therefore a tolera-

tion, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin, and that in two respects; for, first, it is to make ourselves accessary not only to their superstitions, idolatries, and heresies, and, in a word, to all the abominations of Popery, but also (which is a consequence of the former) to the perdition of the seduced people, which perish in the deluge of the Catholic apostasy. Secondly, to grant them a toleration in respect of any money to be given, or contribution to be made by them, is to set religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people whom Christ has redeemed with his blood. And, as it is a great sin, so it is also a matter of most dangerous consequence; the consideration whereof we commit to the wise and judicious, beseeching the God of truth to make them who are in authority zealous of God's glory, and of the advancement of true religion; zealous, resolute, and courageous against all Popery, superstition, and idolatry."*

The church which thus claimed to be the exclusive spiritual organ of the Irish people was in fact in a state which rendered it utterly incapable of doing any sort of spiritual service. When Wentworth came over to Ireland, he found the Establishment in the most miserable state of dilapidation and decay; the fabrics of the churches were in ruins, the vaults under the metropolitan cathedral of St. Patrick's had been converted into wine-vaults, and the place of the altar was occupied by the great family monument of the Earl of Cork. The clergy were wretchedly poor, depraved in their morals, and illiterate; the names of Usher and Bedell serving rather to expose by the contrast, than to redeem the general degradation. The Protestant landowners of Ireland, who had dispossessed the Catholics of their lands by violence and fraud, were very good religious haters, and quite ready to persecute Catholic priests; but they did not show then, or at any subsequent period of Irish history, any religious zeal for the maintenance of their own church.

Strafford and his confederate bishop Bramhall, whom Cromwell called the Irish Canterbury, and who was in fact a minor imitation of Laud, did their best to reform the Irish Establishment after the high Anglican model; but their labour had not been carried on long when it and they were swept away by the hurricane of the English revolution and the Irish insurrection. The natural tendency of the Irish Establishment has always been to ultra-Protestantism, as that which is most opposed to the religion of its political foes. Bent for a moment into an unnatural direction by the heavy hand of Strafford, it flew

* Leland's Ireland, book iv. p. 482.

back again the moment that pressure was withdrawn, and the spirit of Usher finally triumphed in it over the spirit of Laud. In fact, there can be little doubt that, but for its connexion with the Church of England, and the restraints put upon it by the Anglicans of our Establishment, it would have become not only Calvinist, but Presbyterian; at least, its bishops would have been reduced to such a position as would have done away with the divine right of episcopacy and the virtue of apostolical succession.

In the eighteenth century the Irish Establishment was employed by the English Government for two purposes, neither of which had any sort of relation to the spiritual interests of the Irish people. It formed a receptacle for clergymen whom the English Government wished, for political reasons, to promote, but whose characters were not quite up to the mark of the English Establishment even in those indulgent times. The political intriguer without religious convictions, and tainted with the authorship of the grossest obscenities, though his employers could not venture to promote him to an English deanery, might be made Dean of St. Patrick's, and might in that sphere, not less tolerant in morals than it was bigoted in matters of religion, continue to write filth without fear of reprobation. What was more important, the Irish episcopacy furnished the Government with its most trustworthy instrument for managing the roguish and factious politics of Ireland. The Protestant noblemen and landowners, though the bitter enemies of the Irish people, and resting their domination in the last resort on the power of England, had interests of their own; they formed what they were pleased to call an Irish party, in opposition to the party more completely identified with imperial interests, affected airs of patriotism which became them about as well as they become the slave-owner fighting for liberty, and wanted to have all the power and plunder to themselves. The primates of the Irish church, on the contrary, and the bishops appointed on their recommendation, were most faithful and subservient ministers of English views; and during the first half of the eighteenth century, when the lords-lieutenant were habitually non-resident, the Irish administration was, to a great extent, carried on by their hands. Archbishop Boulter was a notable instance of an ecclesiastical statesman of this type. Archbishop King also in his day was an active political leader; and the proportions in which the political and spiritual elements were blended in his character may be gathered from the letter in which he complains to Swift that, "as he was an honest man, he had courted the greatest Whigs, but never could get the reputation of being counted one." A still more sinister character of the same class was primate Stone, the

"Beauty of Holiness," as he was called from his handsome face and fine figure. This worthy secured to himself the political support of the young Irish noblemen and gentlemen by providing for them at his palace entertainments very different in kind, as well as in degree, from those which episcopal hospitality required; and his own morals were not exempt from very grave imputations. It is perfectly true that the bishops of the Church of England at the same period were often worldly, and that a large part of her clergy were slothful, unlearned, and regardless of their spiritual duties; but there is no doubt that the Irish Establishment was in a far worse state of degradation, and that the difference was due to the respective positions of the two churches with regard to the two nations to which they belonged.

We have said that the Protestant aristocracy and landowners of Ireland felt far less zeal for the maintenance of their own church than they did for the destruction of the church of their national and political enemies. The leading prelates of the period of which we are speaking were called upon to make head against an attempt of the landowners to rob the Irish clergy of a considerable part of their maintenance. The clergy laid claim to tithes of agistment, that is, the tithes of the produce of grazing land; and as a large part of Ireland was grazing land, and there is nothing in the nature of grazing land to exempt it from a tax for the maintenance of religion to which arable land is subject, there can be little doubt that the claim was reasonable and just. The landowners, however, banded themselves together to resist it, and made up common purses for the purpose of placing the artifices and delays of the law at the command of any one of their number who might be sued in prosecution of the claim. The assemblages of county magistrates at quarter-sessions were used for the congenial purpose of providing means to put legal chicanery in action for the defeat of justice.

Of course the Irish clergy were mixed up, and could not avoid being mixed up, as accomplices in the enactment of the penal laws against Catholics which disgraced the Irish statute-book during the course of the century following the victory of the Protestant party in 1690. These men, preaching, as they professed, the religion of love, were led by the exigencies of their political position to treat another Christian church as no sensible heathen would have treated the members of another religion; to sentence its higher ecclesiastics to exile, and offer rewards for their discovery within the kingdom; to place its ministers under the most degrading restraints and the most vexatious disabilities; to deprive its people of the ceremonies

and observances which, while they remained in the faith of their fathers, were essential parts of their spiritual life; to offer bribes by law to apostates from its creed; to close its schools, and subject the schoolmasters to transportation for life, with the penalty of death in case of their return; to prohibit its children, by a refinement of cruelty, from even being sent abroad for education without a special license; to incapacitate its members, however learned and however loyal, from every liberal profession but medicine, from holding any commission in the army or navy, and from serving in any office under the crown; to exclude them from acquiring any landed property, and even from possessing a horse above the value of five pounds; to prohibit them from marrying a lady of the dominant sect, or disposing of the guardianship of their own children; to exclude them from the elective franchise, and from seats in Parliament; to turn the hands of their own children against them, by enabling any child of a Catholic who chose to turn Protestant to deprive his father of all control over his estate. Archbishop Marsh was the avowed framer of the bill for preventing Protestants from intermarrying with Papists; a measure which seemed expressly intended to perpetuate the rancorous division between the two races which coincided with the two rival sects. It is, of course, true that the persecution of the Catholics was at least as much political as religious. It is true also, and it is never to be forgotten, that the Catholics had, by their political intrigues against Protestant nations, made themselves natural if not reasonable objects of political persecution; and furthermore, that they were on the whole far worse persecutors than the Protestants. Still the penal code was deplorable and disgraceful, and the political fanaticism which inspired it was intimately blended with religious fanaticism, of which the Irish Church Establishment was the embodiment and the organ.

The causes of Irish disturbances have been mainly agrarian. The leading fact through the miserable course of Irish history is the confiscation of land, and the struggle to regain it. The dreadful conspiracies and revolts of the last century, the effects of which are not yet entirely extinct, arose not from an antagonism between the two religions, though they were inflamed and aggravated by that antagonism, but from the desperate necessities of a starving people, clinging to the soil by which alone they could live, and resisting the crushing exactions of their lords. In producing these evils, however, the pressure of tithes was combined with the pressure of rent; and both began to be acutely felt, and to be combated with the energy of despair, as soon as the great civil wars of the 17th century were over, and the peasantry, no longer decimated by the sword, and as desti-

tute as a tribe of African savages of all prudential restraints on the increase of population, began to multiply with frightful rapidity, and to press more terribly on the scanty means of subsistence, which, in the total absence of agricultural invention and improvement, remained almost stationary, instead of rising with the need. Such scenes as the Irish clergy had to go through, in forcibly collecting their tithes from the famishing people, have never, it may be hoped, been gone through by the ministers of any other Christian church, not even in the worst days of the feudal ecclesiastics and the feudal serfs. The numbers of the peasantry, and the dark associations for mutual protection into which they had entered, rendered the collection of tithes not only difficult but dangerous. "It could only be attempted," says Mr. Erskine May, "by tithe-proctors, men of desperate character and fortunes, whose hazardous services hardened their hearts against the people, and whose rigorous execution of the law increased its unpopularity." Palliatives in the shape of acts for the voluntary composition of tithes proved futile. "At length," proceeds Mr. May, "in 1831, the collection of tithes in many parishes became impracticable. The clergy received the aid of the police, and even of the military; but in vain. Tithe-proctors were murdered, and many lives were lost in collisions between the police and the peasantry. Men, not unwilling to pay what they knew to be lawful, were intimidated and coerced by the more violent enemies of the church. Tithes could only be collected at the point of the bayonet; and a civil war seemed impending over a country which for centuries had been wasted by conquests, rebellions, and internecine strife. The clergy shrank from the shedding of blood in their service, and abandoned their claims upon a refractory and desperate people." It is difficult to believe, and yet it must be believed, that the supporters of the Establishment whose mission was marked by these incidents, acted under the conviction that they were performing a religious duty essential to the spiritual improvement of the Irish people.

Pending the commutation of tithes, the State, finding the clergy starving, or reduced to depend on alms, undertook to discharge the functions of the tithe-proctor. In 1832 the lord-lieutenant was empowered to advance 60,000*l.* to the clergy who had been unable to collect the tithes for the previous year; and the Government undertook to levy the arrears of the year in repayment of the advance. "They went forth with an array of tithe-proctors, police, and military; but the people resisted. Desperate conflicts ensued, many lives were lost, the executive became as hateful as the clergy; but the arrears were not collected. Of 100,000*l.* no more than 12,000*l.* were recovered, at

the cost of tumults and bloodshed. The people were in revolt against the law, and triumphed."* The people could not fail to triumph; for no government, however strong, can wring tribute from famine, or strike terror into despair. Subsequently an advance of one million was obtained from Parliament to maintain the destitute clergy, and to cover the arrears of tithes. An indemnity for this advance was sought in shape of a land-tax, which met with the same resistance as the attempt to collect the arrears of tithes, and in like manner fell to the ground. The money thus advanced to the Irish clergy, and lost to the government, is a small item in a very long account. Wars, famines, the constant maintenance of a great standing army for the suppression of Irish discontent, and the paralysis inflicted on the arm of England in her most mortal struggles by Irish rebellion or disaffection, must be added together, if we wish to know how much England has paid for the pleasure—or, if you will, for the performance of the duty—of oppressing the Irish people.

Pitt, in stooping to serve the tyrannical bigotry of George III. and the Tory party, sinned against the light that was in him. He was a student and disciple of Adam Smith, and had thoroughly imbibed not only the economical principles of his teacher, but the liberal views on political subjects which lie side by side with those principles in the *Wealth of Nations*. He was avowedly in favour of Catholic emancipation, and abandoned that cause only because he thought, or chose to pretend that he thought, that the plainest dictates of justice and of honour ought to give way to the obstinate propensities of a fatuous and bishop-ridden king. It is perfectly clear that he was also thoroughly aware of the iniquity involved in the relative position of the Catholic and Protestant churches in Ireland. A provision for the Catholic priesthood was in fact dangled by his government before the eyes of the Irish Catholics, to induce them to lend their cordial support to the Union; which a large body of the Protestants, from the desire of keeping Irish tyranny and jobbery to themselves, were very much inclined to oppose. In a letter of George III. to Mr. Pitt, of January 24th, 1799, the father of his people intimates that a scheme of this kind had been brought to his notice: "I cannot help at the same time expressing to Mr. Pitt some surprise at having seen in a letter from Lord Castlereagh to the Duke of Portland, on Monday, an idea of an established stipend by the authority of government for the Catholic clergy of Ireland. I am certain any encouragement to such an idea must give real offence to the established church in Ireland, as well as to the true friends of our constitution; for it is certainly creating a second church establishment,

* Erskine May, vol. ii. p. 477.

which could not but be highly injurious. The tolerating Dissenters is fair; but the trying to perpetuate a separation in religious opinions, by providing for the support of their clergy as an establishment, is certainly going far beyond the bounds of justice or policy."*

Mr. Pitt himself, too, in a letter to Lord Cornwallis, while the negotiations for the Union were pending, says, "With respect to a provision for the Catholic clergy, and some arrangement respecting tithes, I am happy to find a uniform opinion in favour of the proposal among all the Irish I have seen; and I am more and more convinced that those measures, with some effectual mode to enforce the residence of *all* ranks of the Protestant clergy, offer the best chance of gradually putting an end to the evils most felt in Ireland."†

In 1835, when the Commissioners on Public Instruction for Ireland made their report, the members of the Establishment were about one-ninth of the whole population. The devastation of the Irish famine fell principally on the Catholic peasantry, and has therefore reduced the proportion of the Catholics to the other denominations. According to the last census, the members of the Established Church are two-seventeenths of the Irish people. The Protestants of course form a larger proportion; but of the Protestants nearly half belong to the Presbyterian Church of the north, or to Protestant sects other than the Established Church. It may be that some of the Protestant nonconformists are willing to take part with the Establishment, or at least not very willing to move against her, because, though they regard her doctrines as false, and, if they believe their own creed, as not only false but fatal to salvation, they still think that her existence subserves the purpose of persecuting fanaticism, and exalts the tyrannical pride of the dominant class. They regard her, with her empty churches and wasted wealth, as a sumptuous trophy, to use Macaulay's phrase, of their victory over the subject race. This we say may be the case. But to count the sympathy of such supporters among the reasons for maintaining a Christian institution, would be to show a most politic readiness to accept help in a logical emergency from any quarter, however unsatisfactory. It would in particular evince a remarkable pliancy in the high-church party, who regard the Scotch Presbyterian as one of the most odious of heretics, while they avow great sympathy for the Catholic, and feel perhaps even more than they avow.

We are in the habit of putting ourselves forward, with much self-complacency, as the elect champions of religious liberty. And our statesmen are always ready to gratify the popular sen-

* Stanhope's Life of Pitt, vol. iii. p. xviii. † Ibid. p. 161.

timent by lecturing nations less advanced in liberal principles than ourselves upon their benighted and bigoted practices. It does not occur to us or to them that the national Church of Ireland, maintained by force in a nation which detests it, is, in its way, without a parallel in the civilised world. To find its counterpart you must go to some of the Christian nations which still lie under the dominion of Islam.

What arguments can be produced in defence of this colossal abuse? It is useless to ask what interests or what passions, impregnable to argument, are enlisted in maintaining it.

We may safely assume that every one with whom it is worth while to reason at all upon these subjects has given up the doctrine, that it is the duty of those who happen to be in possession of political power to use it, without regard to political justice, for the propagation of what they think the truth. We may assume that this doctrine is abandoned, ostensibly at least, in all its forms, and, among others, in the subtle form of the "State conscience," in which it seduced the speculative youth of Mr. Gladstone, and has somewhat trammeled his statesmanlike maturity. The conscience of the State of England, if it possessed one, would indeed have attained a very convenient degree of pliancy; since we establish Anglicanism in England, Presbyterianism and Calvinism in Scotland, Roman Catholicism in Canada and Malta. Even in Ireland the State does not give its undivided allegiance to the church of its choice; since the Presbyterian church in Ulster is endowed to a small extent, though not established. Maynooth may perhaps be said to stand on a somewhat different footing, as being endowed for a social and educational rather than an ecclesiastical purpose. But leaving this out of the question, it is plain, from the other instances, that the conscience of the State in this country is guided in these arrangements by political justice or political convenience, not by theological truth.

When members of all sects are admitted to the assembly which is now the supreme government of the country, the notion that the government belongs to one sect, and is bound to propagate the doctrines of that sect, is too palpably absurd even for a nation which delights in being called illogical. In the days when the Irish Establishment was instituted, legislators were consistent. They confined Parliament to the professors of the true religion, and treated nonconformists without exception as political outcasts. In those days it might be said without absurdity that the State of England had a conscience, and followed its dictates; just as the same thing might have been said of Philip II., or of the religious and political chief of Islam.

It is a common subterfuge in this discussion to wink hard at the cases of Canada and Malta, and to say that the State in England establishes "Protestantism," which comprehends both the Church of England and the Church of Scotland. Ask the clergy of the Church of England, the majority of whom are high churchmen, whether they acquiesce in this view of the matter, and whether they are willing to allow that their religion is essentially identical and equally entitled to recognition with the "Protestantism" of John Knox. But Burke, in his *Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe*, has long ago demolished this notion of Protestantism *undefined* as the religion of an establishment. As he truly says, the legislators of the Revolution were so far from establishing Protestantism *undefined*, that they did not even tolerate it, except in a very qualified way. They established Anglicanism, with its definite creeds and formularies, as the religion of the majority in England, and allowed the Scotch to establish Calvinism, with its equally definite creeds and formularies, as the religion of the majority in Scotland.

It is argued that the Church of Ireland is a part of the Church of England, and that the two are inseparable from each other. No doubt the two churches are by law a united church; and it is this law which, in the name of reason and justice, we are struggling to repeal. We know to our cost, having paid pretty heavily for it in blood, money, and loss of political strength, that the union of England and Ireland was, contrary to all equity and to the example of the union between England and Scotland, not only a civil, but a religious union. "Whether," says Macaulay, speaking of the union between England and Scotland,—"whether, in 1689, it would have been possible to effect a civil union without a religious union, may well be doubted. But there can be no doubt that a religious union would have been one of the greatest calamities that could have befallen either kingdom. The union accomplished in 1707 has indeed been a great blessing both to England and to Scotland. But it has been a blessing because, in constituting one state, it left two churches. The political interest of the contracting parties was the same; but the ecclesiastical dispute between them was one which admitted of no compromise. They could, therefore, preserve harmony only by agreeing to differ. Had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies, there never would have been an amalgamation of the nations. Successive Mitchells would have fired at successive Sharpes. Five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons. Those marvellous improvements which have changed the face of Scotland could never have been effected.

Plains now rich with harvests would have remained barren moors. Waterfalls which now turn the wheels of immense factories would have resounded in a wilderness. New Lanark would still have been a sheep-walk, and Greenock a fishing hamlet. What little strength Scotland could, under such a system, have possessed, must, in an estimate of the resources of Great Britain, have been, not added, but deducted. So encumbered, our country never could have held, either in peace or in war, a place in the first rank of nations. We are, unfortunately, not without the means of judging of the effect which may be produced on the moral and physical state of a people by establishing, in the exclusive enjoyment of riches and dignity, a church loved and reverenced only by the few, and regarded by the many with religious and national aversion. One such church is quite burden enough for the energies of one empire."

We have already shown reason for believing that Pitt himself, the author of the union between England and Ireland, was not satisfied with the justice of the measure, so far as regarded the position of the Irish Roman Catholic Church; and that, had he been permitted by the king, and the bishops who played upon the king's "conscience," to take his own course, he would have included some provision for the support of the Catholic clergy. The words of the fifth article of the Act of Union are, "That the Church of England and Ireland, as now by law established, shall be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland; and that the doctrine, discipline, worship, and government of the said united church shall be and shall remain in full force for ever as the same are now by law established." Mr. Miall, following Mr. Ward, has pointed out that nothing is here said about "temporalities;" and he not unreasonably conjectures that the framer of the act foresaw the inconvenience which might arise from the insertion of that word. It so happens, certainly, whether it be due to accident or design, that the temporalities of the Church of Ireland might be dealt with by Parliament in any way it pleased, without prejudice to the article of the Act of Union, as it is worded. Not that it can be imagined that any one will be foolish enough to set up the inviolability of the Act of Union against the claims of justice, and against the manifest interests of the two nations for whose benefit the act was passed. If all the provisions of the Act of Union were inviolable, the Church of England would be compelled to allow her "discipline" and "worship" to remain for ever exactly as they happened to be on the day when the act received the royal assent. She could not make the slightest alteration in her services, nor make any fresh provision for the

discipline of her clergy. Certainly the Church would be fortunate, if the generation of Bishop Prettyman, of all generations, had been empowered to transmit its ecclesiastical arrangements inviolable and immutable to the end of the world.

That which it is most important to observe, however, is, that Pitt's measure of union, in dealing with the claims of the Catholics, went upon a principle, though upon a principle not in accordance with the convictions of its author. Its political and its ecclesiastical provisions were consistent with each other. It established the Church of the minority in Ireland; and it gave the minority alone seats in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. It treated the Catholics throughout, according to the theory of those times, not as citizens, but as a subject caste, allowed to exist, and enjoying a qualified toleration as sectaries, by the humane indulgence of the State, but having no standing-ground in the community as a matter of right. It appropriated the State Church in Ireland to those who, as being alone eligible to political power, alone formed the State. And this consistency was not only logical, but politic. If you think fit, and feel that your conscience, when candidly consulted, and the precepts of the Christian religion oblige you, to treat a large class of your fellow-countrymen as objects of degradation and insult, you will do well at the same time to make interest with your conscience, if you can, to forbid your investing this class with political power. If you choose to commit an assault on your neighbour, do not at the same time put a life-preserver into his hand.

The cognate argument, that the interests and destinies of the two establishments have become blended together, and that to pull down one would be to insure the speedy fall of the other, was well met by Mr. Ward, from the Church-of-England point of view, in the speech to which we have before referred. "As to the members," he said, "of that Church to which I myself belong, I think myself entitled to address to them a few words of earnest warning. Let us not endeavour to serve the cause of the Church of England at home by connecting it with the cause of injustice in a sister country. The cases of England and Ireland are now perfectly distinct. It will be our fault if they are hereafter confounded. The Church of England still rests on the broad basis of population. It still maintains its hold upon the affections and respect of a great proportion of the English people; and it is my most earnest wish and prayer that it may long retain it. But I feel most deeply convinced that it can only do this by conforming to the spirit of the times in which we live; by withholding no just rights, by opposing no just demands, by conceding to its oppo-

nents, here, every civil privilege which they are fairly entitled to ask,—and above all, by not attempting to perpetuate in Ireland a system which is not less at variance with the first rights of man, than it is with the mild and pure spirit of Christianity itself."

There are some—Mr. Miall is one—who could not honestly press upon the Established Church of England any argument implying a desire on their part to strengthen her position and prolong her existence. But all men, whether friends of establishments or of the voluntary system, provided they be friends of justice, may honestly tell the established Church of England, that if she declares a system of flagrant injustice, such as that which now exists in Ireland, to be an essential and inseparable part of herself, she thereby pronounces her own doom; and that, unless a very extraordinary change comes over the spirit of the world, the effect of the sentence will not be long delayed.

But, say the defenders of the Irish Establishment, and especially its clerical defenders, no wrong is done to the Catholics, because tithes have now been commuted into a rent-charge on land, and the land of Ireland is mainly in the possession of Protestants. It is true that the land of Ireland is mainly in the hands of the Protestants, and it passed into their hands from those of the Catholics, its original possessors, through a series of confiscations, effected partly by open rapine, partly by chicanery and fraud, which has no parallel in history; a fact to which we advert, not because any sane man, or any well-wisher to Ireland would desire now to reopen any question as to the settlement of Irish property, but because, bearing this in mind, we cannot but think that landed property in Ireland is in a peculiar manner charged with responsibilities and duties towards the body of the disinherited people. It was in Ireland that the saying, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," was first uttered; and there was no country in which that aphorism could have more appropriately been born.

We will grant that the mass of the landed proprietors are Protestants; and we will also grant, for the sake of argument, that the burden of the rent-charge falls wholly on the landlord, and not at all on the tenant; still there is a conclusive answer to the present argument. The real fact is, that neither the Roman Catholics of Ireland, nor the Protestants, can be said, in the sense which this reasoning implies, to contribute to the support of the established Church. The reserved rent, by which the tithe is supported, belongs neither to the Protestant landlord nor to the Catholic tenant; it belongs to the State. And the grievance is, that the State, having a fund for public purposes at its disposal, selects as the object of its favour, in

rampant defiance of reason and justice, a persuasion the members of which amount to only two-seventeenths of the whole community.*

It may further be observed, that those who use this argument accept by implication the principle of the voluntary system. They argue in effect, that the contribution in question is no grievance, because it is drawn from those who, being Protestants by conviction, must be voluntary supporters of a Protestant establishment. It is going a good way to say, that all who are real or nominal adherents of a certain church, must be willing to pay tithes to its clergy. The history of the relations between the Protestant gentry of Ireland and the clergy of the Establishment, as we have before shown, does not lead very directly to this supposition. But, not to insist on this, what is to be said respecting the Catholics of Ireland, who are or may become the proprietors of land? Supposing them to be ever so few in number, still they are entitled to justice; and they are the victims of injustice, according to any theory which adopts religious conviction as the ground of contribution in support of the Church. Are those who defend the Irish Establishment on the plea that it is supported mainly at the cost of Protestants, prepared to say, that the existence of this Christian Church of theirs only involves a very moderate amount of iniquity?

To all allegations or insinuations, however, that the Irish Church is voluntarily supported by the Irish nation, there is a very simple and practical reply. When the Pope tells us that it is a great mistake to suppose that his government rests upon French bayonets, since it really rests upon the affections of a devoted people, we say, Very good; then take away the French bayonets, and let us see the result; if your government stands secure, all misapprehension on the subject will be at once dispelled. In the same way, when we are told by the defenders of the Irish Establishment that it is a truly national Church, we say, Very good; then take away the bayonets, the presence of which so much obscures its divine essence, and leave it resting, to the confusion of all gainsayers, on the loyal attachment of the Irish nation.

"Tithes," said a French ecclesiastic in the States-General, —"that free-will offering of the piety of the faithful." "Tithes," rejoined a reforming duke,—"that free-will offering of the piety of the faithful, about which there are now 30,000 lawsuits in France."

We shall scarcely be called upon, in the case of the Irish Establishment at all events, to argue the question whether the State has a right to deal with tithes. In the case of the Esta-

* See Lewis on Irish Disturbances, p. 351.

blished Church of England a theory is current, at least among the clergy, that tithes are not a tax imposed by the State, which it is lawful for the State to remit or divert to other objects, but a vast aggregate of private endowments given to the several parishes by a multitude of private benefactors, whose wills or other instruments of foundation have been inadvertently mislaid. The refutation of this theory, as applied to the case of any Established Church whatever, is complete for those whose minds are open to receive it. That tithes were not the spontaneous gift of individual landlords, but a general impost enforced by a central authority, is proved, among other things, by the nature of many of the titheable articles, which were such that they could not possibly have formed part of a landowner's benefaction. "Will any man in his senses pretend that pious lords of manors, of their own private will, gave to the clergy the right for all future time to mulct the artificers resident in their parishes of a tenth of their wages? or assigned to the Church the tenth of the fish caught in the sea? or subjected millers to the ecclesiastical impost from A.D. 1315? or gave a tenth of the spoils of all hawking, hunting, fishing, and fowling?"* But in the case of the Irish Church there can be no mistake about the matter. The institution of tithes is not, in this case, shrouded in those mists of the "prehistoric foretime," in which mythical theories find an asylum. The national Church of Ireland, in the days before the Norman invasion, was irregular in many respects to the strict ecclesiastical eye. These irregularities were corrected by the reforming synod of Cashel, which forbad marriages within the degrees prohibited by the Church, exempted the property of ecclesiastics from all contributions to lay chiefs, enforced the regular celebration of infant baptism according to the orthodox form, and enjoined the payment of tithes. What Henry II. enjoined, it is, we presume, competent for the legislature of the present day to abrogate or change.

Paley begins his chapter on Moral and Religious Philosophy by broadly laying it down, "that a religious establishment is no part of Christianity, it is only the means of inculcating it." "The authority," he says further on, "of a church establishment is founded in its utility; and whenever, upon this principle, we deliberate concerning the form, propriety, or comparative excellency of different establishments, the single view under which we ought to consider any of them is that of a 'scheme of instruction;' the single end we ought to propose by them is, 'the preservation and communication of religious knowledge.' Every other idea, and every other end, that has been mixed with this—as the making of the Church an engine, or

* Title-deeds of the Church of England, by Miall, p. 52.

even an *ally*, of the State; converting it into the means of strengthening or diffusing influence; or regarding it as a support of regal in opposition to popular forms of government—have served only to debase the institution, and to introduce into it numerous corruptions and abuses." He also admits in plain terms that if the dissenters from the Establishment become a majority of the people, the Establishment itself ought to be altered or modified. Considering that Paley upheld, on the ground of general expediency, anomalies which it would have been thought a man of his sense could scarcely have endured; considering that he upheld the constitution of the unreformed Parliament, and the judicial authority of the House of Lords, —his chapter on religious establishments and toleration will be found pretty plain-spoken. If such an institution as the Irish Establishment is to be maintained, it must be maintained, not on the ground of general utility, according to the great master of that philosophy, but upon some ground more divine.

If we are asked what is the great mischief the Irish Establishment does, the answer is easy and short: it connects the government, in the eyes of the great mass of the Irish people, with rank injustice, and makes it, and will continue to make it, an object, not of confidence and attachment, but of well-deserved suspicion and disaffection. It is vain to think that the government will ever take root in the affections of the Irish people until it ceases to trample on the national religion, and to impose by force an alien religion upon the nation. We should be sorry indeed to think that a government persisting in such a system ever could acquire the attachment of the people; for if it could, we should be compelled to believe that a nation had ceased to choose between right and wrong, and that the hearts of men were to be won by injustice.

Let the Protestants suppose, if they can, the tables turned, and the position of the two religions reversed. Let them suppose that they were the majority of the people in Ireland, and the Roman Catholics were the majority of the people in England; and let them suppose that this Roman Catholic majority established by force the Roman Catholic church, though that of the minority, in Ireland. What would their feelings be in this case? Would they not be in a constant state of disaffection to the government? Would they not be constantly resisting it, and caballing and conspiring against it ten times more than the Roman Catholics now do? Let them try to put themselves for a moment into the situation in which they think the other party ought so meekly to acquiesce. But the truth is, that by long habit the Irish Protestant has learnt to hold, that he is himself entitled, as of divine right, to indulge in the insolence and turbu-

lence of the slave-owner, and that the Catholic ought to be too happy to be allowed to exist, on condition of accepting with dutiful humility the position of a slave.

The evil extends to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. We have there a large body of members who represent an oppressed and degraded interest, and who, as far as the interests of the United Kingdom are concerned, do not know, and till the wrongs of their community are redressed never will know and never ought to know, what patriotism means. Nothing can be imagined more fatal to the well-being of a state than the existence of a large class of this kind, smarting under political wrong, stung with political degradation, yet armed with political power. Suppose we were to get into a conflict with any nation which could effectually appeal, as Spain and France appealed in former times, to the sense of injury among the Catholics of this country, what would be the state of our national councils under such circumstances as these?

If the Protestant landlords of Ireland knew their own interests, as proprietors, they would support instead of opposing the abolition of the Irish Establishment. The one thing necessary to raise the value of property in Ireland to its natural level, and to secure all the interests which depend upon it, is the restoration of concord and tranquillity among the people. But the Establishment organises and keeps up in their sharpest form the old antipathies between the two churches and the two races which those churches represent. It stands in its towering injustice the sumptuous trophy, to use once more Macaulay's happy phrase, of the conqueror over the conquered, rallying round it all the tyrannical pride and fanatical bitterness of one party, and arraying against it all the hatred and vindictiveness of the other. Mere difference of religion, not sharpened by the existence of an establishment, would not long divide and distract a country, socially and politically, as Ireland is now divided and distracted. In the United States there are plenty of Roman Catholics, living in the same community with Protestants, the descendants of the Puritans; yet De Tocqueville has observed that the difference of religion causes no social divisions, and that the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest meet as a matter of course on the same platform for all social and philanthropic objects. In Canada there is, unhappily, an offset of the Orange faction, which imitates in violence and absurdity its counterpart in the mother country. There is a graver source of disturbance in the political antagonism between the upper province which is Protestant, and the lower province which is Roman Catholic. Yet even in Canada nobody speaks of the religious difference between Roman Catholics and Protestants as being a fountain

of bitterness and peril, like the same religious difference in Ireland. The truth is, that religious fanaticism has been charged with a good deal in the way of wars and divisions among mankind, which ought rather to be set down to the account of political tyranny, using religious fanaticism as its pretext, and perhaps as its ally.

There are few people who in the present day would not shrink from avowing that they wished to keep up the Irish Establishment of Ireland, a nominally religious institution, for a political purpose, as the means of securing the English interest in Ireland. But if there are any who avow this object, or covertly entertain it, they are very short-sighted politicians. For whatever may be the attractive influence which the Establishment exerts on the few who benefit by it, it may be safely said to be cancelled ten times over by its repulsive influence on the many to whom it is a standing wrong.

The Roman Catholic clergy have hardly ever been the direct instigators of sedition. In their natural tendencies they are conservatives in only too high a degree. They were not only totally guiltless of Whiteboyism and Rockism, and all the other agrarian conspiracies, but they were themselves sufferers by those conspiracies; for the fees of the priest were the object of Whiteboy attacks as well as the tithes of the parson. The rebellion of 1798 was got up, not by Roman Catholic priests, but by Protestant republicans at Belfast. The Roman Catholic priests of Ireland, like their brethren on the Continent, abhorred the French Revolution and all its works, and they would have arrayed themselves on the side of the government, if the government had not spurned them from it, and driven them to the other side. In struggling under O'Connell for Catholic Emancipation, they struggled for an object which the legislature at last sanctioned, and which every right-minded man now admits to have been lawful and not seditious.

Still, though not authors of sedition, nor obnoxious on that account to any injurious treatment, they are, from the very nature of their position, and while the present state of things last will continue to be, obstacles in the way of reconciliation between the government and the people. They are a peasant clergy; they live among the people, are their social guides and advisers, and form their feelings and ideas to a much greater extent than they would if they belonged to a different class. They feel the injustice with which they are treated, they feel their own degradation, they are inevitably enemies of the government by which they are wronged; and though they may have no formed design of exciting rebellion, they naturally and inevitably infuse their own bitter feelings into the breasts

of the people. We are by no means disposed to dwell upon the services which a clergy may render as upholders of a particular social order, or a particular form of government. We do not wish to recommend the ministers of Christianity in the character of "black police." But those who rely upon them as a conservative element in politics may perceive that in Ireland this potent engine, in its most potent form, is transferred by their policy from the conservative to the destructive side. A government has need to be very able, and very beneficent in other respects, to preserve civil peace in a country where it persists in placing the natural leaders of the people on the side of civil war.

The hope that the Establishment will, by its missionary exertions, convert the Irish people from the errors of Popery to the Protestant truth, must have by this time sunk in despair. Sir Robert Peel had used his eyes while he was living in Ireland as Irish Secretary, and he afterwards meditated on what he had seen; the fruit of which meditations, if he had lived and returned to power, might possibly have been something beyond Catholic Emancipation. Somebody was once defending the Irish Establishment to him as a means of converting the Irish from Popery; he replied by putting the awkward question, Can you claim a balance of two hundred converts during the course of the last two hundred years?

The papacy in its expiring hour receives but cold sympathy, and feeble assistance, from the great Catholic monarchies, where its religion has been established with boundless wealth and unlimited power. The government, nominally Catholic, which supports it, does so merely for political ends. The people of its own city, the seat of its pomp and of its lavish expenditure, would rise, if they could, and pluck it from its throne. In Ireland, where its votaries have but just escaped from the last of the penal laws, where they still lie under the Ecclesiastical-Titles Act, and where the profession of its faith has been the badge of poverty and degradation, it still retains the enthusiastic devotion of the people, and receives from them all the aid which their helplessness can afford. Such is the practical result of propagating the true religion after the method of Lord Eldon and King George III. "Error by itself has never been a match for truth; but it has often been more than a match for truth and power."

The personal influence of the Roman Catholic clergy over their flocks, the object of so much dread, has been increased by the same auspicious policy; while, at the same time, their poverty and consequent want of high education as a class, have rendered it impossible that they should exercise that influence for enlightened objects of a social and economical kind.

The truth is, that the existence of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland is the thing most fatal to the success of the Protestant religion; it presents Protestantism to the Irish peasant in the most repulsive form,—as the religion of the conqueror and oppressor. Protestantism is to him what Roman Catholicism would have been to us, if it had been established in this country by the success of the Spanish armada. The creed which is tendered to him as the real religion of St. John is inseparably associated with the memory of past outrages, and too often with the sense of present insult. Worse missionaries than the clergy of the dominant church cannot be imagined. These men are not so blinded to reason as not to be aware that, unless Roman Catholicism is absolutely criminal, their own position must be a crying wrong. And therefore they are led to represent Roman Catholicism to themselves as criminal, and to carry this feeling into all their preachings and discussions. It is obvious that such a method of propagandism is not likely to make proselytes. The Roman Catholic knows very well that the things said by Protestant controversialists as to the practical effects of his religion are false; and he therefore may well refuse to believe that the things said against its doctrines and authority are true. The only chance of winning the hearts and minds of the people is, to begin by acknowledging the element of truth in their religion, and putting yourself as much as possible on common ground. But a clergyman of the Irish Establishment who should try to put himself on common ground with the Roman Catholic, by taking a candid view of the Roman Catholic religion, would be very speedily landed in the conclusion that his own church had no ground to stand on.

We have heard it said by persons who know Ireland, and are prejudiced, if at all, in favour of the Establishment, that the Protestants do not, commonly speaking, even desire to make converts to their church; and that if a Roman Catholic becomes a convert to it, he is apt to meet with any thing but an enthusiastic reception among the professors of his new faith. The truth is, that, from whatever aspect you view it, the Establishment is much more a political than a religious institution. It belongs not so much to a religious community desirous of propagating their faith, as to a political caste determined to preserve a rampart of their privileges and a monument of their victorious pride.

The Tudor sovereigns and legislators who established the Tudor church in Ireland, acted for what they took to be the highest interest of the whole Irish people. They had no notion that their church would be ultimately confined to a small section of the nation. They fully expected that it would within a

calculable time include and be a blessing to the entire race. They had no doubt whatever of their own competency, as rulers appointed of Heaven, to judge of the truth of creeds, and select the best religion. In perfect simplicity of faith, they expected that the religion which they in their wisdom had selected for the people of both islands, would soon prevail over error in both islands alike. They knew by practical experience that the minds of men were somewhat froward and perverse; but they did not doubt that these obstacles would in due course of time yield before lawful authority, aiding by the infliction of moderate penalties the native attractions of pure truth. They looked upon dissent, whether Catholic or Puritan, as a transitory phenomenon, which in one or two generations at most would pass away, and leave unbroken unity of faith and worship throughout these realms. Whether they expected that all Christendom would come over to their way of thinking, and embrace the Thirty-nine Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Homilies, we have no means of judging: probably, as their minds were eminently political, they did not look much beyond their own dominions, or take much thought for the unity of Christendom. Their anticipations, however, have not been fulfilled. Their experiment has resulted in signal and decisive failure. After three centuries of blood and discord, the Irish people are as far as ever from being members of the Tudor church. That establishment, which its founders unquestionably destined for the future benefit of the whole nation, remains hopelessly confined to a small part of it; and, instead of drawing every thing else within its unity, is in Ireland, as in England, very far from being at unity with itself. As they were persons of eminent practical wisdom, we may fairly assume that they would have bowed to the sentence of practical experience, and that we shall only be doing what they would have done, if upon the total failure of one principle, we frankly adopt another.

The truth is, that the peculiar form of Protestantism which is embodied in the Tudor church would never, even under the happiest circumstances, have had much success with the Irish people. The number of persons who are converted from the religion of their fathers to a new religion, by pure reason, must always be small, and confined to the most educated class. The mass of the people must be converted, if at all, through religious sentiment. Now the Tudor church, whatever may be its superiority to Roman Catholicism in matters of reason, is not very likely, as a matter of sentiment, to win away the enthusiastic heart of the Irish Celt from a more fervid religion. The services of the Church of England, though moulded to a certain extent by the temperament of the race which uses them, have

even to that race, now that its religious feelings have been quickened, begun to seem somewhat wearisome and formal, and they would probably be changed, if it were not for the fear of getting into awkward theological discussions. To the temperament of Irishmen they are utterly and hopelessly unsuited; and, as it seems to us, Birnam Wood will come to Dunsinane again before the Irish people leave the passionate worship of their own church to attend the sober but somewhat tedious celebration of the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer. Even among the Protestant congregations themselves there is an evident listlessness through the Liturgy. The only part of the service for which they care much appears to be the sermon, to which they listen attentively, if it is delivered in the style which suits their tastes, and, generally speaking, does not suit ours.

The Irish Celt is not naturally disinclined to Protestantism, any more than the Welsh Celt or the Celt of the Highlands, provided that it be Protestantism of a fervid and enthusiastic kind. It is by touching on this string that the Irish missions have been to a certain extent successful. Their success is in no degree due to the existence of a Tudor establishment in Ireland. They are alien in fact to the spirit of that establishment. They are essentially private enterprises supported by Protestant enthusiasm, and emanating, to a great extent, not from Ireland, but from this country. Whatever they may be worth (a question which we are not called upon here to discuss), they would go on just as well, or probably better, if the Establishment ceased to exist to-morrow.

As to the character of the Protestant clergy themselves, and of the flocks dependent on their care, it has improved from the very moment when, by the passing of Catholic Emancipation, the Protestant Church lost something of its dominant character; and there is no reason to doubt that it would improve still more if political support were still further withdrawn, and a spiritual community were left still more to rest upon its spiritual merits.

It is almost needless to specify the universal saving clause which accompanies all just measures of change. To touch the incomes of the existing clergy is what nobody has proposed, and nobody would propose. They are the more entitled to have their vested interests scrupulously respected, since, though their church has made no progress towards becoming national, they are themselves unquestionably far better than their fathers. In truth, some of them are so good and so zealous, that we may be pretty sure that the fault lies in the institution itself, and therefore that the case is past hope. Nothing can place the interests of the existing clergy in any peril except so obstinate and prolonged a resistance as might lead to a violent and vindictive revolution.

Art. II.—KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1863.

Lettres du Maréchal de Saint Arnaud. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1855.

Letters from Head-Quarters on the Realities of the War in the Crimea. By an Officer of the Staff. Third edition. London: Murray. 1858.

The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol, written in the Camp. By Lieut.-Col. E. Bruce Hamley, Captain Royal Artillery. With Illustrations drawn in Camp by the Author. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

Précis Historique des Opérations Militaires en Orient de mars 1854 *à octobre* 1855. Par A. du Casse, Chef-d'Escadron d'Etat-Major. Avec Cartes et Plans. Paris: E. Dentu. 1857.

Atlas Historique et Topographique de la Guerre d'Orient en 1854, 1855 *et* 1856; entrepris par ordre de S. M. l'Empereur Napoléon III; rédigé sur les Documents officiels et les Renseignements authentiques recueillis par le Corps d'Etat-Major; gravé et publié par les soins du Dépôt de la Guerre, S. Exc. le Maréchal Vaillant étant Ministre de la Guerre, et le Colonel Blondel Directeur du Dépôt de la Guerre. 1858.

Mr. Kinglake has enjoyed great advantages in the composition of his history. Six years ago Lady Raglan intrusted him with the whole of her husband's papers, including the reports addressed to the commander-in-chief by his subordinates, and his correspondence of all kinds, with sovereigns, ambassadors, generals, adventurers, and personal friends. Not only would it "seem as though no paper addressed to the English head-quarters was ever destroyed," but all this mass of matter was found to be arranged in perfect order. What, therefore, Lord Raglan knew, Mr. Kinglake knows. This has not been all. Information has "poured in upon him" from all quarters; and nowhere has he found any Englishman who has wished to conceal either our errors or shortcomings. The French war-department was, however, not unnaturally indisposed to allow its archives to be examined by "a gifted friend" of Mr. Kinglake's. To have done so would have been to lend a quasi-official character to his statements; which, considering the temper in

which he scrutinises every thing which emanates from the French authorities, would have proved, now that his book has been published, to say the least, extremely embarrassing. But surely the "most courteous, clear, and abundant answers" which he has received from every French commander whom he has interrogated, and still more, the despatch to this country of an "accomplished soldier" of great experience to make clear to him some of the French operations, might have saved the Imperial government from the charge of "concealment." From Russia he received a translation of the narratives of the three generals of division who commanded under Prince Mentschikoff at the Alma. And besides all this, Mr. Kinglake is obviously brimming over with that sort of story which circulates in society on the best authority,—authority which is, of course, anonymous, but may well tremble to learn that it has been recorded by the historian in black and white, and will hereafter be revealed on the house-top as the source of his statements. This vast mass of material, it is needless to say, has been digested into a brilliant narrative, which conclusively proves its author a consummate—rhetorician. It is not meant that he is altogether deficient in the qualities necessary to the historian. Many of the highest of them,—an ardent love of truth and justice, and the power of welding facts into their proper historical connexion, though too often warped and perverted by his violent personal hatreds and partialities,—he unquestionably possesses in a high degree. But these are obscured, overweighted, choked, by his powers as a rhetorician. Thus the principal feature of his book is its style. We are made to feel that we are in the hands of a great master of words. Every thing must be formed into a picture. Every body must be painted with all his accessories; and masterly as these portraits are, they are out of place when the battle of the Alma halts, in order that we may learn the birth, education, life, and even bodily defects, of each officer whom there is occasion to name. So every statement must be placed before the reader in its most perfect form; and as Mr. Kinglake's art is not of that highest kind which conceals itself, even his simplicity,—and his narrative can, when he chooses it, be very simple,—comes at last to seem studied and affected; so that it may well be doubted whether, while there is scarcely a passage in these volumes which, separately quoted, would not seem an admirable piece of writing, they have really been improved by the six years' labour he has bestowed upon them. For all smells of the lamp; and, under the influence of the terror with which he is said to regard the author of *Eothen*, his style has been polished and decorated, until, unlike Gibbon's in

every thing else, it resembles it in this, that it wearies by continuous splendour. And yet, even in saying thus much, one almost dreads to be unjust, so lively is the impression produced by its animation, its clearness, its copiousness, its fire; and with such remorseless power does he wield in turn his favourite weapons—bantering humour, invective, and, above all, his terrible irony. In short, despite all the faults that may justly be attributed to it, the book remains a great intellectual effort; and while we feel that Mr. Kinglake has set himself to dazzle our imaginations, disarm our judgments, and carry us away the helpless captives of his literary skill, it is impossible to deny him the praise of, at all events, a temporary success.

It is the more necessary, however, to allude to these characteristics of Mr. Kinglake's style, because they are the result of habits of thought. This perpetual effort at picturesqueness does not indeed alter facts, but it may marshal them, give to this undue prominence, and keep that too much in the background. Even where it does not, it makes us suspect that it has done so, and so destroys our trust in the narrator. But when this love of word-painting is combined with an intense love of estimating character, of scrutinising men's motives and feelings and passions, it betrays a writer into statements which, if not quite, are at least very nearly, incapable of proof. It would, for instance, be very curious to know how Mr. Kinglake obtained so complete a knowledge of the feelings which influenced the Czar and Lord Stratford in the duel which he so dramatically depicts. In sober reality, such statements are mere inferences, such as all men draw erroneously every day, even in the case of their most intimate friends, and which should never be put forward by a historian except hesitatingly, and with a statement of the facts on which they rest. For instance, soon after Lord Stratford returned to Constantinople, Prince Mentschikoff received despatches from St. Petersburg; and he then began to use a tone of violence to the Porte to which he had not before resorted. Will it be believed that Mr. Kinglake proceeds to infer, "from the known bent and temper of the Czar's mind," what were his instructions to his ambassador, and actually writes for him a long imaginary despatch? "By the time you receive this," Count Nesselrode is supposed to say, "Stratford Canning will be at Constantinople. He has ever thwarted his majesty the Emperor. The inscrutable will of Providence has bestowed upon him great gifts of mind, which he has used for no other purpose than to baffle and humiliate the Emperor and keep down the orthodox church. .... Again, the Emperor commands me to say you must strike terror. Use a fierce insulting tone." Mr. Kinglake cannot

of course imagine that any Russian statesman ever did write, or even that the Czar ever consciously thought in such a strain as this; still, as a piece of sarcasm, it is certainly powerful. But what would be well enough in a novelist is out of place in a grave historian. The supposed despatch has not even the kind of truth which is to be found in the imaginary speeches of Thucydides or Livy.

So in the second chapter of his book Mr. Kinglake reminds us, that under the law of nations any state has the right by force of arms to prevent or redress a wrong done to another state, but that its duty is not coextensive with its right. Whether it will interfere, depends on whether it is its interest to do so, and whether it has the power to wage war with success. In other words, nations are actuated in redressing the wrongs of other nations by those ordinary motives of expediency by which human beings generally are actuated. That this is stated with great clearness and force is true enough, but it does not seem to be a doctrine which contains any great mystery or remarkable novelty. Still it is absolutely necessary that Mr. Kinglake, if he states it at all, should state it in a way which will strike the fancy; and it is accordingly throughout his book dressed out as the Usage, and the great Usage. In this pompous form, and with a capital letter, it really bears, until closely examined, a very fair resemblance to a great discovery in politics. But surely this resort to the expedients of Sir Bulwer Lytton is a little beneath him. And as this perpetual straining after effect, being executed with vigour and success, at first fascinates the reader, so, when its influence has passed off, the mind suffers from a sort of reaction, and unconsciously avenges itself by undervaluing what before it had set too high. Mr. Kinglake's earliest critics could see no faults; perhaps now the tendency is to depreciate him more than is just. For this, however, he must thank himself,—and that the more because he himself sets the example of partiality. In the Emperor of the French and his abettors he can see no merit. Nothing ever emanates from them that is wise or honest. Certainly it is not wonderful that any man should look with horror on the perpetrators of the massacre of December; but still it is hard to believe that every soldier who held command in the army of Paris during the week of the *coup-d'état* was of necessity a bungler and a fool. Yet this is apparently the moral of the book, set forth with a trenchant scorn which cannot but be mischievous. For Mr. Kinglake is not unknown,—not a mere literary man; but his words borrow notoriety, and perhaps to the apprehension of foreigners weight, from his parliamentary position. But it is a sufficient comment on the spirit in which

these volumes are written, that in Paris they should have been regarded as endangering the *entente cordiale*, and that the English Government should have thought it desirable to take the first fitting opportunity which occurred after their publication to convey to M. Drouyn de Lhuys its desire to draw yet closer the ties which unite not merely the two nations but their governments.*

In the year 1850 an exaggerated notion of the decrepitude of Turkey prevailed in Europe. The efforts of the later sultans to reinvigorate the nation by imitating the more civilised peoples of the West, had deprived the upper classes and inhabitants of the capital of the strength which comes of simplicity, but had not as yet given them the strength which comes of cultivation. Without even the tradition of an aristocracy, it was the custom of the Porte to choose statesmen and officers from the dregs of the Byzantine populace, and it was nothing unusual that one who had been born the slave of a pasha should die the equal of his master. Thus the vices of barbarism and civilisation were met together; and to those who judge a people by its rulers, the Turks seemed utterly corrupt. Only a few English travellers, who "going to Eastern countries in early life," had been "charmed with the grand, simple, violent world that they had read of in their Bibles," knew better; knew that "the Ottoman people still upheld the warlike spirit which belongs to their race and faith."

"Experience showed that the Turks could generally hold their ground with obstinacy, when the conditions of a fight were of such a kind that a man's bravery could make up for the want of preparation and discipline. In truth they were a devoted soldiery, and fired with so high a spirit that when brought into the right frame of mind they could look upon the thought of death in action with a stedfast, lusty joy. They were temperate, enduring, and obedient to a degree unknown in other armies. They brought their wants within a very narrow compass, and, without much visible effort of commissariat skill or of transport power, they were generally found to be provided

* We rest this assertion on the following facts. Mr. Kinglake's book was published on January 15th. On the 25th the Emperor, distributing the prizes to the French exhibitors in the London Exhibition of 1862, spoke in praise of English liberty. On the 29th, the *Moniteur* announced that "Lord Cowley had been instructed to express to M. Drouyn de Lhuys the satisfaction felt by the British Government on account of the late speech of the Emperor, and its strong desire to see sentiments of mutual esteem daily strengthen the ties of friendship which unite the two nations as well as their governments." And the *Constitutionnel* of the same evening spoke of this message of Lord Russell as "requisite to secure the peace of the world." But surely the Emperor's speech had in no way endangered it. Of course it is open to any one to set aside the inference here drawn, as an instance of the old fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; but we are sure Mr. Kinglake will not do so,—at all events, if he recurs again to the notes he has appended to pages 369 and 382 of his first volume.

with bread and cartridges, and even with means of shelter. Their arms were always bright. Their faith tended to make them improvident; but a wise instinct taught them that if there was one thing which ought not to be left to fate or to the precepts of a deceased prophet, it was the Artillery. Their guns were well served."

Unhappily for the peace of Europe it was not difficult for a power which, deceived by the corruption of the government, should think that the time had come to expel the Mussulman from Europe, to find excuse for a rupture. Every where the Christian "nations," as they were called, who mainly peopled the European provinces of Turkey, had been abandoned to their own devices by the indolence or the contemptuous intolerance of the Turks. They paid tribute, they were liable to lawless outrages from their masters, and were not suffered to bear arms; but generally they lived apart, a kind of *imperium in imperio*, free in the exercise of their religion, and enjoying their own laws and customs; and as the conquest had overturned their temporal government, the administration of these laws and customs had fallen mostly into the hands of the priesthood. These Christian communities, comprising about three-sevenths of the population of the empire, and greatly preponderating over the Turks in its European provinces, had long been accustomed to seek for protection against the oppression of their conquerors from some European power of similar faith. Austria was empowered by treaties to protect the Roman Catholic worship. The piety of Louis XV. had obtained for France, in 1740, a capitulation which confirmed all the existing privileges of the Latin Church in Palestine. While, at the instance of Russia, concessions had been granted to the twelve millions of Turkish subjects who professed the faith of the Greek church; originally indeed liable to be revoked at the pleasure of the Sultan, but, as the Czar maintained, transformed into a binding engagement with him by "a few loose words" in the treaty of Kainardji. However, the Latin Christians were but few in number, and to Austria at least the unity and independence of Turkey were of vital importance. With Russia the case was different.

In the hearts of the Russian people there still lives that medieval faith which founded the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. They are devoted to a creed which came to them from Constantinople, and which still holds pilgrimage to holy shrines to be a rite which, like baptism, draws down heavenly blessings even on children of tender years. Thus the hopes as well as the memories of the nation all turn eastwards; and from their earliest years their fanaticism is fanned by the lessons of a warlike priesthood, and the visions of seers who had prophesied "the destruction of the Turks by the men of the yellow hair."

This religious zeal of the lower classes is supported by the ambition of the upper; and the possession of the gates of the Black Sea is the traditional policy which they have received from Peter and Catherine. Only the emperors understood the jealousy which so vast an accession of power would excite in Europe, and perhaps also dreaded the possession of a capital city at either extreme of their dominion as an omen of division. The Emperor Nicholas represented at once the feelings of his people, and the policy of his predecessors. Thus the vacillation with which Mr. Kinglake reproaches him was probably more apparent than real. What he wanted was, to have Turkey intact, and yet to seem to his people to be daily tightening his hold upon her Christian subjects. Nor was this to be altogether a seeming. He was determined that if he did not inherit Constantinople from the sick man, at least no other power should.

This being the state of things as between Russia and Turkey, Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, was pleased to claim the strict execution of the treaty of 1740. Probably he had no deeper motive than a desire to gratify that love of domineering which is inherent in the French people; and it is at least certain that, though France was still "under parliamentary government," and was therefore "safe from the calamity of a wanton rupture with friendly states," it manifested no dissatisfaction with the President's policy. At Constantinople he found himself, however, opposed to Russia, for the stipulations of the treaty of 1740 were not to be reconciled with the concessions which had since been made to the Greek Christians; and the Czar, even if he had been inclined, did not dare to let his people know that he had suffered the Latin church to obtain a victory over the orthodox faith. Then came the *coup-d'état* of December 1851, and the claims of the Latin church were pressed with unseemly violence. Force was threatened. The Turks shuffled shamefully. But a fortnight after the assumption by Louis Napoleon of the imperial title, the long negotiation "about a key and a star," which is known to diplomacy as the question of the Holy Shrines, and detailed by Mr. Kinglake in his happiest vein of banter, was brought to a close by the concession of the French demands, to the joy of the Latins, and, in the words of Count Nesselrode, "to the indignation of the whole people following the Greek ritual."

Technically France was in the right, for she claimed only the fulfilment of an existing treaty; but a wise statesman would not have raked up an obsolete engagement, so as to irritate the deeply-rooted fanaticism of Russia. The imprudence of the Czar had, however, by this time made it absolutely

necessary for the French Emperor to obtain a triumph over him. Pride was his ruling passion, and he had never concealed his contempt for the origin of Napoleon. He now openly insulted him, whether from sudden anger or of settled purpose, by refusing to address him as "my good friend *and brother*." He would not receive an adventurer into the fraternity of kings. This was not the way to dispose the adventurer to conciliation.

As early as 1844, the Czar had communicated to the English government a paper, in which he represented, that between Austria and Russia "there existed already an entire accord" (vol. i. p. 68). The events of 1848 had naturally given him a claim on the Emperor Francis Joseph; and when the Kaiser chose this moment to send a peremptory summons to the Sultan, calling on him to withdraw his forces from Montenegro, it is not strange that the Czar should regard so opportune an occurrence as a new proof of this agreement. Even Mr. Kinglake admits that the Czar's feelings were "well understood at Vienna," and that the summons was probably sent "in order to anticipate his wishes." It seems that no intimation of the Kaiser's intention had been given him; but when a close friend acts so as to give timely aid, men naturally assume the intention to assist; and we can therefore see no duplicity in the Czar's representations, that he was acting in concert with Austria. He determined to make the refusal of her demand a *casus belli;* but his plans were disconcerted, for "it was suddenly acceded to by the sagacious advisers of the Sultan."

"Virtue," it has been said, "coldly entertained in every other corner of the heart, has often found a refuge in the pride of man;" and the Czar was not deficient in those good qualities with which pride easily allies itself. He loved truth; he was capable of great generosity; and had shown, on at least one occasion, "a spirit of austere virtue, ranging high above common ambition." But he shared the religious fanaticism of his people, though having "the air of a man raised above the level of common worshipers, who imagined that he was appointed to serve the cause of his church by great imperial achievements, and not by humble feats of morality and devotion." Pride may be the protector of virtue, but it is apt to be a very treacherous one; and when the Czar's pride had to choose between his virtue and his fanaticism, it sided with the last. He determined to assert his dignity against the Buonapartes and the infidels by "some notable achievement either of war or policy;" and, unluckily, he entirely misunderstood the state of Europe. He possessed such an ascendency over the rulers of Prussia and Austria, that he believed they would see

the Lower Danube, the great outlet of Southern Germany, pass into his hands without serious resistance; and for France he entertained an unjust, and even silly, contempt. England he misunderstood still more; for he fancied her to be devoted to trade, and to hate war, like the peace party and Lord Aberdeen. The scheme he hit on "was, to make the past defaults of the Turkish government with regard to the Holy Places of Palestine a ground for extorting a treaty engagement, by which the Greek church throughout all Turkey would be brought under the protection of Russia."

Then Prince Mentschikoff came as ambassador to Constantinople, and the Russian armies gathered on the frontier. Both in form and substance the demands of Nicholas were of the kind from which he had himself, in the last secret memorandum solemnly placed in the hands of our envoy at St. Petersburg, represented it to be the duty of the great powers to abstain; and he left the English and French governments to hear of his attempt to obtain a protectorate over twelve millions of Turkish subjects from their own envoys to the Porte. But this conduct seems to us less the result of "an instinct of wild cunning," than the vacillation natural to a man whose pride was driving him on a course which his conscience condemned and his judgment disapproved. In the Divan there was "anxiety and alarm:" the French fleet was ordered to Salamis; and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was sent back to Constantinople.

Probably none of the minor causes, which were all tending to war, had a larger share in producing it than a step which Lord Aberdeen doubtless intended in the interests of peace. Between Lord Stratford and the Czar there was an old antagonism. "It was the Czar's ancient hatred of Sir Stratford Canning," says Mr. Kinglake himself, "which defied the healing art." In seventeen days from his arrival he had settled the question of the Holy Places, and left Mentschikoff without the shadow of a grievance to excuse the demand for a protectorate. Then he threw off the mask, and openly counselled resistance.

"How to negotiate with a perfected skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it without swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the home government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was moreover so gifted by nature that, whether men studied his despatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only bystanders caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation

was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. He had faults which made him an imperfect Christian, for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts that he followed up his opinions with his feelings and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper being always under control when purposes of State so required, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness, for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him."

To the ascendency of Lord Stratford the Russian ambassador opposed fresh violence. Mr. Kinglake, apparently without any evidence, as we have before remarked, attributes this to fresh instructions from the Czar, which he embodies in an imaginary despatch. Whether this were so or not, he determined to demand a secret audience of the Sultan. Lord Stratford was equal to the occasion. He had been instructed, in the event of *imminent danger to the existence* of the Turkish government, to send to Malta, requesting the admiral to hold himself in readiness; but he was not to order him to approach the Dardanelles without instructions from home. He at once obtained an audience, through the grand vizier, and apprised "the pale Sultan" of the authority intrusted to him, while he kept to himself the reservation which limited it. When Prince Mentschikoff obtained his secret audience, he was already countermined. He produced no result beyond the resignation of the offended vizier, and, on the 21st May, quitted Constantinople with the whole Russian legation. Lord Stratford had won the duel; but it cannot be denied that he had used the weapon confided to him in a way little contemplated by those who intrusted him with it, and opposed to the spirit by which they were actuated. "Without the solemnity of a treaty, without the knowledge of Parliament, and perhaps without the knowledge of her prime minister, England had slided into all the responsibility of a defensive alliance with the Sultan." Such an ambassador is, to say the least of it, dangerous.

On the 2d of July 1853, the Russian armies crossed the Pruth, and occupied the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, as a material guarantee for the inviolability of the orthodox church.

Whatever may be thought of the French Emperor's conduct in raising the question of the Holy Places, it had latterly been

temperate enough. Notwithstanding the studied insolence of the Czar, M. de la Cour had entered into the spirit of the English counsels, and had made the concessions which enabled Lord Stratford to adjust the contention. An ordinary mind would see in this a proof of Napoleon's sincere desire to earn a character for moderation: to Mr. Kinglake's apprehension, the Czar was falling into the snare of his "patient enemy in the West, who had long pursued him with a stealthy joy, and was now keenly marking him down." But occasional sneers of this sort were insufficient to satisfy Mr. Kinglake's animosity; so he suddenly rushes back from Midsummer 1853 to Christmas 1851, and in a chapter of 112 pages recounts all the evil that he knows of the French Emperor and his courtiers, and all the atrocities of the *coup-d'état*. No praise can be too high for its literary merits as an invective. As an example of all that is most exasperating in open ridicule, and withering in secret irony, it deserves to rank with the pamphlet of the Duc d'Aumale and Victor Hugo's *Napoléon le Petit;* but it should be bound up with works of that class, and not inserted bodily into a history of the Invasion of the Crimea. The author has sacrificed artistic propriety to the gratification of his hatred; he sacrifices also the reserve imposed on him by his political position. But the funniest thing is his reason for considering it "no digression." Mr. Kinglake is writing the history, not of the Invasion of the Crimea, but of the Invasion of the Crimea down to the death of Lord Raglan. Therefore, he writes a whole volume on the causes, not of the Invasion, but of the war between Russia and the Allies. We do not say this is unjustifiable, but it reminds one of the front of Strasburg cathedral, which, however beautiful, is still a good deal too large for the edifice to which it forms the entrance. But when the author gravely proceeds to argue that, because it was expedient for Louis Napoleon to occupy with foreign dissensions the mind of the nation he had robbed of its freedom, it was therefore fitting for him to relate the mode in which it was robbed, one sees no reason why he should not have gone back to the causes why Napoleon planned a *coup-d'état*, and so to causes remoter still, in an endless series of spiteful retrospections. We feel no inclination to follow Mr. Kinglake into details so foreign to the history he has undertaken to write; but one point may be mentioned, because it affords a fair instance of a practice which is not uncommon with him. He says (p. 281) that the number of the persons slaughtered by the troops during the *coup-d'état* will never be known; but one of the regiments is stated by its colonel to have killed 2400 men. This Mr. Kinglake clearly, from the language he employs, considers to be an exaggeration;

but he takes care nevertheless to let us know that the regiments operating against Paris were from thirty to forty, of which about twenty were actively employed; and to point out that, supposing the colonel's statement to be "any thing like an approach to the truth, and that his corps was at all rivalled by others, a very high number would be wanted for recording" the number of the slain. What, as it seems, he wishes to convey to his readers is this: 'Multiply 2400 by 20, and the result will be 48,000 killed. I cannot believe this myself; but you may if you like, and I shall be amazingly pleased if you do.' Mr. Kinglake's professional experience does not seem to have taught him that an advocate's most dangerous temptation is to overstate his case.

Men's minds being now properly prepared, Mr. Kinglake opens all his batteries on the devoted Emperor of the French. The Porte had, by the advice of Lord Stratford, issued firmans, by which it spontaneously confirmed all the existing privileges of the Greek Christians. It was now proposed, that a note, settled by the representatives of the four powers, should be sent by the Porte to St. Petersburg, together with copies of the firmans. This note, known as the Vienna note, was to distinctly assure Count Nesselrode that the firmans confirmed the privileges of the Greek Church in perpetuity, and virtually, therefore, engaged that they should never be revoked. The scheme and the first draft of the note emanated from Paris; and remembering the very conciliatory conduct of the French ambassador, when Lord Stratford settled the dispute about the Holy Places, a candid man would see in it a fresh proof that, at all events at this time, the French Emperor wished for peace. It is the last notion that enters into Mr. Kinglake's mind. Perhaps it was inherent doubleness of mind that made Napoleon falter in his purpose. Perhaps it was that he thought, that if peace were made by a note which was originally drawn at Paris, he would obtain as a peace-maker all the conspicuousness he needed. We do not, we confess, see the fairness of this sort of criticism. Doubtless the Emperor desired, if there was peace, to get what glory he could by it; if war, to turn away his people's minds from regret at their loss of liberty,—for either result would strengthen his position. But the existence of secondary motives does not make it impossible that he should have had another, or that that other was to maintain the balance of power—peacefully if it might be, but at all events to maintain it. The end of the Vienna note is known to all men. The Czar accepted, the Porte rejected it; and Count Nesselrode wrote an unlucky despatch, which showed that the reasons for the acceptance and rejection were the same, namely, that it gave the very protectorate

which it was its object to deny. Lord Stratford was of the same mind, though it may well be doubted whether the Turks read in his brow quite all Mr. Kinglake says they did; and eventually the four powers had to confess that they had blundered.

But this is not all. In September there was considerable excitement at Constantinople. The Grand Vizier told Lord Stratford that there was danger of a riot; and "then went straight to M. de la Cour, and drew a vivid picture of massacred Frenchmen." In Turks, this is "skilful discrimination." M. de la Cour, in a fright, sent home a telegraphic despatch; and the French Emperor, "in furtherance of his designs,"—Mr. Kinglake has not a high opinion of his courage, but never dreams that he shared M. de la Cour's fright,—induced the English government to concur in ordering the fleets to the Golden Horn. The order was carried out on the 22d; and the next day the Sultan declared war. As a state of war really commenced when the Russian armies crossed the Pruth, the stipulation of the treaty of 1841, which prohibited the Sultan from admitting war-vessels into the sea of Marmora, scarcely applied; but we certainly think that it is to be regretted that Lord Stratford did not take upon himself to delay the entry of the fleets for two days longer. The Czar would then have had no excuse for regarding it as a breach of treaty, and the responsibility would certainly not have been greater than the English ambassador had often enough assumed before. Then came Sinope, and thenceforth peace was impossible. Public opinion would not have suffered it. Again, the Emperor of the French urged the more vigorous measures. The English cabinet proposed to send the fleets into the Black Sea, with instructions to protect the coasts of Turkey from attack; a proposal which seems simply fatuous. The Emperor was for giving the Czar notice that the western powers would compel his fleet, whenever they found it, to return to Sebastopol. He had his way, and diplomatic relations between Russia and the western powers ceased, just as the Porte had accepted a scheme of settlement agreed upon by the representatives of the four powers at Constantinople. But if, as Mr. Kinglake thinks, the harsh and insulting notice which was advised by the French Emperor was what overthrew a fair probability of a peaceful settlement, and if the Czar would have accepted an arrangement which was prepared under the auspices of Lord Stratford, then all we can say is, that one-half of this volume, which sets forth the Czar's rage against Lord Stratford, and that he accepted the Vienna note chiefly because the English ambassador had no hand in it, must be the emptiest of fables. The warlike French

Emperor made one more abortive attempt to bring about a peace; then, on the 28th of March, the Queen declared war.

We now learn with astonishment that Lord Palmerston was the chief cause of the war. It seems he disliked Russia and Austria as too absolutist, and Prussia as too philosophical, while he hated the Bourbons; so he involved us in an alliance with Buonaparte. This defies comment. The second cause was the alliance with Buonaparte, because he induced us to order up our fleets, and otherwise to move in advance of Germany. The more general opinion has been, that it was the excessive tardiness in action of our own Government which caused the war, rather than its too hasty truculence. Certainly it might quite as well be argued that Napoleon would have proposed measures even more prompt than he did, had he not known the most he could hope from Lord Aberdeen; and that such measures would have opened the Czar's eyes to—what Mr. Kinglake so forcibly states—his erroneous notion that the English people were averse to war. As to our waiting for Austria, because her interests were most involved by the occupation of the Principalities, that no doubt is true; but it is very doubtful whether, if we had, war would have ever been declared. Austria never would summon the Czar to evacuate those provinces till the 3d of June, till the presence of the allies at Varna, and the successes of Omar Pasha on the Danube, had shown her very conclusively that it was not likely that her summons would be treated by Russia as a *casus belli*. Mr. Kinglake considers that the arrival of an Austrian officer at Lord Raglan's head-quarters just as the Czar was on the point of withdrawing his troops, shows her to have been on the brink of war. We presume this is the mission which arrived at Varna on the 11th July, and which left on the minds of the allied generals an impression "unfavourable to Austria, as they do not approve of the position the Austrians propose taking in the ensuing war."* In truth, however, the German powers are hardly to be blamed. Prussia was only concerned not to disgust South Germany by abandoning the Lower Danube to Russia. Austria had indeed a vital interest in the matter; but her finances were disordered, and Francis Joseph, only five years before, had received back his crown from the friendship of the Czar. It may be said that a monarch must always be guided by the interests of his empire; but that Austria should hang back was under the circumstances only to be expected. There are degrees of ingratitude which no reasoning will enable even a Hapsburg to commit without shocking the instinctive feelings of mankind.

Many others of the numerous causes to which Mr. King-

* Letters from Head-Quarters, p. 36.

lake attributes the war seem to be scarcely causes at all in any proper sense of the word. As for instance, the courtliness of the French, Prussian, and Austrian ministers at St. Petersburg, Lord Aberdeen's love of peace, Mr. Gladstone's conscientiousness, the doctrines of the peace party, and the Exhibition of 1851. Again, we think that he habitually overrates the influence of individual character, and attributes to all his personages more consistency of purpose than men generally have. He seems to think that Lord Clarendon's famous phrase is strictly true of Lord Aberdeen only (i. 411). We would extend it to all Europe. To us it seems that every body concerned in the matter—even Louis Napoleon—"drifted" into war, with the single exception of Lord Stratford. He from the first meant that Russia should give up her claim to the protectorate of the Greek Church in Turkey, or War; and, like all resolute men surrounded by irresolute, he prevailed.

The question remains, Had England any sufficient interest in the integrity of Turkey to justify her policy? And by some it may be doubted whether she had; at all events, after the rise of Mehemet Ali had placed the government of Egypt on a firm and quasi-independent footing. The fall of the Sultan no longer implies anarchy on the Nile. But it must be allowed that the absorption of Turkey in Europe by the great military empire of Russia, would have given to the latter a fearful accession of power. Nor can we fairly judge the past by the light of the present. We may know now that the feet of the colossus were of clay: men did not know it then. Ever since 1815 the fear of Russia had overshadowed Europe. Campbell's lines only expressed the feeling of almost every Englishman:

> "O lamentable weakness reckoning weak
> The stripling Titan strengthening year by year!
> What implement needs he for war's career
> That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
> (Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,)
> Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
> And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines."

Allowing, for the sake of argument, that the war was scarcely necessary to our interests, it was so to our apprehensions. From the first, beyond and above the strife of churches and the jealousies of monarchs, "towering high in the misty north, men saw the ambition of the Czars." Whatever may be said, therefore, neither our treasure nor our blood were lavished in vain; for when the war ended, the bugbear of Russian predominance had lost its terrors.

Vexed at Omar Pasha's successes on the Danube, the Czar early in 1854 relinquished his hold on Western Wallachia, crossed

the river, and invested Silistria. The heroic defence of this town, under Butler and Nasmyth, worked the first change in the military plans of the Allies. It had been thought that Russia might repeat the advance of Diebitsch in 1828, and the Allies were busy constructing lines so as to defend Constantinople and the Thracian Chersonese from a *coup-de-main*, and secure the retreat of the fleets from the Black Sea. The defence of Silistria enabled Omar Pasha to take up a strong fortified position at Schumla, and determined the allied generals to move up to Varna. It would have been scarcely possible for an advancing Russian force to leave a fortified port and such an army unconquered on its flank. But here Mr. Kinglake pauses to etch the characters of Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud. Our estimate of the military capacity of both these commanders will sufficiently appear in the residue of this paper. But the elaborate portraiture of the French marshal it is desirable to examine at length, because, while it is one of Mr. Kinglake's most brilliant efforts, it affords a fair specimen of the reliance which is to be placed on his statements about the French Emperor and his supporters; it being, as we undertake to show, substantially inaccurate.

Mr. Kinglake, who is a perfect Lord Llanover in his dislike to persons who bear names not "resulting in the usual way from marriages and baptisms," but which they have "chosen for the sake of euphony," first falls foul of the marshal because he had changed his name from James Arnold to Achilles, and from Leroy to St. Arnaud. What authority he has for the first statement we do not know, but the second is apparently inaccurate. The marshal and his brother appended to their family name of *Leroy* the suffix *de St. Arnaud*. This change, if not instigated was, at all events, recognised by their relatives, and, as appears from the marshal's published letters, in his case at least, took place before he was twenty-four. It can scarcely, therefore, have had any very sinister object. Of respectable parentage, St. Arnaud entered the guard of Louis XVIII. in 1815, being then seventeen years of age. His extravagance compelled his friends to get him removed into the line; but in 1822, his embarrassments coming to a head, he relinquished his commission, and started to offer his sword to the cause of the revolution in Greece. He did not, however, remain there long, and seems to have lived pretty much by his wits in Italy, England, and Belgium, until the revolution of 1830. The number of resignations at this time caused a demand for officers, and St. Arnaud reëntered the army in his thirty-third year. Whatever may have been the vices and follies of the "stormy youth," which his brother, M. Adolphe Leroy de St. Arnaud, an advo-

cate at the Paris bar, attributes to him, the lieutenant of infantry was a very accomplished man. During his sojourn abroad he acquired several languages, especially Italian and English very perfectly, and he had some skill in music and taste for verse-making. By an impromptu song at a military dinner he attracted the attention of General Meunier; by a translation into three languages of a little pamphlet by Marshal Bugeaud on the art of war, he made that commander his patron for life. Mr. Kinglake mentions these incidents as if they were discreditable to him.

In St. Arnaud's letters to his family there is a break from the 18th September 1835, when he had evidently no intention of leaving his regiment, till the 19th November 1836, when we find him on his way to join the foreign legion in Algeria. His brother accounts for this as follows: "Au mois d'octobre 1835 le maréchal vint en semestre à Paris, et fut attaché au gymnase militaire. Il était au milieu de sa famille, la correspondance s'arrêta. Au mois de mars 1836 il perdit sa première femme. Il demanda alors à passer dans la légion étrangère pour aller en Afrique. Après beaucoup de difficultés il entra dans la légion avec son grade de lieutenant." Mr. Kinglake's equivalent for this is: "He seemed to be in a fair road to promotion, but again the clouds passed over him. In 1836, for the third and last time, being then forty years of age, he entered the military profession."

This seems to be one of the most astounding blunders on record. Nothing can be clearer than that St. Arnaud never quitted the army at all. He comes to Paris with six months' leave, and while there gets attached to the military gymnasium. Mr. Kinglake may not be aware that gymnastics are a recognised part of military training in France, and that a gymnasium exists in every large garrison town in France. Appointments in them are much sought for, and while holding them the officer is detached from his regiment, but can always rejoin it. Instead of doing so, St. Arnaud exchanges into the foreign legion; not a strange determination in a lieutenant of forty, whose home had just been destroyed by his wife's death, and who had two children to provide for. In Algeria troubles were just then breaking out, and a command in the foreign legion—the forlorn hope, so to speak, of the Algerian army—meant for a brave man promotion or death. In eight years from this time he had attained to a general's command.

He was a captain at the taking of Constantine in 1837. When the breach was assaulted, a mine was sprung and a panic ensued; St. Arnaud distinguished himself in rallying the fugitives and leading them again to the assault. Combes, Bedeau,

and himself, with cries of "*En avant! à la baïonette!*" flung themselves into the gulf which had just swallowed their comrades; and "our soldiers lowered their heads and crossed bayonets, with cries of '*Hourra! en avant!*'" The breach was carried. Later in the day, St. Arnaud came on a barricade in the interior of the town. He first occupied the houses on either side with sharp-shooters; "then," he continues, "sword in hand, with cries of '*Hourra!*' better known by my foreign soldiers—with shouts of '*En avant, la légion!*'—I threw myself on the barricade, which I cleared." These two incidents Mr. Kinglake works up into the following marvellous myth.

"When a great explosion took place, and many were blown into the air, the French soldiers ran back with a cry that all was ruined; but Bedeau and Combes, withstanding the madness of the common terror, strove hard to rally the crowd, and St. Arnaud having with him in his company of the legion some bold reckless outcasts of the North, he bethought him of the shout, very strange to the ears of Frenchmen, which he had heard in other climes. Skilled in the art of imitation, he uttered the warlike cry. Instantly from the Northmen around him, whether Germans or Swedes, or English, Scots, Irish, or Danes, there sprang their native 'Hurrah!' and with it came the thronging of men who must and would go forward. It was mainly the torrent of this new onslaught by St. Arnaud and his men of the 'stormy youth' which carried the breach, and brought about the fall of the city."

At a fire in 1835, where St. Arnaud saved the life of an infant—for which he received a decoration—he was on the roof of the burning house when his retreat was cut off by the flames. Some one thrust a pole to him from a window opposite, and hanging from it by his hands, he managed to escape across the street. "Il s'est fait un moment de silence pendant que je voyageais en l'air." This incident is thus glossed by Mr. Kinglake: "If there chanced to be a fire at night, he would fly to the spot, would scale the ladders, mount the roof, and *contrive* to appear aloft *in seeming peril.* Then he would disappear, and then suddenly he would be seen again, suspended in the air, and passing athwart the sky that divided one roof from another by the help of a rope or pole."

We now come to another strange incident in the life of St. Arnaud:

"In the summer of 1845 he received private information that a body of Arabs had taken refuge in the cave of Shelas. Thither he marched a body of troops. Eleven of the fugitives came out and surrendered, but it was known to St. Arnaud, though not to any other Frenchman, that five hundred men remained in the cave. All these people Colonel St. Arnaud determined to kill, and so far he perhaps felt

that he was only an imitator of Pelissier; but the resolve which accompanied the formation of this scheme was original. He determined to keep the deed secret even from the troops engaged in the operation. Except his brother, and Marshal Bugeaud, whose approval was the prize he sought for, no one was to know what he did. He contrived to execute both his purposes. 'Then,' he writes to his brother, 'I had all the apertures hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one went into the caverns. No one but myself knew that under there, there are five hundred brigands who will never again slaughter Frenchmen. A confidential report has told all to the Marshal without terrible poetry or imagery. Brother, no one is so good as I am by taste and by nature.* From the 8th to the 12th I have been ill, but my conscience does not reproach me. I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same over again; but I have taken a disgust to Africa.'

The officer who could cause French soldiery to be the unconscious instruments for putting to death five hundred fugitive men, and who could afterwards keep concealed from the whole force all knowledge of what it had done, was likely to be the very person for whom Fleury was seeking."

It will scarcely be believed that this is another blunder. How could the French soldiers be ignorant of what they were doing? If the letter of St. Arnaud (tome ii. 37) be consulted, all becomes clear. The soldiers certainly knew there were Arabs in the cave, for after the eleven came out, the residue (*les autres*) continued to fire on them. What the soldiers did not know was *the number of Arabs in the cave.* They had no notion there were 500 people in there. St. Arnaud, moreover, makes no request for secrecy of his brother. This is the summary of the marshal's character:

"He impersonated with singular exactness the idea which our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of what they called 'a Frenchman;' for although (by cowing the rich, and by filling the poor with envy) the great French revolution had thrown a lasting gloom on the national character, it left this one man untouched. He was bold, gay, reckless, and vain; but beneath the mere glitter of the surface there was a great capacity for administrative business, and a more than common willingness to take away human life. In Algerine warfare he had proved himself from the first an active, enterprising officer, and in later years a brisk commander. He was skilled in the duties of a military governor, knowing how to hold tight under martial law a conquered or a half-conquered province. The empire of his mind over his actions was so often interrupted by bodily pain and weakness, that it is hard to say whether, if he had been gifted with health, he would have been a firm, stedfast man; but he had violent energies, and a spirit so elastic, that when for any interval the

* "*Personne n'est bon par goût et par nature comme moi.*" Perhaps more exactly, "There is no kinder-hearted man than I am by taste and by nature."

pressure of misery or of bodily pain was lifted off, he seemed as strong and as joyous as though he had never been crushed. He chose to subordinate the lives and the rights of other men to his own advancement. Therefore he was ruthless; but not in any other sense cruel. No one, as he himself said, could be more good-natured. In the intervals between the grave deeds that he did, he danced and sung. To men in authority no less than to women he paid court with flattering stanzas and songs. He had extraordinary activity of body, and was highly skilled in the performance of gymnastic feats; he played the violin; and, as though he were resolved in all things to be the Frenchman of the old time, there was once at least in his life a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God as for a miracle wrought) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his Church."

Just noticing the extraordinary literary skill with which bodily activity and a taste for music are made to appear degrading, we have no quarrel with this estimate of the man. But we appeal to Mr. Kinglake's readers whether the impression produced on their minds by the last sentence is not, that St. Arnaud, after the confession alluded to, returned to his old life, and that the priest gave thanks for the conversion of so hardened a sinner. Now the whole story is to be found in an article by M. Veuillot, published, after the marshal's death, in the *Univers*. We have no extreme veneration for M. Veuillot's facts; but if the story he tells is to be told, let it be as he told it. To M. Veuillot, like other devotees, the spectacle of an old sinner turning devout, and trying to conciliate God with the devil's leavings, seems peculiarly edifying; and the whole gist of his article is, that after St. Arnaud was a marshal of France and minister of war, he completely changed his life. Being ill at Hyéres, he sent for the curé and made open confession, not in secret, as he might have done, but openly, in the presence of his officers, his household, and even the soldier who was messenger at his door. "The good priest, surprised, falls on his knees and gives thanks to God, who deigns thus to speak to the hearts of the powerful of the world." M. Veuillot then distinctly states that he never again "neglected his duties as a Christian;" and the marshal's subsequent letters to his wife and relatives—to whom a man can scarcely play the hypocrite—support the assertion.

We think we have now established our statement that this sketch is substantially inaccurate. Anyhow, whatever his antecedents may have been, if not a general, St. Arnaud was at least a soldier, and his amiability was remarkable. "To know the marshal," wrote Lord Cowley, "was to love him." Even Mr. Kinglake admits his freedom "from all admixture of spite

and bitterness;" and probably the good understanding which always existed between him and Lord Raglan is to be attributed to this quite as much as to the caution of the latter in avoiding argument. As for the ridiculous charge of endangering the alliance by his wish to command the Turkish army, and again by proposing that when French and English troops were acting together, the senior officer should take the command, it is a sufficient answer to say that he abandoned these plans cheerfully the moment they were objected to. In fact, it appears clearly enough from his correspondence that it was a part of his character to take up a dozen schemes every day of his life in order to abandon them on the morrow. This was the "fougue de M. le Maréchal;" and Mr. Kinglake might have been more merciful to it than he is, for it gave Louis Napoleon an opportunity of crowning his perfidies by forbidding the revival of these schemes as soon as he heard of them.

A curious instance of this fickleness of purpose occurred soon after. The advance to Varna was agreed to, and the marshal writes to his brother in the highest spirits, on the 25th May, "Nous avons choisi Varna comme base d'opérations. Je crois qu'il faut entrer en ligne le plus tôt possible. L'embarquement de nos troupes est ordonné; il va commencer dans trois jours." On the 30th of May, five days later, all is changed. Nothing is in readiness. Only the heads of columns can be sent to Varna, but as soon as the divisions are complete, they are to be marched on the line of the Balkans. "The second division will march on Adrianople; and about the 15th of June the third will quit Constantinople to march on Bourgas." But on the 9th of June the marshal was nevertheless at Varna, and writing to his brother, "Je tiens à sauver Silistrie. La raison politique, comme la raison militaire, ont marqué ma place à Varna." The first of these changes is due to the marshal's having been "checked, *as is supposed*, by the authoritative counsels sent out to him from Paris," through Colonel Trochu. The supposition does not seem very consistent with the fact that the colonel had come from France on the 10th of May, and the marshal's change of intention was certainly not formed before the 26th. But be this as it may, we agree with Mr. Kinglake that the plan of forming behind the Balkans carried strategical prudence to an absurdity, and that Lord Raglan did well to intimate that he would not join in it, but should remain on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, ready to embark at any moment for Varna. Thenceforth the movements went on; but before the allied commanders arrived there, the siege of Silistria had been raised, and the Russians were in full retreat. By the 2d of August they had repassed the Pruth.

A second change of plan was now necessary. Austria having engaged to occupy the Principalities, Turkey had no longer to dread a Russian invasion. The proverbial unhealthiness of the country forbad the Allies to follow up the retreating enemy. Out of two divisions, which St. Arnaud would not be deterred from sending into the Dobrudscha, no less than from eight to ten thousand men are said to have died in a few days by cholera. And so all men's eyes turned towards the Crimea. It was no new scheme; society had long been full of it. As early as the 3d June St. Arnaud writes that it had been his "favourite idea." The English people were eager for action, and on the 19th June public opinion was sufficiently pronounced to justify the *Times* in throwing its weight into the same scale.

By the end of that month the ministry was prepared to follow suit, and the Duke of Newcastle drew up the despatch which sent a cabinet to sleep, according to Mr. Kinglake. To the hypothetical causes of this phenomenon which he enumerates, the heat of the weather, and that the ministers had all been hocussed, may be added another at least as probable—"the astonishing facility of writing" attributed by him to the Duke. But setting a ministry to sleep was nothing to what this magic document did in the Crimea. The first thing Lord Raglan did on receiving it was to ask Sir George Brown's advice. Sir George thought that the Duke of Wellington would not have invaded the Crimea without accurate information as to the Russian force there; and that Lord Raglan should imitate the Duke of Wellington by invading it without any such information, in order to save himself from being superseded. "This suggestion," says Mr. Kinglake, "did not at all govern Lord Raglan's decision." It would have been strange if it had. What Lord Raglan did was this: he reflected within himself that the Duke always wrote very submissively to the Secretary of State, but forgot that he always "fiercely, wilfully, and contemptuously" snubbed the same secretary if he presumed to send him orders. Lord Raglan therefore resolved to obey, being quite as unhappy in his attempt at imitation as his subordinate.

The French had failed equally with ourselves in obtaining any information; so that Mr. Kinglake's grave assertion that Lords Stratford and Raglan were too much of gentlemen to employ spies, is as unnecessary to account for their ill success as it is silly and incredible. Unfortunately the Home Office intelligence was not thought trustworthy, though it turned out accurate enough.

Two conferences were held in July. St. Arnaud—we utterly reject Mr. Kinglake's inference (ii. 95), that he was directed by

the Emperor to follow Lord Raglan's lead—was burning for action. His health was rapidly failing him, and he was loth to leave his command till he had struck at least one blow. Lord Raglan's mind was made up. Admirals Lyons and Bruat were in favour of the expedition, and every other officer in either army or navy was opposed to it. The commanders had their way; and the plan finally adopted was, eschewing regular operations, to land a movable column at the mouth of the Katscha, force on a battle, and carry Sebastopol by a *coup-de-main*.

The cholera, which still clung to the allied forces—a fire, at which St. Arnaud "displayed great coolness and judgment," according to Major Calthorp, and is not, strange to say, asserted by Mr. Kinglake to have "contrived to appear in seeming peril"—caused delay, and it was not till the 24th August that the embarkation commenced. On the appointed day, the 2d September, the impatient marshal started with his sailing ships. The English were four days behind time, but they had cavalry to embark. The marshal's petulance soon wore off: he stood back, and the whole flotilla was reunited. Lord Raglan's grave letter certainly implied rebuke; but if St. Arnaud's eager temperament sometimes betrayed him, the sweetness of his temper prevented any evil consequences. While on the voyage, the French officers drew up a paper, in which they objected to landing at the Katscha, and proposed to land at Kaffa, in the extreme east of the Crimea. Finally, St. Arnaud left the decision to Lord Raglan, being himself prostrated by illness. This was on the 8th. On the 10th the marshal wrote to his wife. His letter shows that there can be no doubt what the proposal to land at Kaffa meant: it was intended that we should fortify ourselves there, and make it the base for regular operations against Sebastopol in the spring. In short, the whole plan of the campaign was to be altered. St. Arnaud himself was still in favour of landing at the Katscha at all hazards, for he felt the days of his command were numbered; but it is characteristic of the man that he writes throughout as if the choice of a landing-place still rested with him, and the reconnaissance was in the hands of his inferior officers. It was in the hands of Lord Raglan, who himself surveyed the coast, peremptorily rejected the idea of Kaffa, rejected the Katscha, on the opinion of the naval officers that the bay was too small for our enormous flotilla, and fixed on Old Fort.

A mistake was made, according to Mr. Kinglake, by the French on the night of the 13th in laying down the buoy which was to divide the allied flotillas at the landing-place. Perceiving this, Lord Lyons determined at once to avoid confusion by landing the English army about a mile to the

north.* It is wearisome to have to notice the continued perverseness with which Mr. Kinglake sees here on the part of our allies either over-greediness for space, or a desire to bring the enterprise to a close. The last notion is perfectly preposterous. An alliance must be weak indeed which could be endangered by a mistake so trifling, and of which the consequences were so easily rectified. In landing, our cavalry again made us two days longer than the French. All the 17th the marshal fumed; on the 18th *he says* that he wrote to Lord Raglan that he would start the next morning, and nothing should stop him: and it is true that on the 19th the Allies were on the march for the Alma.

At one o'clock on the 20th September, Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud held a short conference in front of the allied line. Before them was a gentle slope leading down to the Alma, to the south of which the ground rises to an average height of about 300 feet. On the plateau at the top the Russian army was ranged in position. The point at which the French and English lines united was opposite to the village of Bourliouk. The French position was to the right of this, and extended to the sea. From Bourliouk to Almatamack, a distance of two miles and a quarter, the hill could be scaled every where by foot-soldiers; but there was but one road practicable for artillery, this was near Bourliouk. At Almatamack there was another, and a third where the Alma enters the sea. Between these two points, about a mile apart, the cliff is altogether inaccessible.

The hill opposite to the English portion of the allied line rose gradually, more like our own chalk downs. It was called the Kourgané hill. Here was the great redoubt containing fourteen guns, which swept the whole naked hill-side. Close to Bourliouk, but on that side which is furthest from the sea, and therefore nearly in the Russian centre, was a ravine in the shape of a V, up which ran the great road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. This ravine, like the Kourgané hill, was strongly defended by infantry and artillery. The hill to the west of the ravine, and therefore in front of the French left, was crowned by an unfinished turret, and was thence known as the Telegraph hill. The first necessity of the moment was a plan of attack. St. Arnaud, the night before, had proposed that Bosquet should turn the Russian left by scaling the cliff at Almatamack and close to the sea. This being done, he would himself attack in front, while the English turned the Russian right. Lord Raglan, as usual, seems to have let the marshal talk, who went away naturally fancying that silence had given consent. Now that

* So at least says Lord Raglan, in a letter of the 10th September, quoted in the *Saturday Review* of March 14th. Captain Mends, however, who had the management of the disembarkation, in his letter to the *Times* denies the whole story.

they were in front of a position over five miles in length, measuring from the sea, it became evident that to turn the Russian right was dangerous, as the ground was peculiarly adapted for cavalry, in which we were just as weak as the Russians were strong. Besides, to have attempted to turn both the flanks of the Russian army would have left a gap in the allied centre. Lord Raglan simply, therefore, said that he would attack in front. The marshal remained till death under the notion that the English had engaged to turn the Russian right. And the battle commenced without a plan.

The cliff to their right was soon scaled by the French;—by Bosquet with one brigade at Almatamack; by Bouat with one brigade and a Turkish division by the sea. This was the first blunder. The coast, within a mile of the sea, was swept by the fire of the fleet, and Bosquet, with only one brigade, was unable to push on. Of Bouat and the Turks no more was seen that day. Canrobert now advanced; but though his men climbed the hill, his artillery had to be sent back by Almatamack, and he too was therefore paralysed. Why Prince Napoleon remained where he did so long is a mystery, for he had a road practicable for artillery in his front; but he suffered from minor mishaps, and St. Arnaud was personally present with the division. Therefore things at present looked ill; yet the danger was more apparent than real. So confident had Prince Mentschikoff been that the cliff at Almatamack was inaccessible, that he had never troubled himself to examine it, and had left the ground for two miles from the sea wholly unoccupied. Then, when Bosquet appeared, he was thrown into perplexity, and commenced moving some of his reserves from his right to his left in a vague and helpless way. Had he attacked Canrobert and Prince Napoleon vigorously at this moment, the result of the day might perhaps have been different. But he was not a competent commander.

At least two urgent messages having come from the French, though none apparently from the marshal, Lord Raglan ordered an advance. In front were Sir George Brown with the light, and Sir De Lacy Evans with the second divisions, being respectively supported by the first and third divisions. Sir George Cathcart was in reserve. No sooner was the advance well commenced than Lord Raglan took the extraordinary course of crossing the Alma a little west of Bourliouk, and riding with his staff in advance of his own army, and right into the Russian lines. He left his own army without a general, and ran upon great good fortune. Probably he had divined the fatal gap which here intervened in the Russian line; for the order to bring up Turner's battery seems to have been first given just after he had crossed the river. A few minutes later

he had reached a little knoll forming one of the spurs of the Telegraph height. "Now, if we had a couple of guns here!" said he, instantly; for he saw that he was in a position to enfilade the Russian batteries defending the great road.

From this position Lord Raglan had the pain of seeing the advance, victory, and repulse of the light division. Originally too little ground had been taken up, so that the extreme regiments of the light and second divisions overlapped each other, and in passing through the orchards, which lined the river-bank, all formation was lost. Thus five regiments—four from the light, and one from the second division—all in a huddle, carried the great redoubt; and then being unsupported had to relinquish it, and retreated down the hill in confusion, carrying away the Fusilier Guards, and thereby leaving an awkward gap in the second line, which was at last coming up in support. All this time Lord Raglan was at too great a distance even to attempt to check the advance of the first, or hasten that of the second line. There are some inconveniences when a commander-in-chief stations himself in the midst of the enemy. But just at this moment the two guns of Turner's battery had arrived on the knoll; and soon the Russian artillery barring the great road to Sebastopol had to retire. Then the British line, consisting of the Highland brigade, the brigade of Guards, and Pennefather's brigade, steadily advanced.

Meanwhile, just as the light division commenced its retreat, Canrobert, unable without artillery to bear up against the Russian "column of eight battalions," fell back over the edge of the plateau. But the opportune arrival of his artillery, which soon shattered the Russian column, enabled him to push on; the Telegraph height was carried after a sharp struggle; and all parts of the position were at about twenty minutes to four in the hands of the Allies. Lord Raglan wished to pursue, and offered our cavalry and Cathcart's division; but the French marshal declined.

Into the details of this last victorious advance, space will not permit us to enter. It is described, diffusely perhaps, but still with admirable clearness and spirit, by Mr. Kinglake. If some of his pictures of the deeds of inferior officers—such for instance as that of Colonel Yea—seem at first too highly coloured, the feeling passes away when we remember in how short a time the subjects of them met the death which they escaped here. But the old animosity to the French still remains. He even goes the length of absolutely denying the truth of their account of a severe hand-to-hand fight near the Telegraph; and this merely on the negative evidence of the Russian general Kiriakoff, and of two Russian officers who were present at the

battle,—none of whom make any mention of the matter. If French narratives pass over in silence any incident in which they did not maintain the mastery, their silence would be very differently treated. But Mr. Kinglake, who himself mentions Colonel Hamley's book with approbation, ignores that officer's evidence in a way which is hardly ingenuous. "There appeared," says Colonel Hamley at p. 36, "signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there, and they lay thicker near the signal tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted while defending the entrance; and in the narrow space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four small groups slain in the defence. Another spot near contained three or four hundred corpses." This is the evidence of an eye-witness, and, as it appears to us, settles the question.

Prince Mentschikoff's tactics it is hard to criticise, for he had none. Relying on the strength of his position to cover his left, he had never broken up the artillery roads by which the cliff could be scaled there, nor did he so much as know of their existence. Still more inexplicable is the inactivity to which he condemned his splendid cavalry, which, by threatening our left, might have seriously imperilled our advancing line. But bad as were his tactics, his strategy was probably no better. With his small force (even at the Alma he had but 39,000 men, of whom some had arrived only that morning, to oppose to the 60,000 of the Allies), perhaps he could do no better, if fight he must, than choose a strong position to fight in. Either in opposing the landing, or, if he had manœuvred with his back to the great road from Simpheropol to Sebastopol, in attempting to drive the Allies into the sea, any advantage to be derived from his great superiority in cavalry would have been neutralised by the terrible fire of the fleets. Probably his best course would have been to allure the Allies into the interior, by falling slowly back towards Perekop, receiving as he retired the reinforcements which were daily hurrying from the Pruth. If the Allies had refused his lead, and marched on Sebastopol, he should have followed them closely, and they could hardly have attempted a *coup-de-main*, which they shrunk from after a victory, while an unconquered army of 40,000 men, daily increasing in numbers, was hanging on their rear.

Had Lord Raglan had the good fortune to command an army in the field while still in the prime of life, he might not improbably have attained no inconsiderable reputation; for he had that quickness of eye and readiness of judgment which enables a commander to act in the hour of battle with promptitude and decision. But for nearly forty years he had led an

official life, and the official business of his command necessarily assumed in his eyes an exaggerated importance. The careful preservation of the correspondence of head-quarters, which Mr. Kinglake acknowledges so gratefully, was, we fear, more useful to him than to the British army. Lord Raglan had also official prejudices. As Mr. Kinglake, in an admirable passage (vol. ii. p. 64) points out, the difficulty of England at the beginning of a campaign is always to get men. In Turkey excellent soldiers are to be had in shoals, needing nothing but what we could give them—officers, arms, accoutrements, drill, and very moderate pay. But Lord Raglan had an official dislike to auxiliaries, and so, when winter came on, our men had to endure all the miseries, of which mere want of numbers was the principal cause. Still the faults inherent in old officials were no new thing when he was appointed; and therefore nothing could be more unjust than the outcry which was raised when they made themselves manifest. His moral character was especially pure and dignified. We doubt if it would have been possible to find another man who could have not only avoided disputes, but even won the affection of three generals so utterly different in character as St. Arnaud, Canrobert, and Pelissier. In this sense, his services to the alliance were priceless; and so long as he lived, the English army, even when it could bring but 15,000 men into the field, never dwindled into a contingent. But the French commanders, especially the first and last, respected his judgment; and, as St. Arnaud wrote of him, he was *loyauté même*. Few English generals have left a more spotless name.

Mr. Kinglake's narrative of the military operations seems to us, with the exceptions we have mentioned, on the whole just and faithful. It is infinitely preferable, at all events, to the French accounts. Of M. de Bazancourt the less said the better; and M. Ducasse treats both his own countrymen's doings and ours with the same varnish. He simply leaves out the allied reverses altogether; says nothing of the retreat of the French centre and of the light division, but represents the battle as one unbroken victorious advance. This is quite fair as between French and English; but it is not truth. The real difficulties which arise in harmonising the different accounts are topographical. Every one makes his own plans to suit his own views, and there is but little chance of complete agreement until we know the distance intervening between the different parts of the field of battle much more accurately than we do. At present, the maps of the French official Atlas, the title of which will be found at the commencement of this paper, seem the most to be relied on. But if Mr. Kinglake's is a tolerably correct narra-

tive, is it a fair account of the battle? Certainly not. But the unfairness consists, just as in the first volume, not in distorting facts so much as in misrepresenting the motives and feelings of those who are at once his enemies and our allies. Every Englishman is actuated by feelings of the purest patriotism and an almost unconscious heroism. Every Frenchman is without presence of mind, without resources, without decision, and almost without courage. Mr. Kinglake is never so happy as when he is making game of a Frenchman. Such small deer as a young aide-de-camp who came to Lord Raglan breathless with haste, and nervous at finding himself in the presence of the English general, are not beneath his sarcasms. Not a single French general does he praise for his conduct at the Alma, except Bosquet, and that not for any thing he did,—for Mr. Kinglake distinctly says that he did nothing,—but because he was in no way concerned in the *coup-d'état*. Indeed, this novel principle of judgment will be found avowed and insisted on with charming *naïveté* in the 50th section of the 16th chapter of the 2d volume; which leaves no longer in doubt, what the reader has already probably long perceived,—that this splendid literary effort is not to be regarded so much as a mere history of events which have occurred, as a brilliant diatribe against those two mischievous things, the French empire and the French alliance.

Art. III.—PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF ERASMUS.

1. *Unpublished Papers in the Public Record Office.*
2. *Erasmi Epistolæ.*

The present Dean of St. Paul's has familiarised his readers with the expression, "Latin Christianity." The phrase is new, and is apt to suggest a distinction that never existed. Had the patriarch of Constantinople succeeded in his opposition to the rival patriarch of the West, had an imperial court overawed by its splendour and authority the humble palace of the Vatican, Greek Christianity (if that be meant as a correlative to Latin) might have found a centre, in which the thousand varying lights of Greek intellect might have converged. But in fact Greek Christianity, as represented by the Greek fathers, is little more than a feeble reflexion of the Latin. Christianity, strange to say, awakened no responsive chord of the old Greek mind; the poetical and philosophical elements of earlier days sprung up to no second life. Even that logical subtlety which struck such vigorous root in the Latin Church found no place

in the Greek. The intellect, language, and leisure of the Greeks would have seemed to point them out as the most suitable guardians and interpreters of the New Testament. And yet, as if to falsify all human anticipations in these matters, the Greek Church produced no expositors comparable to the Latin, Athanasius excepted. The social forms and economy of Christian life are of Latin growth. Our ecclesiastical ceremonies and dresses are Latin; our prayers and liturgies are Latin; our translations of the Scripture are from the Latin; our disputes upon cardinal points of doctrine are founded upon Latin words, and guided entirely by our conceptions of their Latin meaning.

Placed in the van of that battle which Christianity had to wage with the new barbarian nationalities of the North, the Latin mind gained new life and vigour from the struggle. If it be true that there are men whose genius, like aromatic herbs, never gives out its fullest sweetness until they are bruised and trampled on, it is equally true that but for these collisions we might have known the old Latin literature in its strength and majesty, but never in "its hearselike strains;" never in its more spiritual forms, and that ascetic beauty which haunts and lingers round the memory like a spell. If not the product of the same necessity, at the least the most potent aid to that same need, the Latin Church found in the Vulgate an instrument for reaching all hearts and guiding all tongues. For those new races, the founders of the nations of Western Christendom, all their earliest religious impressions were connected with the Vulgate. From the Vulgate all forms of thought took their first direction. What popes and schoolmen never could have done—for securing uniformity of belief and worship; for rooting in the hearts of men the grand idea of one church, one head, one language, binding the old to the new races in unbroken succession, and to him above all who had the keys of death and hell—was done by the silent and irresistible influence of the Vulgate. No wonder, then, that any attack on its authority should have been resisted as a deadly thrust against the very foundation of that system which had grown up with the growth of centuries and entwined itself with every fibre of the heart and imagination of mankind.

It is, then, as the opponent of that authority which till his time had been held infallible, and for this alone, that Erasmus can be regarded as the precursor of the Reformation. In his jests against the clergy, or rather against the religious orders, the clergy laughed as heartily as himself, secure and heart-sound. It was only when he proceeded to examine the evidence on which the Vulgate rested that they looked grave; when he claimed to apply to the authorised translation of the Scriptures

the same rules of criticism as the scholars of his days were applying to Cicero or to Virgil. In this respect his influence on the Reformation was greater than Luther's; as the application of the principles of interpretation introduced by Erasmus must, under more favourable circumstances and in more vigorous hands, lead to consequences more important. At this time, when so much excitement has sprung up on the subject of biblical interpretation, we have thought that an account of this first effort at theological criticism might not be without interest to our readers.

In the year 1509, Erasmus was in Italy, when he received a letter from William Lord Mountjoy, urging his instant return. With more than a significant hint at the parsimony of Henry VII., Mountjoy informed him that the reign of avarice was at an end. "Our new king," he added, "scatters his treasures with a liberal hand; he is more ambitious of virtue and renown than of gold or precious stones." Considering the numerous attractions which Italy had for Erasmus, it might have been thought that such an invitation, though backed by a present of 5*l.* from Archbishop Warham, and as much more from Mountjoy himself, would not have proved very seductive. The climate of Italy, its brilliant skies, its books and antiquities, its libraries and learned societies, were exactly suited to a scholar and valetudinarian. Erasmus was fastidious in his diet. He could not endure the sour wines or sourer beer of our northern latitudes. The stoves of Germany and the winters of England filled him with dismay. But though Erasmus might care for Italy, Italy probably did not care much for Erasmus. Italian scholars, the arbiters of literary distinction, were not prepared to admit him into their exclusive circle. They were not satisfied that his Latin style smacked of the true Ciceronian flavour. Nor was Erasmus backward in expressing his contempt for their fastidiousness. He ridiculed their slavish imitation of Cicero, their utter ignorance of all authors beyond their one acknowledged idol, their tumid eloquence and shallow conceits. From the warlike Julius, whom he hated for his roughness, he received no notice; Leo X., whom he had known as a student, was condescending, but offered no substantial favour. From chagrin or other causes his health had suffered in Italy; he hastened to accept the invitation of Mountjoy.

The tediousness of the journey was relieved by casting into form the scenes he had just abandoned; the impressions made on his mind by Roman society may be seen in his *Praise of Folly*. Arriving in London he took up his abode with Sir Thomas More. Courted and caressed by all who had attained, or were ambitious of attaining distinction, there was no post in

the State to which he might not have aspired; no position in the Church which was not open to him. "There is no country," he boasts in one of his letters, "which would not gladly entertain me—Spain, Italy, England, or Scotland. When I was at Rome, there was no cardinal that would not have received me with open arms as a brother. In England," he continues, "there is not a bishop who does not think it an honour to be noticed by me; who is not anxious to secure me at his table; who would not gladly retain me in his household. The king himself (Henry VIII.), a little before his father's death, sent me, when I was in Italy, most loving letters, written with his own hand. He addresses me with more respect and affection than any one else. Whenever I salute him, he embraces me most kindly and looks at me affectionately. You may be sure he thinks of me not less kindly than he speaks. The queen (Katharine) has endeavoured to secure me as her preceptor. Every one is aware that if I would but condescend to live a few months at court, I might accumulate as many benefices as I pleased."

But Erasmus had devoted himself to letters, and resolutely turned his back on those paths which led others to chancellorships, baronies, and bishoprics. The liberality and undeviating kindness of Warham and Mountjoy placed him above immediate want; and his friend Fisher, chancellor of the University of Cambridge, at that time employed in founding St. John's and settling Lady Margaret's will, induced Erasmus to take up his residence at Cambridge, and give lectures in Greek to the students of that University. The precise period at which he entered on his professorship is uncertain; his correspondence from Cambridge commences with the summer of 1511. At first the novelty of his position, and the hopes of improving it, sufficed to atone for the smallness of his audience and the scantiness of his remuneration. The account he gives of his lectures do not impress us with a very exalted idea of the state of Greek literature in England. "Hitherto," he says, in a letter written from Cambridge in October 1511, "I have lectured on the grammar of Chrysoloras to a small class; perhaps next term I shall begin the grammar of Theodorus (a Greek of the Lower Empire) to a larger one." In other words, he was teaching the elements of Greek grammar.

His expectations were not destined to be realised. The University found it difficult to pay his salary of fifty nobles, and applied for assistance to Lord Mountjoy. His audience did not increase; neither the ambition of the University nor the influence of his friend the chancellor could secure for him pupils or a decent remuneration. The great obstacle to his success

with younger students was his total ignorance of English; with the more advanced, his novel notions of the duties of a theologian added to his hatred and contempt of the schoolmen. The grammar of Theodorus had no greater attractions for Cambridge undergraduates than the grammar of Chrysoloras; 1512 passed without any visible improvement; 1513 was not more promising. "As for profit," he says in a letter to Colet, "I see no chance of it. What can I take from those who have nothing to give?" "I have not been here five months," he says in another letter to Ammonius, "and have spent sixty nobles, without receiving more than one. The expense is intolerable, and the remuneration nothing." College beer did not agree with his stomach. College gyps stole his wine, or mixed it with water. College porters mislaid his letters. Masters of Arts, divided into rival sections of Thomists and Scotists, scouted lectures on theology which denuded Scripture of all mystery and aimed at nothing higher than a literal and grammatical interpretation. The Scriptures, said they, are levelled to the capacity of children and laymen. St. Jerome was a mere grammarian; St. Augustine was a dunce. What could they or any other fathers know of entity, relation, ampliation, restriction, formality, hæcceity, quiddity, or the like? What help can the Scriptures afford for the refutation of heresy? How is the Church to stand, or the dignity of theology to be maintained, by the laws of syntax or the aids of lexicography? To increase his vexation, the war with France carried away, in 1513, his most intimate friends, Ammonius and Mountjoy. Engrossed with the bustle of a great campaign, bishops and noblemen, who in times of peace might have repaid a translation from Lucian or a copy of complimentary verses in angels, were either occupied in mustering their retainers, or in discussing the merits of Almain rivets, apostles, and falconets. Erasmus groaned with disgust. He hated war for its own sake; he regarded it exclusively from its noisy and horrible side. He could see nothing in it, except a disorderly mob of vagabonds and scoundrels bent upon pulling down what the wisdom, patience, and experience of former ages had built up. But he hated it still more because it was incompatible with the cultivation of letters. Unfortunately, also, during the autumn of this year, the sweating sickness made its appearance. Cambridge was deserted; his hearers dispersed. In a pardonable but by no means pleasant mood, he writes to Ammonius (Nov. 28), that he had been shut up in Cambridge for some months, confined to his books, like a snail in its shell. "Here," he adds, "is one unbroken solitude. Many have left for fear of the plague; and yet, when they are all here, the solitude is much worse. This winter I am resolved to

turn every stone, and throw out my sheet-anchor. If I succeed, I shall make a nest for myself. If I fail, I shall flit elsewhere. Had I no other reasons, I am resolved not to die in England."

But although Cambridge had disappointed his expectations, and was not yet sufficiently prepared to do justice to his Greek or his theological lectures, his residence in that University had not been thrown away. The more scanty his audience, the more time was left to his own disposal; and he was not of a temper to let it remain idle. As early as the year 1505, in a preface to Valla's notes on the New Testament, he had ventured to express his approbation of the new rules of criticism applied by Valla to the revision of the Vulgate. "Where is the harm," he remarks, "if Valla, upon the authority of the ancient Greek copies, wrote notes on such passages of the New Testament as he found to be at variance with the original, or had been less correctly rendered by dozing interpreters?" He avowed his belief that the translation of Scripture belonged exclusively to the philologist, and that Jethro in some things was wiser than Moses. "Grammar, I admit, is employed upon minutiæ; but these minutiæ are small things without which no one can become great. It is busied with trifles, *sed hæ nugæ seria ducunt.* If it be said that theology is too dignified to be restrained by the laws of syntax, and that the interpretation of Scripture rests upon inspiration;—I reply, that this is claiming a new dignity for theologians, if they are to have the exclusive privilege of writing nonsense. But I hear it said, that the old translators were skilled in the languages of the original, and are sufficiently intelligible for all practical purposes. I reply, that I prefer to see that with my own eyes, rather than with the eyes of others; and, secondly, allowing they have done much, they have certainly left much to be done by those who come after them."

With views so liberal as these, so far in advance of his age, it is not surprising that he should have entertained the idea of following the steps of Valla, and devoting his time and abilities to a critical revision of the New Testament. In common with others, he may have been influenced in this determination by his classical distaste for the old unclassical version. Yet it must be admitted that he was influenced by a nobler feeling; more than once in his serious moods he has avowed his belief that the only remedy for the vices and disorders of the time was to be found in the careful study of the holy Scriptures. More than once he expressed a wish that the pure oracles of divine truth were made accessible to all. He hoped to turn men from the unprofitable dialectics and noisy discussions of the schools to the more quiet and thoughtful study of philology. He evidently anticipated

such a result from the appearance of the New Testament and the aids it would afford to a more certain and speedy study of the original. With these motives, others less pure may have been combined. There was the refinement of the scholar, in common with other classical revivalists, unduly offended with a Latin version which could be referred to no era of established Latinity. Less fastidious than his Italian contemporaries, he yet saw no reason why theology, and still more that work on which all true theology was based, should adhere to the exclusive and unenviable distinction of speaking a more barbarous language than any other science. From the two bodies into which the theological world was divided, he had little reason to anticipate opposition. The revivalists could not be offended if the New Testament appeared in a style of eloquence more conformable with their notions, at least so free from gross violations of classical Latinity that they might read it without fear of vitiating their taste; whilst by Scotist and Thomist, exclusively occupied with their favourite masters, this or any other attempt to promote the study of the Gospels would be regarded with indifference amounting to contempt.

With these views he set to work whilst at Cambridge to collate such Mss. of the New Testament, whether Greek or Latin, as were within his reach. In this task he had the assistance of Lupset, one of his Greek pupils, a *protégé* of More and Colet. He tells the latter, in a letter dated May 1512, that he had already collated the New Testament with the ancient Greek copies, and annotated it in more than a thousand places. His collations were completed and his work ready for the press in the summer of 1513. Concurrently with these labours, either of which alone might have been deemed sufficient for the ambition of the most enterprising and indefatigable student, he was employed in preparing a new edition of St. Jerome. But though his health was suffering from excessive exertion, and the plague was then raging at Cambridge, he tells Ammonius, in September, that his labours were drawing to a close; and so earnestly was he bent upon the task that he felt as if he was inspired.

Suddenly he disappeared from England in the spring of 1514. In a letter from Hammes Castle, dated 8th July, of which his friend Lord Mountjoy, afterwards lieutenant of Tournay, was the governor, he informed Ammonius of his prosperous voyage. The Dover boatmen, whose extortions may boast the prescription of three centuries, carried off his portmanteau with all his papers. "It is the way of these fellows," he adds, "to steal where they can conveniently; and when they cannot steal, they extort money and sell you your own property. When I

fancied the labour of so many years had perished, I felt as much grief as a mother might feel at the loss of her children." "I know not," he continues, "whether I told you that I went to take leave of his majesty (Henry VIII.). He received me with a very friendly countenance. The Bishop of Lincoln (Wolsey) bade me be of good cheer, but uttered no hint of a present; and I did not dare to allude to it, for fear of appearing importunate. Durham (Ruthal) gave me six angels; the archbishop (Warham) took the opportunity of pressing on my acceptance as many more; Rochester (Fisher), a royal. I am now staying a few days with my friend Mountjoy at Hammes Castle, and intend to go to Germany." He visited Basle in the autumn, and arranged with Frobenius, then rising into celebrity, for the printing of the New Testament. In the winter of 1514 or the spring of 1515, he returned to England; was in London in March, with a view of securing the good offices of Henry VIII. with Leo X. At this time the influence of Henry with the pontiff was supreme. Louis XII. was dead; Charles, not yet emperor, was a young man without influence; Ferdinand of Arragon and Maximilian were in close amity with England; and Wolsey was exerting all his skill to imitate the policy of the League of Cambray, and, by a close union of the chief European powers, attempting to shut out France from all political influence. Of these movements Erasmus was kept well informed by Ammonius, the Latin secretary to Henry VIII. Accordingly, from London he addressed a highly complimentary letter to Leo X.;* applauding his political sagacity, his wise efforts for peace, and dexterously contrasting the mildness and wisdom of his rule with the turbulence of his predecessor Julius, he applied to Leo those words in the Apocalypse, "Vicit *Leo* de tribu Juda." Then glancing at his labours upon St. Jerome, "the prince of Latin theologians," he told the Pope that the fatigues he had endured in editing the works of that father were little less than St. Jerome had experienced in writing them. He expected no remuneration, and only begged his holiness's approbation. The Pope returned a complimentary answer on the 10th July, but neither invited him to Rome, nor held out hopes of preferment. He accompanied his letter with a recommendation of Erasmus to Henry VIII. "These scholars," he said, "who devote themselves to literature and the arts are not a bad sort of people.† I have on more than one occasion found them very honest and trustworthy. I was acquainted with Erasmus, who is one of the best of them, before I was raised to the papal chair; and I beg to recommend him to you. I do not ask any favour for him; but, if it should fall in your way to

* 29th April. † "Minime malos esse."

oblige him, I shall be glad if you will let him know that my recommendation has had its due weight."

At the end of the summer of 1515 Erasmus hurried off to Basle, dropping an occasional letter to Ammonius full of high spirits. In one, dated 2d October, shortly after the battle of Marignano, he writes to say that the printers had commenced the New Testament. "My health," he continues, "has been very good until they began their stoves." The German stoves were as hateful to Erasmus as afterwards to Wordsworth; and he was obliged to have an English fireplace in his chamber. "I can neither stay, from the intolerable smell of the stoves, nor leave my work, which cannot get on without me. Our friends the Swiss are in high dudgeon because the French would not civilly allow themselves to be beaten (at Marignano), as they were beaten by the English at Tournay, but dispersed the Swiss with their artillery. They have returned home with tattered ensigns, somewhat fewer in number, torn, mutilated, and wounded. So, instead of a victory, they are holding a funeral. If my health allows me, I intend staying here until Christmas. If not, I shall go to Flanders or Rome. York (Wolsey, then bishop of Tournay) has given me a prebend at Tournay; mere moonshine. His commissary (Dr. Sampson) has been publicly excommunicated in Flanders. Such is the reverence they show York in that part of the world. However, I have accepted it; for nothing is easier than to lose." In December he was still at Basle, and told Ammonius he intended to stay till March; the printing of the New Testament was nearly completed, and he reckoned it would extend to eighty sheets. The labour was enormous; his health and strength feeble. "I am overwhelmed," he tells one of his correspondents in a letter, still dated from Basle, late at night, "with a double burden, either of which would require rather a Hercules than an Erasmus. To say nothing of other labours of less consequence, I have the weight of St. Jerome and the New Testament upon my shoulders." On the 7th of March 1516, he writes to say that the New Testament is out, and the last colophon was then being added to St. Jerome. But all who have had any experience of the press know too well that the last colophon is seldom the last. Month after month slipped away, and it was not until Whitsunday in 1516 that he was able to write to his friend, the burgomaster of Nuremberg, that the Testament was completed.

He took leave of Basle in a sort of triumph, rejoiced to escape from his prison-house.* If he had been delighted above measure with his reception, he could scarcely be less delighted

* "Ergastulo," vii. 10.

with the respect paid him at his departure. A cavalcade attended him out of the city, and took their leave of him with moistened eyes and heavy hearts. At Antwerp he fell in with his old friends Tunstal and Peter Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV. From Antwerp he proceeded to visit Mountjoy; thence to St. Omer, where he arrived on the 5th of June, intending to cross to England. A slight attack of fever delayed his passage. He had, however, taken the precaution to forward copies of the New Testament to the archbishop and other friends in England. From St. Omer he wrote, in his usual lively strain, to Christopher Urswick, a name familiar to readers of English history: "Your horse is a genius, and has been very lucky to me. He has twice carried me safely backwards and forwards to Basle, not only a tedious but a dangerous journey. He has visited so many universities that he is grown as wise as Homer's Ulysses:

'Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.'

Whilst I have been killing myself the last ten months with excessive fatigue, he has grown so fat and so idle he could scarcely get in at the city-gates. I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Upper Germany and the kindness shown me on all sides. I doubt not you have seen the New Testament. St. Jerome will speedily appear. I have sent four volumes already to the archbishop by your alumnus, Peter, the one-eyed man."

The day of his arrival in England is uncertain. On the 22d of June, Warham wrote to him from Otford, acknowledging the receipt of the New Testament and the earlier volumes of St. Jerome; and on August the 9th we find him in London, writing to Leo X. On the 17th of the same month he was staying at Rochester with Fisher. He tells Ammonius he had been over-persuaded by the bishop to spend ten days with him, and more than ten times had repented his promise. "I had angled for a horse from Urswick by presenting him with a New Testament; the last horse he gave me died from drink in Flanders,—a common complaint in that country. But whilst he is away hunting, my hunting has come to nothing." The New Testament was warmly applauded by his friends in England. Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, too magnanimous to take offence at the transfer of the dedication from himself to the Pope, wrote to Erasmus to express his great gratification at the immortality he had conferred upon him, and sent him sixty nobles. He was profuse in his commendations of the work; was sedulous in showing it to his brethren the bishops, and of the most eminent theologians of the day, "all of whom," he said, "had concurred in praising it." Colet, dean of St. Paul's,

writes: "Your New Testament is bought with avidity, and read every where. You have many approvers and admirers. Some, however, carp and disapprove, and urge the same objections as Dorp did;* but these are only such theologians as you describe in your *Moria* no less truly than wittily. Their censure is praise, their praise censure. For myself, I am variously affected by it. At one time I lament that I have never learned Greek, without which *nihil sumus;* at another I rejoice that I have lived in the light of your genius." In Germany the excitement was equally intense. "The abbess of St. Clare and her sister," says Pirkheimer, "are assiduous students of your writings. They are greatly delighted with your New Testament, and are wonderfully affected by it. They would write you a Latin letter, did they not think that such letters as theirs would be unworthy of your perusal."†

One college at Cambridge refused to join in the general commendation. It signalised itself in the cause of bigotry and bad sense by passing a decree that the New Testament of Erasmus should not be brought within the college precincts on ship-board or horseback, by wagons or porters! With this exception, the objectors were either few or undecided. In the

* Dorp had written to Erasmus some time before to dissuade him from his design of editing the New Testament. The arguments he employed are curious as showing how old are the prejudices, and how little Protestant the objections, repeated at this day against biblical criticism:

"If I prove to you that there is no error or falsity in the Latin translation, will you not admit that their labour is superfluous who try to mend it? I insist, then, on the correctness and integrity of the Vulgate. For is it likely that the whole Catholic Church would have erred so many centuries, seeing it has always used and sanctioned this translation? Is it probable that so many holy fathers, so many consummate scholars, would have been mistaken; who have relied on the authority of the Vulgate for their decisions in councils, their defence and explanation of the faith, and the framing of those canons, to which all rulers have submitted? You know it is an established axiom that General Councils cannot err. Do you suppose that the Greek copies are more correct than the Latin? Have the Greeks, who have often fallen into heresy, taken more pains for the preservation of the sacred oracles than the Latins—the Greeks, who affirm that there are errors in all the Gospels except in the Gospel of St. John?" After further arguments in this strain, he adds, "But you will say, 'I do not intend to introduce any changes; I do not assert the Vulgate is incorrect; I only show what I find in the Greek copies, and where they differ from the Latin; and where is the harm in this?' Great harm, my dear Erasmus; for if people once begin to learn from your work, or hear you only assert in conversation, that there is ever so small an error in the authorised version, they will begin to discuss and to doubt, and the whole authority of the Scriptures will be lost." Who could have anticipated that the learning of this day would have borrowed its lessons from such quarters?

† A copy of this first edition is preserved in the British Museum. It may be distinguished from all others by its fantastic title of *Novum Instrumentum*, which Erasmus afterwards dropped. Nothing, we think, can give a better idea of the popularity of the book than the fact that this copy, as appears by a contemporaneous inscription, was the property of Robert Elyston, a monk of St. Mary's Fountains, and was given by him to a relative named Christ. Tatûm.

paucity of Greek scholars it was not easy to find men able or even willing to enter upon the task of examining the critical merits or defects of the new edition. The two centres of orthodoxy abroad were Louvain and Cologne. But the latter had already been handled severely for its persecution of Reuchlin, and was not inclined to engage in a fresh controversy. Erasmus tells Ammonius in a letter from Brussels, where he had resolved to spend the winter of 1516, that his enemies were anxious to have an examination of his book delegated by royal commission to the schools of Louvain and Cologne. "They will have enough to employ them for two years if they do," he adds. He wisely anticipated the danger by taking up his abode at Louvain in the April of 1517. "You can scarcely imagine, my dear Ammonius, the danger I was in from the malice of the theologians in this place. In their quarrelsome humour they had prepared their approaches, and, under the leadership of the vice-chancellor of the University, who is the more mischievous because he is an enemy in disguise of a friend, they had formed a conspiracy against me. I have, however, taken up my abode here, and dissipated all this smoke; and am now on the best terms with them all, from the highest to the lowest." By degrees, however, ugly rumours gained ground. As early as the 31st October 1516, one month only after he had left England, More wrote to tell him that Latimer* was highly pleased with his New Testament; "in which, however, you have been too scrupulous for his approval. He is not pleased with your retaining the word *Sabbatum*, and the like. He would not admit a single word that has not the sanction of classical authority. I agreed with him, so far as Hebrew idiom and usage would allow, and begged him to send you a list of such words as he would have translated otherwise. But, my dear Erasmus, there are others here who have conspired to read your work with very different intentions; whose design, I confess, fills me with alarm. Don't, therefore, be in a hurry to bring out a new edition. Very sharp critics here have determined to sift your book to the uttermost, and lay hold of all occasions for condemning it. Who are they? you will say. I am afraid to name them; it will strike you with despair. I must tell you, however, that that consummate theologian the Franciscan friar,† of whom you have made such honourable mention in your preface to St. Jerome, has entered into a conspiracy with others of his order to note down your blunders. For the more speedy execution of their task, they divided the work between them, and decided after reading it through with the greatest attention not to comprehend a word of it. You see your danger. They

* Professor of Greek at Oxford. † Dr. Standish.

came to this resolution over their cups in the evening; but in the morning, as I hear, forgetting what had passed, rescinded their determination and betook themselves to mendicancy,—a trade they understand much better than criticism."

But notwithstanding this banter, it was necessary for Erasmus to hasten forward a new edition. The first had been produced under very unfavourable circumstances; and when the excitement occasioned by its appearance was over, no one was more ready to acknowledge its imperfections than Erasmus himself. The work had grown upon him, and assumed a dignity and proportion he had never originally intended. At first he had designed to restrict himself to very brief notes, not exceeding two or three words, on such passages of the New Testament as seemed most imperatively to need explanation. When the work was ready for the press, he was persuaded by his friends to correct the grosser errors of the Vulgate, and occasionally change the style into a purer Latinity. "This little additional trouble, as I then thought it," he writes to Budæus, "proved most oppressive. I was next persuaded to increase the length of the notes. The work had to be recast entirely. Another labour succeeded. I had imagined that I should have found more correct copies at Basle; I was disappointed, and compelled to revise the sheets beforehand for the use of the printers. Two persons, one a lawyer, the other a theologian, acquainted with Hebrew, had been engaged to correct the press. But as they had never been used to this employment, they could not fulfil what they had undertaken; and I had to read the proofs. The work of the editor and that of the printer proceeded simultaneously; and a sheet was finished daily. I could not give my undivided attention to the New Testament, as I was at the same time engaged on St. Jerome. I had resolved to bring out the work before Easter, or die at my post. Again, I was deceived in the size of the volume. The printer assured me it would amount to thirty sheets only; it exceeded eighty-three. Worn out with these labours and occupied with things which properly did not belong to me, I had to proceed to the notes. I did the best I could, considering the time and the state of my health. Some errors I passed over intentionally; some I connived at, in the publication of which I dissented from my own opinions. I am now preparing a second edition, and shall be glad of your assistance."

In the first edition he had admitted corrections with a sparing hand. In his version of the gospels he had closely adhered to the Vulgate. The evangelical narratives were so clear and so simple, written in such a plain and unaffected style, that he thought there was no room for error. Translator and copyist

could scarcely go astray. It was otherwise with the epistles. The difficulties and obscurities of St. Paul demanded a greater mastery over the Greek than could be expected from those under whose hands the Vulgate had assumed its present shape. Here there was greater need of revision and explanation. He was urged by his friends, especially in England, to give freer scope to his criticisms; to express his judgment more fully, where before he had been brief and obscure. The success of his paraphrase of St. Paul's Epistles, published about this time, and universally applauded, gave him confidence to make his revision of the gospels correspond with his previous version of the epistles. Greater facilities were at hand, especially the appearance of a new Greek Lexicon, for the more successful prosecution of his task. But he entered upon it with manifest reluctance. He dreaded a return to Basle; and his weak health made him naturally reluctant to expose himself to a repetition of those fatigues and privations from which he had so recently escaped. "There are three things in Germany I detest," he says in one of his letters: "the stoves, the thieves, and the plague," which was then raging. He could not make up his mind, notwithstanding the high opinion he had of Frobenius, whether to go to Basle or to Venice. He would much rather have gone to neither. Had Greek types been accessible in Louvain or Brussels, he would have consulted his own ease and inclination by remaining in his lodgings. He would rather have forfeited three hundred golden crowns than undertake the journey. "Oh, how I wish you had a fount of Greek types!" he writes to Badius Ascensius,* a printer near Brussels. "Now, at the hazard of my life, must I go to Basle, to superintend in person the printing of the New Testament." But Badius had no types, and there was no alternative.

Before his departure, he sent word to the two best Greek scholars of the day, Latimer in Oxford, and Budæus in Paris, requesting their advice and assistance. But Latimer was formal and pedantic, Budæus envious and conceited. "You know," says More, "how stiff and obstinate are these philosophers. I suppose it is because they take so much pride in their consistency." Whether More was right or wrong in his conjecture, their consistency would not thaw, or not in time to be useful. Once more, then, single-handed, Erasmus wended on his road to Basle, reluctant above all things to stoop his neck to the collar. "Once more here I am in this odious mill," he tells his correspondent De Berghes. By the latter end of 1517 he was hard at work. Next year, on the 25th April, he writes to Henry VIII., who had sent him sixty angels and a pressing invitation

* 17th April 1518.

to return to England, that he must devote four months to the second edition of his New Testament, but he would leave Basle in the autumn. Before, however, he committed his labours irrecoverably to the press, he had taken the precaution of fixing his wavering friends at Louvain. If he could not prevent, he might anticipate opposition by securing their approbation to his proposed revision. The two whom he had most cause to fear were Dorp and the vice-chancellor; the latter for his insincerity, the former for the flexibility of his temper. Dorp had once attacked him and repented. The vice-chancellor he held "like a wolf by the ears," to use his own illustration. Ostensibly civil whilst Erasmus was at Louvain, he would join any conspiracy against him when his back was turned. "The time was drawing near," he says in one of his most remarkable letters to Barbiri, "when I had to start for Basle with the second edition of my New Testament. On the eve of my journey, the vice-chancellor invited me to supper. Egmont was there and Vivea. I informed the vice-chancellor after supper that I must leave for Basle in a few days. I begged, protested, besought him to do me the favour to tell me, if there was any change he would like to see made in the work; or any thing in it prejudicial to good manners or the Catholic faith." He replied he had read over the whole, and it seemed to him pious and learned. "I would rather be admonished than praised," replied Erasmus; "admonition will profit me, praise will not. Now I have opportunity for altering: hereafter it will be too late." He reiterated his applauses. "If you are sincere, said I, why did you join in the outcry against the first edition?" "Before I had read it," he answered, "many unfavourable criticisms were reported to me; but on reading it I found reasons for changing my sentiments. I approve hugely of what you have done; I cannot say what you may do." "Then," said Erasmus, "if you like the first edition, I will lay my life you will approve of this. He then bade me God speed on my pious labours and my efforts for the advancement of the Christian religion."

He started for Basle about May; how far satisfied with having muzzled the wolf we cannot undertake to say. He is not the only scholar who has tasted such experience. He is not the only divine who has shown notes and prefaces to Christian friends, and found that his unguarded confidences were afterwards so many counts in the charge against him. Vice-chancellors, divinity professors, principals of colleges, the whole battle-array of orthodoxy, with its guns charged and its spears in rest, were for the next four months consigned to oblivion. Even the pleasant summer months were shut out, as he stood in the grim printing-house of Frobenius buried up to the ears

in copies of the Fathers, damp sheets, and groaning forms. But the wit, the good humour, the lively sallies, the sparkling repartee, which played and flickered about his lips, no labour could shut out. "Gracious Heavens!" says Frobenius, in a letter prefixed to his epigrams; "have we not seen Erasmus, when he was with us a year and a half ago, partly employed in turning Greek into Latin, partly in correcting the Epistles and Gospels; now compiling his notes to the *Novum Instrumentum*, anon penning scholia upon St. Jerome? What laborious, what incessant study! What fatigues were his daily portion! In the midst of all, visitors of rank would make no scruple of calling on him and interrupting him about some trifle or another; one would try to wheedle him out of an epigram, another to gain immortality by a letter. And how did he, the most easy, good-natured man in the world, act on these occasions? Did he refuse? did he manifest impatience? He was fully occupied in writing—break off his employments he could not. Yet write he did, at odd moments, as he went backwards and forwards to mass; any thing to oblige."

Erasmus returned to Louvain in September, with the first instalment of his work wet from the press. He had left Basle in languid health, occasioned by long confinement. It was a pleasant sail down the Rhine; but the autumn was hot, and at noon the sun was oppressive. At Brisach he was annoyed by the stoves and the abundance of flies,—two plagues he detested. His appetite failed, and his somewhat fastidious taste recoiled from the coarse fare of an inferior German hotel; "nasty plates, nasty pies, nasty salt meats, which had already been served to previous customers,—*meræ nauseæ*." At the next stage he sat down to supper with more than sixty travellers in a small heated kitchen. "If there be any God," said Luther,* "for whom the Germans of my days entertain a profound veneration, that is the god *Qwaffe*." His orgies were celebrated with an inflexible constancy, known only to Teutonic appetites. No guest was allowed to rise from the table before the clock struck ten; and as the devotees grew hot and noisy over their orgies, the ears and nose of Erasmus, the most sensitive of mortals, were not agreeably entertained. At Spires, his English horse† knocked up from bad treatment. At Mayence he embarked on the Rhine; took an open carriage at Cologne, in a terrible storm, succeeded by a rainy night, and reached Aix completely knocked up. Here he was compelled, by the officious courtesy of his friends, to dine off fish,—a diet he could never endure.‡

* Table-Talk, p. 527. † Urswick's present.

‡ He used to say of himself, that though his soul was a good Catholic, his stomach was a Lutheran.

In great pain he reached Louvain, where a stupid physician pronounced that he was suffering from the plague,—a signal for all to abandon him. Happily he was compelled to take his case into his own hands. A cup of chicken-broth, rest, and quiet effected his cure. "Who could suppose," he exclaims, "that this frail body of mine, for I am now turned fifty, so slim and so delicate, after such laborious journeys and so much hard study, could have borne up against so many afflictions?"

Just then the dispute between Luther and the Dominicans on the subject of indulgences was deafening the world by its noise and its acrimony. Suspicion was aroused. It was impossible to anticipate how far the mischief might spread, or to what perils this permission of the laity to interfere in theology and pass their judgment on the Scriptures might lead. His enemies in England had not been idle; and his new edition gave them an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves. So long as Erasmus had been contented to confine his notes and revision to the text of St. Paul's epistles, there was no great danger of the dispute extending beyond the ranks of the learned. People at large understood little and cared less for nice points of scholarship. The most potent of orthodox champions would have failed to blow up the excitement beyond blood-heat. Greek particles, minute distinctions between Greek verbs and their tenses, are but poor faggots to kindle a fire with. What cared the uninitiated whether Œcolampadius, who superintended the sheets and lent his Hebrew acquirements to the undertaking, had made a blunder in some point or not? What did they know whether ὡς Θεός was more fitly rendered by *tanquam* or *quasi Deus*? Erasmus might have gone on to the end of his days with his learned affectation of *Novum Instrumentum*, free, at least, from popular clamour and danger. Lord mayors and aldermen, the corporation of London, the Court of Arches itself, would have slept on, and turned a dull ear to the rhetoric of Standish and the vitriolic orthodoxy of Lee. In an evil hour Erasmus had descended to popular ground. He not only enlarged the scope of his notes and trenched on many delicate topics of doctrine and manners, but he had modernised the Latin version of the Gospels. First and foremost he had changed the expression in St. John's Gospel, already sanctified by long usage, and the acknowledged antidote of Arianism, from "*In principio erat* Verbum," into "*In principio erat* Sermo." He had spoken of the histories of the Old Testament (that of Samson, for instance) under the questionable expression of *fabulæ*. He had accused St. Paul of having recourse to Hebraisms from inability to express himself in correct

Greek.* Christ's equality with the Father he had referred to his human and not his divine nature (Philipp. ii. 16). In his notes to St. Matthew (ch. ii.) he had insinuated that the writers of the Gospels might have erred from not examining books, but trusting too much to their memories. As the climax to all these offences, he had struck out from the Epistle of St. John the celebrated verse of the Three Witnesses. Women and children, the most ignorant, the most indifferent, could understand and shudder at the danger when Erasmus was charged with reforming the *Magnificat* and the *Pater Noster*. When Carmelites and professors of theology, in their violet-coloured hoods, thundered out anathemas from the pulpits against that profane learning which, discontented with the simplicity of the divine oracles, sought to remodel them to the caprices of itching ears, who could remain unmoved? The days of Antichrist were at hand, and these were the signs of his coming.

Foremost among his opponents were two Englishmen, Dr. Standish, provincial of the Franciscans, about this time appointed bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Edward Lee, afterwards archbishop of York, the patron of Roger Ascham. Both these prelates played important parts in the reign of Henry VIII. Standish was descended from an ancient family of that name long settled in Lancashire. He had studied at both universities; had entered the order of Gray Friars, and became warden of their convent in London, now converted into the Blue-coat School. The readers of Burnet will remember that this Standish was the chief actor in that notable dispute at the outset of Henry's reign between the king and the Convocation. Standish is represented on that occasion as standing up against the bishops and clergy in behalf of the king's supremacy. And if that account is to be trusted, he was more than a match for Warham, Fox, or Wolsey. The story has its difficulties, like many others in this reign. To find the friars the uncompromising advocates of the king's supremacy, and exalting the temporal over the spiritual power, is a fact not easy to be reconciled with our modern notions of these orders. This is clear, however, that the old animosity between the bishops and the religious remained unabated.

We regret we have not room for a graphic account given by Erasmus of the feuds and squabbles which prevailed at this time between the Franciscans and their rivals; but the limits of our space admonish us to be brief. Supreme over all the mendicant friars in England, Standish was a formidable opponent; if not for his talents, for the means he thus possessed of rousing the

* "The Greek of the Apostles," he says, "is tinged with the peculiar idioms of their native tongue." Elsewhere: "their Greek is not that of Demosthenes, but *e vulgi colloquio*."

passions of the people. The exclusive privilege of the mendicant friars to hear confession gave them a hold over every household in England. They were accused of ruling the husband by the knowledge thus obtained from the wife. The female sex, more devout than the male, listened readily to their suggestions. They were the popular preachers; had great social powers; combined in their own persons the qualifications of the home and foreign missionary. In Chaucer's sketch of them, which remained unaltered till they were swept away by the Reformation, they are described as skilful in playing the fiddle and telling good stories; and no one who has looked into their sermons will doubt the correctness of the poet's description. Whilst the Dominicans kept possession of the schools and the monk was confined to his cloister, the friar wandered at large in the towns, and made himself agreeable in the pulpit and out of it. As his reputation with his own order depended on the amount of alms he collected from day to day, all his arts of wheedling and intimidation were thus brought into play. Bare heads and naked feet, tattered russet coats girt with a knotted rope, appealed irresistibly to the charitable feelings of all classes, especially the lower. The poor Carthusian monk of Sterne was in fact a begging friar of the better sort; and they who escaped the cajolery of the importunate, or defied the unscrupulous, could scarcely stand unmoved before the eloquence of silent poverty, which proffered its claims in the meek accents of pallid faces, uncomplaining grief, and pious resignation. There might be pretenders to sanctity among them; but we have the most undeniable evidence that they preached and prayed where no others of the clergy ventured.

In a most remarkable state-paper, written at the commencement of this reign, giving an account of the wretchedness, confusion, and misgovernment of Ireland, the writer says:* "What common folk in all this world is so poor, so feeble, so ill beseen in town and field, so bestial, so greatly oppressed and trod under foot, as the common folk of Ireland?" And this among other reasons is assigned: "Some say that the prelates of the church and clergy is much cause of all the misorder of the land; for there is no archbishop ne bishop, abbot ne prior, parson ne vicar, ne any other person of the church, high or low, great or small, English or Irish, that useth to preach the word of God, *saving the poor friars beggars.*" Even Henry himself, though fond of learning, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, and possessed with more than a Tudor's dislike of popular commotion and disaffection, would not allow the friars to be crushed by the superior clergy. This very Dr. Standish was upheld by him against the whole influence of Convocation; against all hostile influence

* State-Papers of Henry VIII. ii. 10.

afterwards (and that was not slight), he was advanced by the king to the bishopric of St. Asaph. Nor was it otherwise with Katharine. All her devotional predilections ran in favour of the friars. When she expected a prince, she had recourse to their prayers and their intercessions. The friars of Greenwich, Oxford, and Cambridge received, from her pious hopes and fears, many a charitable dole and many a pound of wax. At all events, like most of her sex, we may be quite certain that she sympathised more with Standish than with Erasmus, and believed, like half the good women in England, that this new method of interpreting Scripture was little better than covert infidelity.

These were the men who were now to signalise their opposition against Erasmus. Shortly after the appearance of the second edition of the New Testament, Standish was appointed to preach at Paul's Cross before the lord mayor and corporation of London. After prefacing his sermon with some general observations on charity, he suddenly broke away from the main topic, and launched forth, to the astonishment of his audience, in bitter denunciations against Erasmus. He declared that the total extinction of Christianity was at hand, unless these new-fangled versions of the Scriptures were suppressed. It was intolerable that Erasmus should venture to corrupt the Gospel of St. John, and transform the old reading, "*In principio erat* Verbum," to which the Church had adhered for so many centuries, into the new style of, "*In principio erat* Sermo." Then turning to the lord mayor and corporation, he told them that St. Augustine had given very good reasons for the use of the old word *Verbum*. "But," added he, "that pretentious and shallow Grecian could not comprehend the arguments of the holy father. And, oh!" he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness these times,—I, a doctor of so many years standing; I, who have all my life read '*In principio erat* Verbum,' to be sent to school and compelled to read '*In principio erat* Sermo.'" With that he wept, to the astonishment of the men, and the edification of the women.

It was his fortune that day to dine at the palace; and after the meal was over, Standish was introduced to the royal circle. A large assembly of bishops, nobles, and scholars surrounded Henry and Katharine. Bustling through the crowd, Standish fell on his knees, and, raising his hands to heaven, broke forth into loud praises of the king's royal progenitors, who had always religiously defended the Catholic church against heresy and schism. Most perilous times, he exclaimed, were at hand: Erasmus was daily publishing some new book; and, unless a firm resistance were made to such innovations, Christianity

was at an end. Then, turning up his eyes to heaven, he begged Christ to assist his forlorn spouse, though all else forsook her. One of the circle, probably More or Mountjoy, watching his opportunity, slipped down on his knee before the king, and, mimicking the theatrical tones and attitudes of Standish, besought him, as he had inspired their majesties with so much fear and anxiety for the safeguard of Christendom, to be good enough to tell them what were the perilous heresies and schisms to which he alluded in the writings of Erasmus. Then, stretching out his hand, Standish began to reckon them on the tips of his fingers. "First," says he, "Erasmus denies the resurrection; next, he annihilates the sacrament of marriage; thirdly, he derogates from the eucharist." These assertions occasioned great sensation. His opponent requested him to produce the passages on which these accusations rested. Standish began with his thumb: "First," said he, "that Erasmus denies the resurrection I prove thus: Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians" (he mistook Colossians for Corinthians) "says: *Omnes quidem resurgemus, sed non omnes immutabimur;* but Erasmus, out of his Greek, reads it thus: *Omnes quidem non dormiemus, sed omnes immutabimur.* It is clear, therefore, that he denies the resurrection." The other explained, that Erasmus had professed to adhere strictly to the Greek text; and as the word 'resurrection' had been retained by him in so many other places, it was absurd to say that in this change, which he had adopted on good authority, he had denied the resurrection. "Ah, yes," said Standish, "you mean the authority of St. Jerome; but Jerome took this from the Hebrew." Hereupon, another friend of Erasmus, advancing through the circle, dropped on his knee before the king, and, after reverence done, addressed himself to Standish: "I cry your mercy, reverend father: will you repeat what you said just now, as I was not paying much attention." Standish repeated his remark. Then his opponent, to draw attention to its absurdity, rejoined: "That is no trivial argument which his reverence has advanced; but I should like to reply to it, if his majesty will permit me." Queen Katharine twitching the king called his attention to the speaker: "I don't see," says the objector, with assumed gravity, "what answer can be made to his reverence's argument. I don't suppose he imagines that the epistles of St. Paul were written in Hebrew, when every schoolboy knows they were written in Greek. What purpose could St. Jerome possibly have in correcting them from the Hebrew, when no Hebrew copies of them ever existed?" Henry saw the bishop's discomfiture; and, with kingly grace, changed the conversation.

But the opposition of Standish, though vexatious enough,

was confined to England. A more bitter and formidable enemy sprung up in Edward Lee, chaplain and almoner to Henry VIII. He had written, or more probably had put together, the floating objections of the times against the first edition of the New Testament, and circulated the book in manuscript among his own friends and those of Erasmus. On the return of the latter from Basle, before the notes to the second edition had appeared, he had requested Lee to allow him the sight of his criticisms; if not, he begged Lee to publish them at once, that he might make the necessary corrections in his forthcoming edition. Lee resolutely refused. He was bent on securing a reputation by an attack on the most remarkable author of the age; and his book would have been worthless had Erasmus anticipated his objections. The matter might have ended there, with little credit to Lee's generosity. But Erasmus could not forbear expressing his irritation. He spoke of Lee in terms of great contempt, to more than one of his numerous correspondents: "the earth had never produced any thing more arrogant, venomous, or foolish" (xii. 32). He stigmatised him as a conceited young man and a sciolist. With still greater indiscretion, finding all other means ineffectual, he wrote a letter to Lee, in which he had the bad taste to threaten him with the vengeance of his friends in Germany, "who had not yet," as he added, "dropped all their native ferocity." Lee waited for no further provocation. He immediately brought out his book, and prefaced it with the following calm and sarcastic letter. "Edovardus Leeus Desiderio Erasmo salutem. En! nunc demum habes, Desideri Erasme, nostrarum annotationum librum, quem tantopere efflagitasti,—opus, spero, cum primis tibi gratum et jucundum, si non quod nostrum sit, tamen quod tuo nomini nuncupatum, et te annum jam totum hortante emissum; vel forte, eo potius nomine, quod inde orbi nostra prodetur ignorantia, quam tu nullis non modis studes propagari; ut omnes cognoscant me talem esse, qualem tu fingis."

It was evident that the author of such a letter could not be the puny and contemptible adversary Erasmus had represented. Nor was he. Roger Ascham has done justice to the learning of Lee. More and Fisher were inclined to think he had been unfairly treated, and, after the provocation he had received, he could hardly be expected to remain silent.

Lee took exception to the hasty and perfunctory manner in which Erasmus had introduced emendations into the New Testament. He accused Erasmus of rejecting readings, confirmed by long patristic usage, on the slender authority of a Greek manuscript, as to the age of which and its general accuracy grave doubts existed. He taxed him with citing passages from

the Greek copies which were not to be found in them, and omitting such as were. In some instances his Latin version did not correspond with the Greek; in others the true meaning had been misquoted or misrepresented. The rest of Lee's objections related rather to matters of doctrine and opinion: Erasmus had spoken contemptuously of previous commentators; he had condemned the Church for admitting the Epistle to the Hebrews into the canon; he had asserted that the Gospel of St. Mark was nothing more than a compendium of St. Matthew's. But it was his gravest and most substantial charge that, in the Apocalypse, Erasmus, to supply the defects of his Greek Mss., had ventured on the extraordinary license of turning certain verses into Greek which he had found only in the Latin copies. Objectionable as such an act undoubtedly was, and subversive of all sound criticism and literary honesty, Erasmus had not intended to impose upon his readers. He had acknowledged the fact in his notes. It was indeed much to be wished that Erasmus had candidly admitted these accusations, instead of attempting to recriminate. They were true in the main; they could not be denied. Had he fallen back upon that line of defence which he had taken up at first; had he admitted that in so laborious a work, too rapidly completed and surrounded by numerous obstacles, it was scarcely possible to avoid omissions and errors, he would have diminished nothing of his fair fame. He chose to stand upon the defensive; to hurl back invectives at the head of Lee; and thus he gave an importance to these charges they did not intrinsically deserve. His best friends looked sad; to his enemies he had exposed an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves; whilst to the Gallios of this world, who regarded with supreme indifference the real question at issue, it afforded a fund of delight, to see the great Biblical scholar tormented by petty and malicious assailants. Stunica and Caranza, the successors to Lee and Standish in this inglorious warfare, were as amusing as Pasquin to infidel bishops and classic cardinals at Rome, if not for their wit, yet for their unceasing virulence.

But we must draw these observations to a close. Of the editions of the New Testament which appeared in the lifetime of Erasmus, the fourth, published in 1527, is the most complete, as he had the advantage of the critical aids afforded by the Complutensian. In the third edition, which appeared in 1522, he reinserted, from an English Ms., the verse of the Three Witnesses. But, except for the interest which must always attach to first experiments, the Greek Testament of Erasmus has little value for the Biblical scholar of the present day. Much beyond his contemporaries in his conception of the duties of an

editor, and of the philological requirements for establishing and explaining the text of an ancient author, he fell far below the modern standard. He understood quite as well as later scholars do, that the text of the New Testament must be determined by the ancient Greek copies, supported by the earliest Latin versions and the Greek fathers. He was in some respects even less fettered than modern critics are by prejudices in favour of an authorised text or established translation. He had no leaning to the Vulgate. He was not inclined to attribute to it the praise it unquestionably deserves. The necessity of a careful description of the age and condition of the Mss. and authorities employed by him in forming his text,—an indispensable part of an editor's duty,—he almost entirely overlooked. Consequently, beyond his own critical judgment and sagacity, his text rests on no satisfactory or determinable authority. He would have done more had he done less,—had he been content with a careful edition, resting on one or two good Mss. Therefore, unlike the early editions of the Greek classics, the New Testament of Erasmus is absolutely worthless for all critical purposes. Yet, strange to say, until within a very late period, it remained substantially the only form in which the original was known to the world. It was not in the execution, but in the conception of his work that he deserves our praise. He had not health, patience, or inclination for the tedious and laborious process of collating Mss. He was much more at his ease in compiling notes and bringing his vast and multifarious reading to bear on the elucidation of the history and antiquities of the New Testament. So far as vast learning can be of service, in this respect, no commentator can be compared to Erasmus. With the whole region of Latin literature he was familiar, and scarcely less at home with the most eminent of the Greek and Latin fathers. At a time when the Greek scholars in England might be counted on the fingers, his notes to the Greek Testament abound in quotations from Homer, the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Athenæus, Lucian, and others.

Whatever judgment we may now be inclined to pass on his work, it must be allowed the praise of being the first attempt to introduce a more diligent study of the New Testament. Luther used his labours, and proclaimed his contempt for them, in his noble commentary on the Galatians. Erasmus, he complained, stuck too much to the letter: "humana prævalent in eo plus quam divina."* Yet, in spite of this dictum, are we not entitled to say, after three centuries' experience, that the surest sign of a barren and unreal theology is not over-attention to the critical

* Luth. Epist. 29.

meaning of the original, but carelessness of the life that is in words? The slow induction, the careful sifting comparison, the spiritual sympathy, so to speak, which alone enable a scholar to understand Plato, or a philosopher to read the material world, must surely be applied to the Greek of the New Testament if we would know its true compass and significance by a profounder insight than we have. The severe beauty of the Vulgate and our own homely and noble English version have partially set aside and obscured their original by the chain of words that come native to our thought and the long link of household associations. Such work as Erasmus's was is dreaded by many as a wanton iconoclasm, a defacing, if not a destruction, of the holiest forms of faith. Perhaps the very fear is the best argument that the task needs to be done again. Of all phases of bibliolatry, that which prefers the copy to the original is surely the strangest. For ourselves, we can only express our firm confidence that the Gospels will never lose by being studied in the very words of the Evangelists.

Art. IV.—CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD.

Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel. W. Blackwood and Sons.

Without presuming to lift the veil which covers all anonymous authorship, we shall venture to assume that no one but a woman could have written *Salem Chapel.* Its merits and its faults are not easily explicable on any other ground. The delicate observation and subtle analysis of character, no less than the incapacity for broad effects, are alike feminine. A man could hardly have painted men so ill, or women so well. Nevertheless we start from this assumption chiefly to vindicate our right of calling the novelist "*she*" by hypothesis, and without much caring though the woman should turn out to have "a great peard under her muffler." What we have to say concerns rather the substance of the book, than the individuality of its author.

Salem Chapel consists of two different and incongruous parts,—the plot of a sensation novel, and a series of descriptions of the inner life of a dissenting congregation. The plot may be dismissed summarily as not only bad but unnecessary.

It assumes a young girl of puritan education and high character going off on a most improbable story with her lover, who, unknown to her, is a married man; it rescues her by the intervention of the lover's wife, who shoots her husband in his room at an inn, a few hours only after she has traced him there, and with so much ingenuity as to defy discovery; and it represents the authorities as desisting from all inquiry on the simple statement of the wounded man, that he exonerates one person who has been wrongfully apprehended, and that he will give no further particulars. The worst of it all is, that these improbabilities, and many pages of horrors piled upon horrors, terror, despair, and suspense to the innocent victims of Colonel Mildmay's crime, only divert the reader from the main purpose of the book. For its purpose, which the plot rather impairs than strengthens, is to show the weakness of enthusiasm, refinement, and mere well-meaning, in contact with the vulgar realities of every-day life. The hero, Mr. Vincent, has come down fresh from Homerton to preside over the destinies of Salem chapel, and, as he believes, to sustain the cause of Nonconformity against the dead-weight of a corrupt Church establishment. He is disgusted by his vulgar deacons, who tell him to his face that he is their servant; he is indifferent to the senior deacon's daughter; his heart is captive to the great lady of the town, the Anglican Lady Western; and he sways backwards and forwards between his habits of old thought and his taste; a smile from Lady Western, or a rough speech from the butterman, pretty much determining his allegiance. Then comes the great trial of his sister's unexplained elopement, followed by her apparent complicity in a murder. The routine of chapel work becomes doubly odious under great mental anxiety; and while he grows in breadth and spiritual insight, he is less fitted than ever to cope with the demands of his flock for visits and tea-meetings. Gradually it flashes upon him that "a cure of souls cannot be delegated to a preacher by the souls themselves who are to be his care." He resigns his charge, and turns literary man. The moral is not offensively obtruded; but it reads suspiciously, at least, like a special pleading for an established church.

This under-current of theological purpose has a little impaired the unity of the book, while it has probably heightened its interest. It is a palpable fault that Vincent is made too much a gentleman for his position, in order that the sharp contrasts of refinement and vulgarity may be better brought out. Men equally sensitive to interference are no doubt born in every section of society; but such men would be gratified and conciliated by much of the vulgar kindness that stifles Vincent.

It is surely a little overstrained, when the minister thrills "with offence and indignation" because pretty Miss Phœbe Tozer brings him round, soon after his arrival, a shape of jelly "that was over supper last night." A more genial man would probably take the whole affair in the spirit of simple good-nature that prompted the gift; and it is scarcely fair to mix up the deficiencies of an over-sensitive temperament with the faults of the Voluntary system. After all, there are many parts of England where the clergy of the Establishment live on the same homely and cordial footing with their parishioners. But, in fact, Vincent's nature is throughout over-wrought, and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish whether the author means him to be laughed at or admired. His innocent entanglement in the draught-net of Lady Western's admirers; the curious interweaving of his convictions and his little social annoyances; his hysterical fits of passion, and helplessness when the time for action comes,—are all true to the life of a weak, and in some respects a ridiculous, man only. He is always giving a subdued groan, or straying into the clerical counterfeit of an oath, or grasping hands "in an overflow of gratitude and compunction." There is something positively revolting and most unmanly in the scenes where he threatens Mrs. Hilyard with denouncing her to the police, not from any stern sense of duty or any urgent need of clearing his sister's fame, but rather from an impulse to satisfy himself by doing something, and latterly even from a certain hardness of mood that would like a victim. Yet we hold, on the whole, that the author intended Vincent's as the type of a high character. As a woman, she perhaps overrates the interest that his power of loving genuinely lends him in the eyes of half the world; but, as an artist, she was right in giving consistency to his character by at least one strong sentiment. Not that his religious feelings are insincere, but they are loose colours, and will not stand the test of rough weather. The man is unable to pray or preach out of himself; and his troubles are not disturbing, but controlling, elements in his speculation. All this makes him the more genuine and effective, but the less real. It is impossible to overrate the advantage for an orator of being able to transfuse his personal resentments or his last experiences into his pleadings for a great cause; but the power cannot in its very nature be longer-lived than the man's hatreds or sufferings. We only know Vincent in a short novel that concerns itself with some two months of his career. The accident of an uneventful or a changeful life must, we may be sure, have determined his after-history; and if he did not run the gamut of Protestant variations, we may infer that his home was quiet and

prosperous. In the fact that he is not self-poised or self-contained, lies all that makes him distasteful to common men, and his peculiar charm for the author of *Salem Chapel.* She seems to be at once attracted and repelled by enthusiasm; to recognise something godlike in every man who acts fearlessly upon honest impulses, and yet, from invincible good sense or artistic instinct, to see clearly the foibles and follies of the enthusiastic temperament. Probably to a great extent her pencil is truer than her purpose, and she draws honestly what she has analysed subtly and grouped well, without regard to her own philosophy of art. Probably also her experience of life, a little depreciatory it may be, has yet taught her that there is infinite good mixed up with the infinite littlenesses of human nature and society. She is unconscious of the force of her own satire, because she knows so clearly what large allowances she has made.

In strict keeping with the unheroic hero are his surroundings and friends. We pass over for the moment the inimitable deacons and their families, who are not of the stuff of which romance is made. Colonel Mildmay, the shadowy debauched villain, and Mr. Fordham, the shadowy well-meaning gentleman, like the curate of St. Roque and Dr. Rider, are rather lay-figures than flesh and blood. When all are summed up, and the separate feeling for each analysed, the reader will probably be surprised to find how largely contempt, good-natured genial contempt at best, makes up his estimate. And if this be true of the men, among whom Tozer almost struggles out of the ridiculous, the same, or even worse, may be said of the women. Mrs. Hilyard, who is in fact Mrs. Mildmay, the clever, desperate wife of a villain, who has driven her to live separate, and who tries to carry off their daughter that he may speculate with her in marriage, is a little coarsely sketched. The restlessness, the energy, the desperate unreasoning love, are all admirably given in their way; but the one fatal vice of sensation novels, the necessity for stage-effects, has driven the author upon attempting something more. We disbelieve in the midnight conversation with Colonel Mildmay, precisely because a woman who announces her intention to murder with so much calmness, and rallies her husband on a fastidious feeling about the gallows, can hardly be compact of good to the extent Mrs. Hilyard is meant to be. It is true that the mind may easily grow familiar with the thought of a great crime by long brooding over it, so that when temptation and opportunity offer, the passage from inaction to guilt is almost imperceptible. But here there has been no real occasion for such devilish casuistry. Mrs. Hilyard has been able to carry off and conceal her child, and it is even a question if

the law would not secure her its exclusive custody. Nay more, the idea of murder is represented as occurring for the first time in this interview, and as suggested by a chance word of her husband. The training of an English lady, her own habit of theological speculation, and her daily intercourse with respectable well-meaning people, are all strong reasons why homicide should not flash on the mind, and be instantly caught at and cherished as an expedient. There are other smaller traits in Mrs. Hilyard's character which strike us as inconsistent with herself. She is meant to be a lady of high breeding, who, from oddness, self-assertion, and carelessness of the world's opinion, permits herself to say rude things pretty much at random among her friends. The character is not exactly uncommon; but, in a woman of shrewd observation and real good-nature, social tact at least would determine the sphere of action within very definite limits. Mrs. Hilyard may say what she likes to Lady Western, but she would be more careful with the young minister, though she likes him, and reads his secret, and a little despises him. The jokes about the butterman and the dairywoman, in whose circle he is moving for the time, are essentially vulgar. The interviews with Mrs. Vincent are more wanting in self-restraint than the meeting of one woman with another, a stranger, and not a friendly one, is likely to be in actual life. The nervous excitement, which is to make the attempt at murder intelligible, is perpetually obtruded on us in the book, that we may understand the catastrophe when it comes. The one great fault of art has involved a thousand minor incongruities. But either the sharp intellect and resolute will, or the feverish spasms of bearing and action, are improbable. We prefer to strike out the crime and the tricks of manner that lead us up to it, as anomalous.

On the other hand, the characters of Lady Western and of Mrs. Vincent are thoroughly of a piece, and are so excellent in their conception as to be originals. It may seem a little harsh to compare the minister's mother to Mrs. Nickleby, yet the difference is chiefly in the far more exquisite workmanship which softens and refines the traits of the Lonsdale widow. Through out Mrs. Vincent is a lady at heart and a good mother, and is therefore recommended by all the enhancements of refinement and tenderness; and yet these are not the qualities by which any one reading the book remembers her. The absolute want of judgment and will which make her a cipher in her daughter's emergency are so perfectly contrasted with her tact of manner and address in handling her son's congregation and in baffling awkward questioners, that she not only lives herself in the pages of *Salem Chapel*, but is the occasion of life to others. It is not

a high characteristic this double-natured pliancy, which bows to circumstances and adapts itself to persons; it is rather an instinct of the lower animals, who hide and whine during a storm, but divine in a moment if the stranger near them be a friend or an enemy. The whole question is, whether the type be not fairly conceived and essentially feminine. The only apparent incongruity is in the mixture of helplessness with a certain ability to appreciate and finesse. Precisely in this, we believe, is the truthfulness of the portait most evident. The minister's widow, accustomed to think all knowledge summed up in her husband's sermons, and all phases of human experience contained in the congregation of a dissenting chapel, is hopelessly adrift when a new variety of man forces himself upon her circle. In default of the keen moral instincts which would arm a larger-natured woman with Ithuriel's spear, she judges the London *roué* by the ordinary tests for a young man who has stepped in to tea after a Bible-class. We suppose some such incapacity to comprehend the dark side of the other sex's life is the reason why so many good women make shipwreck of their lives upon sheer blackguardism. No man, however obtuse his perceptions may be, is ever very widely mistaken in his estimate of a flashy debauched adventurer, or accepts his self-assertion without a reasonable discount. There is, of course, another side to the picture; and we admit in advance that a man's judgment is equally worthless from the moment his eyes or his heart are interested. But we are not arguing as special pleaders for either side; and our problem is only to decide why the sex, in whom social tact is a sixth sense, should break down in their use of it on one point which is vital to themselves, and where men act fearlessly. Something may be allowed to the high estimate of pluck and energy which those who see life from the outside only are especially apt to form, and under cover of which a counterfeit sometimes passes current, or drawbacks are overlooked. Something may be set down to that absolute ignorance of sin in its grosser forms in which English women fortunately grow up. They do not suspect what they could not realise. But the truest reason of all we believe to be, that feminine tact is based upon self-analysis rather than on imagination or sympathy. Wilhelm von Humboldt remarked that the very occupations of the boudoir, be they music or drawing, crochet-work or embroidery, are such as lend themselves more or less to the carrying on independent trains of thought. More sensitive to impressions than the man, and more observant of little things, the woman broods over the trivial details of her life in a way which the close work of an office or the distractions of business absolutely forbid. She is matchless in her

own field, and lost out of it. The very intenseness of her study, her complete mastery of all that is within her range, unfit her to suspect her deficiencies, or surmise an outer sphere. Naturally enough, in the one instance where Mrs. Vincent is circumspect and suspicious, she is so without cause. She allows a little maternal jealousy of Mrs. Hilyard's influence over her son to take colour and form as a doubt of the poor lady's reputation. But in managing the congregation Mrs. Vincent is peerless. She knows exactly what is expected of the minister, and of the minister's mother. She puts the pretty admirer quietly but irresistibly aside, while she silences the open enemy by a calm assertion of superiority. A very sincere woman would often be at a loss where Mrs. Vincent succeeds. The little hints about the connexion at Liverpool, and her own preference for an affectionate congregation to a large income, could probably not have been uttered in the palace of truth. It is a great tribute to the skill with which the character has been drawn, that these little insincerities scarcely strike the reader as an immoral element in it. It requires some reflection to see that Mrs. Vincent's goodness is that of a shallow nature and a prosperous life, and that its very existence is secondary to her excellence as a social strategist and her instinct of motherhood.

As perfect in its way is the conception of Lady Western. The graceful radiant creature, all sweetness and sunniness, who plays with her lover's feelings in utter unconsciousness that they can be deeper than her own, and because she likes to see him happy and to be admired herself, is so inimitably reproduced, that her gestures, the very tones of her voice, seem present to us. We may doubt one or two details of the story. High-bred and slightly high-church as she is, Lady Western is hardly likely to have courted the acquaintance of the dissenting minister in a country-town, even though he wore a good coat, and was good-looking, and had the manners of a gentleman. Even less would she have asked him to meet the curate of St. Roque's at dinner. Her emotion at hearing the name of her old lover is decidedly overdrawn, and implies a capacity for strong passionate attachment which must in actual life have impaired the peculiar charm of her manner; for her attractiveness lies in her thorough kindliness and her absolute inability to comprehend deep feeling. It is precisely because she only wishes to make Vincent happy, and has no idea of encouraging a hopeless attachment, that we forgive her all the suffering she causes. Any, the smallest, experience of real love or sorrow would make her ignorance impossible, and convict her of wanton cruelty, such as Lady Western in real life could never have allowed herself, even for an hour's amusement and to an admirer. As

it is, her want of sympathy and tact becomes even an element of morality. She is able to call on Mrs. Vincent when the widow's heart is breaking, and to utter tender platitudes with the saddest voice. In pure goodness of heart she bows a last sunny smile to the poor minister, who is in the pangs of desperate love, as she passes out of Carlingford at his rival's side, having become that rival's wife. Vincent himself cannot complain if his heart has been a little wrung by such tender hands in such sweet unconsciousness of his suffering.

It is a great descent in the social scale when we pass from Lady Western to the deacons of Salem Chapel. But, setting aside charm of manner and refinement of language, the vestry is not much more vulgar than the Hall. The unsympathetic isolation of most characters in the book, from the hero and from one another, is in fact the secret of much of their interest. Tozer the dairyman, and his wife and daughter, have a high appreciation of the young minister. They see that he has something about him which common men want; gifts, as they would call it; genius and good manners, as others would say. With the true sentiment of an official, Tozer divines the opportunity for extending the connexion, and giving the chapel a name in the annals of Nonconformity. But Vincent breaks down under two tests. He never applies his doctrine properly, and he fails to visit daily among the richer members of his congregation. The former defect may be cured with time, but the social omission is palpably unfair. Salem allows genius its appropriate sphere in the pulpit, but it demands an every-day article for every-day life. It wants some one who will look in for afternoon visits or evening teas, and keep the connexion in good humour with their prophet's views of spiritual realities. There is even a commercial side to the question. "Them as chooses their own pastor, and pays their own pastor, and don't spare no pains to make him comfortable, has a right to expect" that the minister will visit and keep the flock pleased. From the first day of his arrival to the last of his stay in Carlingford, Vincent finds himself at war with these requirements. Circumstances are against him, and he is needlessly touchy; but, on the whole, the conclusion that a refined and well-educated man is out of his place in under-bred society is irresistible. And surely never was that society sketched with more genuine humour or dramatic insight. The picture lacks the breadth and appreciative humanity of *Adam Bede;* it deals with shallower natures and smaller things; but its finer touches are inimitable in their way. Phœbe Tozer is as perfect when she blushes "pinker than ever," because jolly Mr. Raffles jokes her about being "unkind" to the minister, as when she hints resentment and confidence to Vin-

cent himself in a later stage of the intercourse: "They say you don't think us good enough to be trusted now; but oh, I don't think you could ever be like that," and gives "an appealing remonstrative glance before she drops her eyelids in virginal humility." The young man from "'Omerton," who makes "an 'it," and who regards the Tozers as "liberal-minded people," "the flower of the middle classes," is a perfect pendant to heavy senile Mr. Tufton, who almost ruins his "young brother" by admitting every charge against him, in the genuine desire to deprecate criticism, and sways backwards and forwards between rival impulses in unctuous irresolution. Mrs. Pigeon, the malcontent of the flock, who contrives to say before Mrs. Vincent that her son cannot manage "good gospel preaching and rousing up," and who is retributively routed by the minister's mother, is a minor personage indeed, but distinct in individuality. But the triumph of the novelist's art is Tozer. We seem to understand from the first why the butterman is the directing mind of Salem, and an over-match for the poulterer. He is the typical John Bull of the religious *bourgeoisie;* bluff and independent towards his minister, whom he has a vested right to drive, business-like and energetic in the vestry, and a goodnatured autocrat in his family circle. He has his weakness; but we incline to think with Mr. Tozer, that it is no peculiar foible, but common to "all you men. Niver a one, however you may have been brought up, nor whatever pious ways you may have been used to, can stand out against a pretty face." In short, Tozer admires Lady Western: "If the angels are nicer to look at, it's a wonder to me." Nor is this the only touch of chivalry about the dairyman. The knightly heart under coat of frieze asserts itself in Vincent's time of trouble; and while Carlingford is discussing the minister's shortcomings, and heaping them with the crime charged upon his sister, the deacon stands steadily by the desolate man. The speech in defence of Vincent at the meeting called to bring about his resignation is the most manly bit of writing in the book. The jocosity with which the deacon observes, "that a young man, as maybe isn't a marrying man, and anyhow can't marry more nor one, ain't in the safest place at Salem tea-drinkings," is a fine prelude to the real argument: "It shall never be said in our connexion as a clever young man was drove away from Carlingford, and I had a share in it. For me, and them as stands by me, we ain't a-going to set ourselves up against the spread of the gospel, and the credit of the connexion, toleration, and freedom of conscience, as we're bound to fight for." It adds to the truth of all this, that it rather detracts from the moral of the book. For if a hysterical talent like Vincent's has been able under all disadvantages

to command the loyal allegiance of a man like Tozer, the very embodiment of the old proprietary spirit, who can say what genuine enthusiasm in the minister might not have commanded? We suspect Tozer is as capable as Sancho Panza of following any leader who is not himself half-hearted on the adventure for a spiritual Barataria.

It is not our purpose to analyse any further the minor characters in *Salem Chapel*. Only one point we desire to notice, because it bears directly on one of the main criticisms we have to make on the book. The consent given by Susan Vincent to travel, not indeed alone, but essentially unprotected, under Colonel Mildmay's charge, is something more than flagrantly improbable. An innocent, rather stupid, and quite inexperienced girl might, no doubt, in the perplexity of a rash moment, consent to leave her home on some inadequate pretext. But no well-bred and pure-minded woman, however ignorant of the world, would consent to travel for hours, not to say days, in her lover's charge. She would divine instinctively that the story was false, or she would insist on not having his companionship by the way. She would be punctilious and reserved precisely because their relations were intimate, and in proportion as she valued his esteem. We regard this fault as something more than a fatal necessity of an absurd plot. It is another indication of that contemptuous vein, which leaves us throughout in doubt whether the author be not covertly amusing herself with the public she interests, or irrepressibly scornful of society, and above all of women. Here, we seem to be told, are the women for whom hearts break, or who make up the holiness of home-life; and one is shallow and heartless, another shallow and cunning, and a third nursing bitter thoughts of rancour while she sits in God's house. Here is the young girl, for whose purity all who meet her would instinctively pledge themselves, and she leaves home on the idlest of excuses to travel with the depraved man whom she loves. Here is the man, whose fiery eloquence has shaken a congregation, like God's breath passing over it; and his inspiration was compounded of a quarrel with his deacons and love for a pretty face, or, at best, mixed with some unselfish feeling for his sister. It reads almost as if the mask were thrown off, when the author marries him to a girl whom we have only known as an idiot, whose father is a villain, and her mother only not a homicide. And yet the *dénouement* is conveyed in words of simple beauty and serious purpose. "After all his troubles, the loves and the hopes came back with the swallows, to build under his eaves and stir in his heart." There is no irony here.

Perhaps the explanation is, after all, simpler than might

appear at first sight. An age of decorous platitudes, whose truest prophet is the satirist, and which reserves its hero-worship for the man best accredited by success, is not, on the very face of it, one that can create a literature of lofty idealism. It may look at its own surroundings, from above or below, like a squirrel turning in its cage, and may so regard them as objects to be trampled on or clung to; but it has no external standing-point from which it can gaze forth upon heaven and earth. The philosophy of shams is the decent apology for faith in the unheroic. It would be curious to trace the gradual steps by which literature has declined from tragedy and the epic, upon the vaudeville and the lyrical romance. We can only notice here that in the last thirty years,—and it would be easy to go back further still,—in spite of one or two partial but splendid exceptions, such as Scott and Miss Brontë, the novel of home-life has gradually become the accredited type of romance; domestic virtues have been the staple of interest; and the decalogue of creative art is summed up in the commands, to be genteel, and marry at the end of the third volume. There is much to be said for this phase of triviality. As novels in England are written especially for ladies, their writers are never tempted to deviate into immoral descriptions, and are commonly very respectable. It is a great thing to be provided inexpensively with "the pleasure of despising one's inferiors," which a late dignitary of the church is said to have classed on a level with the joys of heaven; and any reader who is conscious of unimpeachable h's and decent orthography may read Thackeray, Trollope, and half a hundred others, and thank Heaven that he is not as other men are—in the pages of romance. The weak side of the school is exposed in such a book as *Salem Chapel*, not because it is not a consummate work of art, but because its author is more fearless than most in her portraitures. She has pushed the theory to its climax of logical absurdity. Her women in Mr. Thackeray's hands would be as dull as Amelia or Laura Pendennis, and we should pass them quietly by as failures. In *Salem Chapel* we are riveted by the artist's skill, and see the meanness of the type all the better, because of the keen scalpel which has dissected it. The obvious answer is, that the actual has its peculiar charm and claims to be eternalised precisely because it is the actual. Herein lies, we believe, the essential fallacy. That there is in every life, however trivial, a latent something which might have been great; and that every nature, however dull, may be lighted up with a casual gleam of beauty, is happily so true as to be beyond dispute. But the artist's concern is like Mary's, with the spiritual guest, not like Martha's, with the platters and household serving. It is at his

peril if he bring the tables of the money-changers and voices of the street into the House Beautiful.

Our censure may seem exaggerated. We are not pleading, however, against miniature sketches of grotesque life, but against their absolute substitution for ideal art. We incline to believe that there is a craving in the mind for something beyond meals, dress, and small-talk, which demands satisfaction, as imperiously in its way as the lower appetites. Nay more, the monotony of common things, after a point easily reached, becomes unnatural. "Il n'y a que l'imprévu qui ne m'étonne jamais," was the saying of one who knew life well; and it holds true of virtues and vices as much at least as of events. The sensation novel itself is proof of it. The description of average men and women, who can neither think, or do, or love more than their neighbours, palls after a time upon the reader; and his jaded attention demands to be excited by stimulants. There is a column in every newspaper which suggests the expedient. Transplant the vulgar vice of our police-courts into the upper classes of society; give it the reserve and complexity of cultivated natures, and arm the innocence that it threatens with the cunning and resource of a Bow-street detective; and we have at once the modern counterpart of the Æschylean drama,—the good man suffering and triumphant. It is curious to think what a picture of modern society will go down to the future antiquarian, if he estimates the importance of books by their circulation. In one of those novels which have been the delight of a season, the heroine's penchant is for murder and forgery: in another, the graceful charming squire's lady is a bigamist, an assassin, and an incendiary, with the taint of madness in her blood; in a third, we are let off more gently with a stolen register, a false wife palmed on the world, and the real one shut up in a madhouse under the orders of an Austrian spy; in a fourth, a good woman, who has committed adultery because she loves her husband, comes back to educate her children under the eyes of that husband and of her old rival, his second wife. It is characteristic enough that the apostle of the Dutch school, Mr. Thackeray, gave the hints which have been so fruitful of result. His wife with two husbands, a baronet and a convict, preceded the present fashion by some years. But Mr. Thackeray's novels are studied for the English and the irony, not for the plot. He might throw a piece from Astley's into the appropriate novel form, and would still fascinate readers. With the author of *Salem Chapel* it is different. Her power of character-sketching is so perfect up to a certain level, that she might almost have written the under-plot for a Shakespearian drama. Dogberry and Verges would have come out under her

hands a little less simple in effect, but yet exquisitely felt and rendered. Her weakness—and she seems conscious of it—is, that her sympathy is less appreciative than her satire. She has learned to disbelieve in all singleness of motive and grandeur of life, and the feeling comes out painfully in all she writes. In default of this, she tries to crowd her pages with startling incident. She can believe in great crime and extravagant folly, if she distrusts absolute virtue. All this appears to us to be full of evil augury for her future success. She cannot write up to her own mark without conviction, and she cannot have appropriate figures with a dash of moral excellence sketched-in for her by an artist of the ideal. Her rare talent, to which we willingly do homage, will be crippled by the one-sidedness of her perceptions. Not even Tozer and Mrs. Vincent could save a second work from the judgment, which is rather deferred than doubtful, over the first. Voltaire once said that the heart of man would never endure a religion visibly below its moral instincts. We may say with at least equal certainty, that society will never definitely accept an art below its own average of excellence. *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*—the Realist's canon—applies surely to the degrading as much as to the fanciful estimate of character.

Art. V.—STANLEY'S LECTURES.

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. London: Murray. 1863.

"In the marvellously tesselated workmanship," says the author of the eloquent and instructive volume now before us, "which the historical books of the Old Testament "present,—in the careful interweaving of ancient documents into a later narrative,—in the editing and reëditing of passages, where the introduction of a more modern name or word betrays the touch of the more recent historian,—we trace a research which may well have occupied many a vacant hour in the prophetic schools of Bethel or Jerusalem, and at the same time a freedom of adaptation, of alteration, of inquiry, which places the authors or editors of these original writings on a level far above that of mere chroniclers or copyists. Such a union of research and freedom gives us, on the one hand, a view of the office of an

inspired or prophetic historian, quite different from that which would degrade him into the lifeless and passive instrument of a power which effaced his individual energy and reflection; and, on the other hand, presents us with something like the model at which an historical student might well aspire, even in our more modern age. And if, from the handiwork and composition of these writings, we reach to their substance, we find traces of the same spirit, which will appear more closely as we speak of the prophetical office in its two larger aspects. By comparing the treatment of the history of Israel or Judah, in the four prophetical books of Samuel and of Kings, with the treatment of the same subject in the books of Chronicles, we are at once enabled to form some notion of the true characteristics of the prophetic office as distinguished from that of the mere chronicler or Levite."*

In these words Dr. Stanley has not only given us the true point of view for estimating his own work, but has at the same time disclosed to us the rationale of all historical composition. The chronicle is not, and cannot be, history in its highest sense. As the eye cannot see the objects which are in immediate contact with it, so even the acutest observer can have no adequate appreciation of the true bearing and real significance of events of which he is the contemporary. He records impressions without the power of interpreting them. He may be a photographer, but he cannot be an artist. Old legends, popular poetry, local chronicles, diaries, correspondence,—every notice, however insignificant, which reflects the belief and feeling of the time,—all these are invaluable as materials for history,—what the French comprehensively designate, "mémoires pour servir à l'histoire,"—but are not history itself. The mind must be at some distance from a period to comprehend it; and the greater the distance, provided the records remain, the more perfect will be its judgment. There is no shallower prejudice than the contempt sometimes expressed for history by calling it an old almanac, which has told us all it can, and may be cast aside. The fact is, the teachings of history are inexhaustible. God speaks to us directly, in the living contact of mind with mind, not only in our own thoughts and aspirations, but on a still grander scale, and with a more emphatic voice, in history,—which is their permanent outward realisation. It is the continuous evolution of his mind and will; the oracle, never dumb, through which He utters his eternal purpose in the ear of each succeeding age,—an everlasting witness of the mysterious union between the human and the divine. Going down into the Infinite, its moral depths are not to be fathomed; but the more

* Jewish Church, p. 445.

they are explored again and again, by the aids of an exacter criticism and the established principles of a truer philosophy, the richer must be the results which they will continually yield. Philosophy, taking its stand on the highest point of an advancing civilisation, claims the whole of the past as its vast domain of thought; and if history would be an unmeaning chaos, without the interpreting voice of philosophy, philosophy, it may be observed, invariably loses itself, and begins to dote, the moment it relinquishes its footing in history. It is surely a consideration of no little weight, that the inspirations, which make all the difference between Heathenism and Christianity, are brought to us by the witness of history.

If it be a true definition of history,—that it is a construction of the traditions of the Past, from the view of the Present,—two questions, it is obvious, will have to be considered before we can form an opinion of the value and true character of any historical work: first, What is the nature of the original materials on which it is based? and secondly, What has been the animating idea of the historian in interpreting and combining them? This distinction could of course never have been entirely absent from the mind of a thoughtful critic. Men must always have perceived that different historians took a different view of the same events, and wrote of them with their peculiar party bias; and that their title to credibility must depend on their having made a faithful and intelligent use of the sources from which they drew their accounts. But neither of these considerations has, till quite recently, been allowed its full weight. Modern writers have been too much disposed to imagine an ancient historian in the same intellectual position with themselves; to presuppose him under the influence of the same ideas; with all his materials laid before him in the same positive and authentic form; testing and comparing them with the critical eye of a Grote or a Ranke. They have confounded an author in his study, surrounded by books and papers, with the wanderer after legendary lore from city to city, and the collector of myths and oracles at widely-scattered sanctuaries,—the λογοποιοί and χρησμολόγοι of the early dawn of civilisation. Niebuhr, following up with more fertile genius and a profounder erudition the tracks already opened by Heyne and Herder, and perhaps still earlier by Vico,—was the first to bring out broadly and clearly the wide difference frequently existing between the real meaning of the primitive materials of history, and the interpretation subsequently put on them; the first also to illustrate extensively the obscurities of ancient usage and speech, by those broad parallelisms in the underlying thought of all periods of human culture, which are so remark-

able a witness to the unchanging unity of our nature. The modifying influence of a later *coup-d'œil* on the ancient monuments submitted to its view, its almost unconscious transference of modern ideas into a remote past,—always observable, and always to be allowed for in reading any historical work,—becomes of increased importance, and requires a more vigilant notice, the further we go back into those simple and uncritical times, when the first object of a writer, which absorbed every other consideration, was to bring out a definite moral from his exhibition of the events and characters of any particular period, when history was regarded less as a question of fact than as a medium of direct instruction. The scrupulous literary honesty, reverencing *fact* above all things, as the only solid basis of knowledge,—with the delicate discrimination of *meum* and *tuum* in the use of its materials, which is one of the results of the higher mental condition developed by the inductive philosophy, —was not appreciated, as with us, even by the greatest ancient historians,—Thucydides, Polybius, and Tacitus; and Lucian's exquisite satire in his two pieces, "How History should be written," and his "True History," shows us very clearly what he thought of the credibility of the mass of popular histories. Lord Macaulay has remarked, in one of his essays, that a knowledge of the past may be conveyed to us in two ways: either in the vivid light of a creative imagination reflected from a wide range of antiquarian lore,—as Sir Walter Scott has brought before us, with wonderful truthfulness, the times of the Crusaders and the Covenanters; or through evidence carefully elaborated by criticism, and presented in close logical sequence to the understanding,—as Mr. Hallam has illustrated the constitutional history of England. Provided we keep in view the perfectly distinct character of these two forms of historical presentment, no mischief can follow our taking impressions of the past from both. They may help to supplement and complete each other. But the two were perpetually confounded in antiquity. In many an ancient narrative it is difficult to say what is fact, and what is a mere conception of the writer. According to our present standard, that alone can properly be called history, of which the facts have been critically ascertained and tested from the best accessible sources, however much the exposition of them may be illuminated by philosophical generalisation or enriched by pictorial power. Of this rare union of the critical with the graphic faculty, Gibbon is perhaps the most perfect example in our literature.

With the advance of our race, men become more individual and independent in the exercise of their faculties. They stand more on their own peculiar ground. They may think as they

like. All that our exacter science requires of them is, that they should first prove and arrange their facts, and then logically draw their conclusions. It was different in the old world. Men lived, and thought, and felt then more entirely in and through the society of which they were the members. Their religious as well as their civil existence was hemmed in more on every side by the great powers of Nature and the great agencies of the State. They had not fully realised the conviction, that to each man has been assigned a sphere of thought peculiarly his own; that before every one there has been opened a career of mental and social activity, which no one else can properly encroach upon, which belongs by right to him alone, and which he is summoned by the conditions of his own free nature to work out for himself. The consequence was, that with a man so circumstanced, the claims of pure abstract truth were constantly overpowered by the nearer human interest of his race, his commonwealth, his faction, or his religion. Perceiving that all which most nearly concerned him, came to him through the community of which he formed a part, he regarded as his own whatever he inherited along with it, particularly all the beliefs and traditions, all the utterances of popular thought and feeling, which he observed to act most powerfully on the public mind; and he therefore used them freely, according to his own judgment and for his own purposes, without any consciousness of invading another's property, whenever he supposed it possible in this way to exalt the glory, confirm the principle, or promote the edification, of the particular state or party or faith, unconditional loyalty to which was the fundamental article of his moral and religious creed. Only on this view can we account for that continual recasting of older materials in a modernised form,—that unhesitating interpolation of ancient works with new matter, to adapt them to the altered demands of more recent thought,—that fearless borrowing of venerable names from the past to give increased worth and dignity to the productions of the present,—which, from the time of Onomacritus downwards, is so marked a feature in the literary history of antiquity. Such practices in our days would be justly stigmatised as fraudulent. But every age must be judged by its own moral standard. Ideas on morals, as on all other subjects, acquire expansion and precision with the enlargement and complication of our social relations. Men do not see all the sides of a moral question at once. When literary materials were scanty, and the demand for a higher instruction was pressing, and authority was needed to give weight to doctrines, which men were as yet incompetent to appreciate for their intrinsic value,—we can well understand how some who

felt the strong claims of a great social want, but whose minds were insensible to the force of obligations which circumstances had not yet arisen to indicate,—might have honestly thought they were performing the first of duties by seizing every means which the knowledge and belief of their times afforded them, for impressing great truths on the minds of their contemporaries. Our judgment in each particular case must be governed by our perception of the animating motive, and of the inherent worth and nobleness of the social or spiritual constitution of things which such efforts were designed to uphold.

Our remarks so far have had immediate reference to the heathen world. But it must have been obvious from the first to every one who saw all that was involved in the critical principles applied by Niebuhr to the earliest memorials of Rome, that they must be extended sooner or later to that portion of ancient history which is contained in the Bible. For there is perhaps no book preserved to us from antiquity, when relieved from the arbitrary assumptions by which its true interpretation has been hitherto prevented, which admits of so fruitful an application of them. All scholars are now perfectly well aware that there are documents of different age and authorship buried under the surface of the sacred text, one lying beneath the other, but cropping out here and there, like older formations, with a hue and texture that are at once discernible by the practised eye. This indubitable result of critical analysis, bringing so many heterogeneous materials distinctly into view, seems at first sight irreconcilable with another phenomenon equally characteristic of the Bible,—that close connexion of parts, and that unity of thought and purpose pervading it from end to end, which have contributed to the popular persuasion that it is, not what it is in reality, an exceedingly multifarious literature, but *one* work, the book of books, *the* Bible. If, however, we keep in mind the distinction, insisted on at the opening of this paper, between the materials of history and the interpretation of them by the final historian, and will consent to refer the books of the Old Testament, in the form in which we now have them, to a later period than that which is at the present time arbitrarily assigned to them,—these difficulties disappear, and we have strong evidence of having got to the truth, in the facility with which phenomena apparently contradictory are reconciled. The whole literature of the Bible is essentially a prophetic literature. All the memorials of the national life, from the first faint echoes of primitive myth and legend, through the clearer utterances of the old heroic songs, and the plain pragmatic records of the court chroniclers, and the more elevated reflections of contemporary seers, up to the last great crisis of the captivity, which revolutionised

the popular mind, cast out for ever its lingering predilections for idolatry, and issued in a small theocratic community of intensely monotheistic Jews—were again and again collected and reviewed by the highest religious thought of the time, looking back on them from the most elevated point of the actual civilisation, and so combining and interpreting them as to find in them a corroboration and enforcement of the great ideas by which it was itself possessed. The prophets—beyond all comparison the most wonderful order of men of whom any record exists in the extant annals of our race—informed and moulded the national mind of the Hebrews; and in the Bible, which is their national literature, we have an embodied expression of their highest thought. The great Messianic idea—which, however diversified in outward form, was developed with marvellous continuity and consistency in its essence by the prophets—is the proper inspiration of the Bible, the pervading fire which fuses down and amalgamates its most diversified constituents. To illustrate a higher by a lower subject, what the thought of Rome—its destined universality of empire—

> "—regere imperio populos—
> —pacisque imponere morem"—

was to the inspiration of Latin poets, orators, and historians, that the belief in a future kingdom of God, which should hereafter subdue all nations to righteousness and truth and the all-perfect law of Jehovah, was, with far higher aim and purer influence, the inspiration of the prophets, psalmists, and historians of Israel. And when we consider how peculiar was this inspiration, how unlike that of the surrounding civilisations, how vast have been its effects on the subsequent condition of mankind—we are not conscious of any unphilosophical assumption, when we feel ourselves compelled to assign it a more than human origin. But it was an inspiration acting in accordance with the fixed laws of humanity, not exerting all its force at once, continuous and progressive, gathering from all sources, but ever refining and recasting in the mould of its own high thought, the materials for a history of God's chosen people, that had been transmitted to it from an earlier and more rudimental condition of the national life.

Collateral with the main series of historical books in the Old Testament from Judges to Kings, there are other writings in the Bible which are of great assistance in helping us to determine their true character, and to account for the predominant spirit by which they are pervaded: the extant prophecies, and the supplementary books of Chronicles. The prophecies preserved to us are only a part probably of a much more exten-

sive prophetic literature, fragments of which yet remain embedded in the historical books. What we possess, however, is of inestimable value, as showing how the national mind was formed—how it was led up step by step to the point of view from which it surveyed its earlier history, its oldest traditions, and the commencement of its legislation. The thought which animated the latest reviser of the historical materials, which suggested their disposition and furnished their connecting links, and which evidently was not inherent in the materials themselves, since it has often been unable to disguise in them a meaning which is at variance with its own,—this thought flowed into the history from prophecy, and could not have existed till the later stages of prophetic development. Often, there is reason to believe, the historian and the prophet were one; and there was good ground for the arrangement of the old rabbinical canon, which reckoned the historical books just mentioned, among the prophets. Prophecy and history stood to each other in the relation of doctrine and practical illustration. Hence the deep religious spirit with which Jewish history is so remarkably imbued. The Chronicles, from the earliest time, have been put into another class; for they belong to a far later age, and are distinguished by a very different tendency. They express the sacerdotal rather than the prophetic spirit; and a comparison of them with the earlier histories written ere the national life was extinct, and while the prophetic influence was still strong and active,—will reveal all the difference between the fresh and genuine outpourings of a vivid national consciousness, confident and credulous, wholly uncritical indeed, but never deliberately untrue,—and the systematic exaggeration and calculated perversion of fact which always mark the statements of an unchecked and irresponsible priesthood. There may possibly be, as Ewald asserts, some original materials in Chronicles not elsewhere to be found; but their suspicious accompaniments render it necessary to receive them with extreme caution, and to test them by a most vigilant criticism.

We have endeavoured to show, from the contrast so frequently discernible in the present texture of the historical books of the Old Testament, between the point of view of the latest *rédacteur*, and the lower conceptions still adhering to the materials of which he had the disposal,—that it was to the progressive development of prophetic intuition in a long succession of marvellously gifted seers, that the Hebrew race were indebted for their gradual emancipation from the grossness and limitation of their rude primeval belief, and their elevation step by step to that pure and earnest monotheism, uniting God and man in the closest moral compact, which has been their glorious distinction

among the nations of the earth. At the era of the Captivity these accumulating influences had culminated, and left an impression never more to be effaced or weakened, on the remnant that was finally restored to the land of their fathers. The same reasoning which we have here applied to the historical books, admits—we think it might be shown, had we time to go at length into this interesting question—of an extension to the books which precede them in the order of our present canon, the Pentateuch and Joshua,—and would furnish some data towards determining their relative age in the form in which they now exist. When we reflect, how legislation must of necessity keep pace with the wants of society, and cannot outstrip them—how any anticipation of them is worse than useless; and when we further observe that in the books just referred to, there are the distinctest traces both of the most elevated prophetic influence and of a highly developed sacerdotal system, of neither of which do we find any evidence in the history till a comparatively late period;—it seems impossible to resist the inference, that in this introductory portion of the Bible, instead of a complete code of civil and ecclesiastical law promulgated at once by the *fiat* of the Almighty, through the mouth of the oldest prophet, as the popular theory assumes,—we have rather what we may call the *Pandects* of the Hebrew people, the accumulated fruits of their progressive legislation for near a thousand years, prior enactments superseded by later ones, but both preserved with a sort of antiquarian conservatism in the old legal record—a multifarious *Corpus Juris*, with a *Liber Originum* prefixed, and a Palestinian Domesday-book subjoined—which the digesters of our actual canon, not earlier perhaps than the time of Ezra, deemed no unsuitable introduction to place at the head of their *Collectanea* of the ancient history and literature of Israel. Even the English reader cannot pass from the grave and hortatory language of Deuteronomy or Joshua to the wild legends which form the staple of the book of Judges, without feeling that he has got into a new region and is breathing a different moral atmosphere. Instead, therefore, of thinking, with Eichhorn, that the law as it exists in the books of Moses and Joshua must have preceded the prophets, and furnishes the only intelligible basis of their ministry, we rather feel ourselves obliged to take the opposite view, and hold that there are elements in the Pentateuch and its supplementary book, which are to us wholly inexplicable, except on the supposition of a long foregoing development of prophetic agency. To those who have been accustomed to acquiesce in the traditional theories of the popular theology, such views of the composition of the Bible as we have now ventured to express, will very probably seem painful and offensive, as

unsettling their previous convictions. But we must not mistake mental indolence for piety. The first question which a lover of truth ought to ask himself on this and on every other subject is, What are the facts which criticism and science have incontestably established? Facts cannot be gainsaid. Every ascertained fact is a fresh disclosure of the mind and will of God, and should be accepted with mingled thankfulness and trust. No fact has ever yet proved fatal to the religious hopes and consolations of mankind, though many an illusion cherished as a fact has chilled and darkened both. The feeling of reverence is often strangely misplaced in the so-called religious world. Wholly unconscious of their presumption, but with utter irreverence, as it seems to us, they determine beforehand how it shall please the Almighty to dispose and limit the media of his spiritual communications with the human soul; and then investing this arbitrary creation of their own ignorance with an artificial awe and sanctity, they bow down before it as divine, and charge with irreverence all who dare to call in question its authority:

> "—*hic* ubi opus est,
> Non verentur; *illic* ubi nihil opus est, ibi verentur."

To all objectors we should deem it a sufficient answer to ask them to disprove facts. But we may go further, and say that the gradual evolution of spiritual truth from a few prolific germs in the dim consciousness of primeval man, is most in accordance with the grand analogies of the universe, and particularly with the history, so far as we can trace it, of the successive conditions of the planet on which we dwell. And this accordance, so far from raising difficulties, ought rather to be considered as a proof of the divine constitution of that system of things, through which the Bible shows us provision has actually been made for the religious education of the human race. The sole point of importance for us—the one fact on which every thing else depends—lies in this: that the truth *has* been reached, that the light *has* been revealed, let the preceding stages along which it gradually advanced, and the darkness and obstruction through which it had to force its passage, have been what they may. All growth, all progress, all transition from a lower to a higher state of being, is to us inconceivable without the supposition of inspiration from above,—from the Universal Fountain of Mind. Wherever we see development, we trace the action of a living God. What we need in the records of our faith is less the hard *pragmatism* of outward history—though of that, too, we are thankful for as much as we can get—than a history of religious ideas,—how they arose, how they grew, their intercrossings and their conflicts,—the gradual expulsion of grosser

elements, and the final triumph of the pure and true. But there is a morbid, carnal craving after sensuous reality and positive affirmation in spiritual things, cherished by the popular theology, which is at war with the very essence of religious trust and hope, and which the modern criticism, however destructive it may be thought, will help, with unspeakable benefit to Christianity, for ever to dispel, by showing the absolute impossibility of satisfying it.

We owe an apology to our readers for having detained them so long from the book, which is the proper subject of the present article; but we thought it desirable to state at some length the views with which we now proceed to an examination of it, and which, without presuming to hold Dr. Stanley responsible for any of the statements just made, receive, we think, no little support and illustration from several portions of his work. The *History of the Jewish Church* is not itself a critical work, but it has made large and intelligent use of the results of previous criticism, and applied them with a skill and a spirit which deserve all praise. We cannot speak too highly of the author's style. It is graphic and living, and clothes his narrative with an air of truthfulness and reality which is almost delusive, and renders the reader quite unconscious of the many critical faults and fissures which are hidden under the smooth and blooming surface of the text. Never before were we made so fully aware of the inadequate evidence which mere vividness of pictorial presentment affords of conformity to historical fact. Taking the events and characters of early Hebrew history as they are offered him in the Bible, and investing them, from his own familiarity with the unaltered manners and scenery of Palestine, with a marvellous richness of local colouring, Dr. Stanley exerts a spell over his readers which makes it difficult to resist the impression that he has set before us the actual form and lineaments of ancient realities. And this remark applies as strongly to those parts of his narration, such as the patriarchal age and the Exodus, which no competent scholar now doubts are largely intermingled with mythical elements, as to those which are more predominantly historical, such as the books of Judges and Samuel. Nothing can be more picturesque, more exactly corresponding to the life of a modern Bedouin sheik, than the description of Abraham and Jacob in Genesis; but that all we read of them must therefore be accepted as even substantially historical truth, would be an undue inference from this conformity. Whatever amount of reliable tradition came into the hands of the person who first reduced their history to a written form, he could only work it out into a continuous narrative by filling up the outline from the unchanging features of a form of society which was

constantly before him. Only through a present life which his eyes daily looked upon, could he realise to himself the possibility of one that had passed away. The unconscious simplicity of the primeval mind would facilitate the complete identification of the two periods. Throughout the rich tissue of speech and action in the Iliad and Odyssey, there is a wonderful expression of reality; but no one concludes from this that we are reading of historical fact. We shall allude to this subject again. It is to us an indication at once of the strong and of the weak side of Dr. Stanley's highly-gifted mind. After all, the great charm of his book is the spirit in which it is written; its geniality, its catholicism, its warm deep human sympathies. He has the rare merit of *humanising* history—of making it the reflection of a living world. Biblical history, which as hitherto treated repelled all readers of taste and sensibility, and had become almost a by-word for insufferable dullness, assumes in his hands an animation and a freshness which carry the reader through the varying incidents of his narrative, and even through the discussions which occasionally illustrate it, with an interest as sustained and unfailing as that of a well-written novel. Yet the interest throughout is profoundly religious. He tells us in his preface (p. xi.) that his Lectures are "strictly ecclesiastical," and so gives us at once the point of view from which he surveys the history, and from which his own work ought in fairness to be judged. Like his masters the prophets, he contemplates the events of a remote past, with a continual reference to their great future issues, and as a progressive exemplification of those eternal principles which reached their consummation in Christ. In his comprehensive view, the true Church of God had its origin with the commencement of humanity, and will expand and purify itself for ever with the ceaseless advancement of our race. We particularly direct the reader's attention to the beautiful 20th Lecture, "On the Nature of the Prophetic Teaching." It has rarely been our lot to meet with an exposition of true religion—the everlasting spirit of Christianity—more entirely in harmony with our own deepest convictions; and that quite irrespective of possibly some minute differences of doctrinal opinion. We never felt so strongly before—how close, amidst many diversities of intellectual conception unavoidably resulting from education and native temperament, is the inner bond of sympathy which unites all religious natures. In the hopeful accents of this delightful chapter we seem to recognise no dim foreshadowing of the slowly but surely approaching Church of the Future. The whole book is indeed a good and devout man's retrospect of the mysterious ways of Providence in its dealings with the human soul. We often think Dr. Stanley, as

a critic, not so much perhaps mistaken, as halting and defective; but taking his work as a whole, and penetrated by the spirit which it every where breathes, we rise from its perusal with a warm love and admiration for the man.

But we must go a little more into detail. That part of the history which precedes the conquest of Canaan, seems to us less satisfactorily treated in a critical point of view than that which follows it; but it contains some fine specimens of the writer's graphic power. Take for example the following description of the Egyptian city of On, the Heliopolis of the Greeks.

"It stands on the edge of the cultivated ground. The vast enclosure of its brick walls still remains, now almost powdered into dust; but, according to the tradition of the Septuagint, the very walls built by the Israelite bondsmen. Within this enclosure, in the space now occupied by tangled gardens, rose the great Temple of the Sun, which gave its name and object to the city. How important in Egypt was that worship, may be best understood by remembering that from it were derived the chief names by which kings and priests were called—'Pha-raoh,' 'The Child of the Sun,' 'Potiphe-rah,' 'The Servant of the Sun.' And what its aspect was in Heliopolis may be known partly from the detailed description which Strabo has left of its buildings, as still standing in his own time; and yet more from the fact that the one Egyptian temple, which to this day retains its sculptures and internal arrangements almost unaltered, that of Ipsambul, is the temple of Rha, or of the Sun. In Heliopolis, as elsewhere, was the avenue of sphinxes leading to the huge gateway, whence flew, from gigantic flagstaffs, the red and blue streamers. Before and behind the gateways stood, two by two, the colossal petrifactions of the sunbeam, the obelisks, of which one alone now remains to mourn the loss of all its brethren. Close by was the sacred spring of the sun, a rare sight in Egypt, and therefore the more precious, and probably the original cause of the selection of this remote corner of Egypt for so famous a sanctuary. This too still remains, almost choked by the rank luxuriance of the aquatic plants which have gathered over its waters. Round the cloisters of the vast courts into which these gateways opened were spacious mansions, forming the canonical residences, if one may so call them, of the priests and professors of On: for Heliopolis, we must remember, was the Oxford of ancient Egypt, the seat of its learning in early times, as Alexandria was in later times; the university, or rather perhaps the college, gathered round the Temple of the Sun, as Christ Church round the old cathedral or shrine of St. Frideswide. Thither Herodotus came to gather information for his travels; and thither, centuries later, the more careful and accurate Strabo. The city in his time was in a state of comparative desolation; it had never fully recovered the shock of the fanatical devastation of Cambyses. A long vacancy, a vacation of centuries, had passed over it. Priests and philosophers, canons and professors, alike were gone, and only a few chaplains and vergers

(ἱερογλυφεῖς καὶ ἐξηγηταί) lingered in the sacred precincts, to carry on the service of the temple, and to show strangers over the silent quadrangles and deserted cloisters. Amongst these was pointed out to Strabo the house in which Plato had lived for thirteen years. Perhaps he may have been also shown, or, had he been there a few generations earlier, would have been shown, the house which had received Moses when he studied there under the Egyptian name of Osarsiph (Joseph. c. Apion. i. 26, 28). In the centre of all stood the temple itself. Over the portal, we can hardly doubt, was the figure of the Sun-god; not in the sublime indistinctness of his natural orb, nor yet in the beautiful impersonation of the Grecian Apollo, but in the strange grotesque form of the Hawk-headed monster. Enter; and the dark temple opens and contracts successively into its outermost, its inner, and its innermost hall; the Osiride figures in their placid majesty support the first, the wild and savage exploits of kings and heroes fill the second; and in the furthest recess of all, underneath the carved figure of the Sun-god, and beside the solid altar, sate in his gilded cage the sacred hawk, or lay crouched on his purple bed the sacred black calf, Mnevis or Urmer; each the living, almost incarnate representation of the deity of the temple. Thrice a day before the deified beast the incense was offered, and once a month the solemn sacrifice. Each on his death was duly embalmed and deposited in a splendid sarcophagus. One such mummy calf is still to be seen at Cairo. He was the great rival of the bull Apis at Memphis; and Hadrian, when in Egypt, had to determine a controversy respecting their precedence. The sepulchres of the long succession of deified calves at Heliopolis corresponded to those of the deified bulls at Memphis. It was after seeing such a strange and monstrous climax to so much power and splendour and wisdom, that the Israelites were likely both to need and to feel the force of the warning voice: 'Thou shalt not make any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath;—the likeness of any beast that is on the earth, the likeness of any winged fowl that flieth in the air.' The molten calf in the wilderness, the golden calves of Dan and Bethel, were reminiscences, not to be wiped out of the national memory for centuries, of the consecrated calf of Ra, the god Mnevis" (pp. 86-89).

This passage is a typical specimen of our author's felicitous mode of treatment,—blending together the different elements of his narration from a great variety of sources, without any very critical discrimination of their respective historical value, supplying some absent feature by an ingenious conjecture, giving life and reality to the whole by an unexpected parallelism from modern times, and then bringing the general impression to bear at last with admirable illustration on the main subject of his book.

Dr. Stanley reviews in succession the period of the Patriarchs, of Moses, of the conquest of Palestine, and of the Judges, and ends with that of Samuel and the prophetical office. Of

these sections of his book, that devoted to the Judges strikes us as decidedly the ablest and most satisfactory. He compares their time with the medieval period of the Christian Church,—an age of turbulent transition and incipient organisation. His materials here are more of that obviously legendary character, and the personages introduced of that ordinary human type, which admit of being handled with freedom. The awe which has hitherto restrained him is shaken off; he seems to breathe at ease; and we see in unimpeded action and high enjoyment, the keen historical sense of a pupil of Arnold. He has caught the spirit of those stormy times, and enters heartily into the wild pathos, the savage heroism, and the rough humour, of the old legends and songs which have preserved them. We refer particularly to his capital delineation of the strongly contrasted characters of Deborah, Gideon, and Samson. Nothing is more admirable than the easy grace and truthfulness with which he brings the results of a more recent criticism, forcing at last their way through the hard crust of an inveterate conventional theology, within the living circle of our common humanity. The solemn and the formal wholly disappear. Not a touch of national peculiarity, not the lightest stroke of latent humour, escapes his notice. He calls out the meaning of the old story, as Scott would have seized that of a Border ballad. His account of Samuel is not, in our judgment, equally successful. The narrative involves many difficulties, and opens questions which the author does not fairly grapple with. What was Samuel's true relation to the priests and prophets who succeeded him; what was the nature of the worship at the high places where he sacrificed; and what was the character of his Jehovistic faith, as compared with that of Isaiah and Jeremiah,—are points scarcely alluded to, and nowhere worked out. Samuel's position is described as that of a mediator between the old and a new state of things; but this rather states the problem than solves it. The appearance of Samuel marks a crisis in the history of the Hebrew people. A new era dates from him. He was in one sense a second Moses. Dr. Stanley has brought down the first part of his history of the Jewish Church to this interesting point, just where Mr. F. W. Newman commences his valuable history of the Hebrew Monarchy. When the former resumes his work, we shall be curious to observe, how two men equally learned and in earnest look on the same period of human history from their very different points of view;—how Newman's keen logic and clear analytic intellect meet and mingle with the singular talent for pictorial combination and the gushing sympathies of Stanley. We give one more extract to show how eloquently our author, after the model of the ancient historians, can turn the examples of the

past to the instruction of the present. It is the conclusion of his remarks on Samuel:

"Samuel is the chief type, in ecclesiastical history, of holiness, of growth, of a new creation without conversion; and his mission is an example of the special missions which such characters are called to fulfil. In proportion as the different stages of life have sprung naturally and spontaneously out of each other, without any abrupt revulsion, each serves as a foundation on which the other may stand; each makes the foundation of the whole more sure and stable. In proportion as our own foundation is thus stable, and as our own minds and hearts have grown up gradually and firmly, without any violent disturbance or breach to one side or to the other, in that proportion is it the more possible to view with calmness and moderation the difficulties and differences of others—to avail ourselves of the new methods and new characters that the advance of time throws in our way—return from present troubles to the pure and untroubled well of early years—to preserve and to communicate the child-like faith, changed doubtless in form, but the same in spirit, in which we first knelt in humble prayer for ourselves and others, and drank in the first impressions of God and of heaven. The call may come to us in many ways; it may tell us of the change of the priesthood, of the fall of the earthly sanctuary, of the rise of strange thoughts, of the beginning of a new epoch. Happy are they who, here or elsewhere, are able to perceive the signs of the times, and to answer without fear or troubling, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth'" (p. 409).

We have given this volume our honest and hearty approval. It popularises the results of modern criticism and research with a scholarly skill and thoroughness, which will do more to promote an intelligent relish and appreciation of biblical history among the mass of English readers, than any work which has yet appeared, and, though designed in the first instance for an academic audience, will, we believe, produce deep and enduring effects through a much wider circle. We rejoice that one who occupies so distinguished a position in the University and the Church, should have given such free utterance to the enlightened, comprehensive, and benevolent views of religion which he has here proclaimed; and we cannot disguise our unfeigned satisfaction, that to a clergyman of so truly catholic a spirit and so pure a life, should have been confided the task of moulding the moral and religious principles of the probable inheritor of the crown of England. It is an influence from which we augur well for the future of our country.—But we should not be doing justice to our subject, if we shrunk from remarking, that this work, with all its merits, is chargeable with some serious deficiencies. It constantly evades difficulties where it ought to have encountered them. By hints and indications it raises

doubts and questionings in the reader's mind which it leaves unanswered. It pursues its course too evenly and unbrokenly along the actual text, as if it were made up of pure and simple history, though there are contradictions and difficulties so short a way below the surface, that the mere English reader is perpetually stumbling on them. Sometimes it takes a hasty look at criticism in passing, without going boldly up to it and asking what it means. Dr. Stanley would perhaps reply, that he intended only to deal with clear and ascertained results; that what is still matter of critical controversy did not come within his sphere. But he might have placed his work on a more critical basis, as he has shown by his able and learned handling of several obscure points, without at all impairing its popular and practical character. Indeed, he has already gone so far in the critical direction, that he ought in consistency to have gone farther. As it is, he continually stops half way, or comes only to the opening of a road, and then turns suddenly off. His book is in this respect exceedingly disappointing, and not what the learned world, in the present state of knowledge and opinion, had a right to expect from one of his large mind and varied culture and intimate familiarity with the fruits of Continental scholarship. Yet it is clear from his survey of the sources of the history in his preface, that he is fully in possession of the critical principles which, had they been fearlessly applied, would have enabled him to grapple successfully, though possibly at the expense of some orthodox assumptions, with the main difficulties of the narrative. He is perfectly well aware that there was "a Bible within a Bible," "an Old Testament before an Old Testament was written," which accounts for the glimpses that we catch here and there "of an earlier world, of an extinct literature," bringing us, wherever we can recover it, "years, perhaps centuries, nearer to the events described;" and that different documents have entered into the construction of our extant text, indicated "by variations of style, and by the use of peculiar names and titles" (p. xxxiv.). He concludes, therefore, that the authorities now accessible to us "hardly profess, or can hardly be proved, to contain the statement of the original historical facts to which they relate; but that "they nevertheless contain the greatest approach which we, at this distance of time, can now make to a representation of those facts, and that they are the refraction of the history, if not the history itself; the echo of the words, if not the actual words" (p. xl.).

In the face of bold concessions like these, is it not surprising that Dr. Stanley should have left his readers wholly in doubt what interpretation he himself puts on a narrative so obviously mythical as that of the Ten Plagues of Egypt—whether he re-

gards them as natural or supernatural occurrences; and that he should think to satisfy an irrepressible curiosity by pointing out certain correspondences with the local peculiarities of Egypt, by calling them "truly signs and wonders," and by summing up the whole account with the feeble historical truism, that "in whatever way we unite the Hebrew and the Egyptian accounts, there can be no doubt that the Exodus was a crisis in Egyptian as well as in Hebrew history"? (p. 117.) The real difficulty is here untouched. It is evaded.—Other examples occur. The speaking of Balaam's ass in the midst of an animated narrative delivered as history, is slurred over with two words of passing remark,—"however explained"—and a reference to Hengstenberg's interpretation, "as a dream or trance," in a note (p. 189). But the reader has a right to ask whether it can be explained so as to make it history in any sense; and if it cannot, how this must affect the character of the whole story where it occurs. Dr. Stanley calls the author of the latter part of Isaiah, which heralds the return from the captivity, the "Evangelical Prophet." We have little doubt of his own conviction, that this prophet was some person quite distinct from the Isaiah who was contemporary with Hezekiah. But observe how he shrouds his own opinion in the ambiguity of the following note: "By this term may be designated the author of Isaiah xl.-lxvi., whether, with most Continental scholars, he is regarded as a separate prophet from the Isaiah of Hezekiah, or, with most English divines, he is regarded as the older Isaiah, transported into a style and position later than his own time;" as if the last of these opinions could possibly maintain its ground in the judgment of any competent scholar, when critically balanced against the first (p. 423).

It is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of Continental theology, that several scholars have thought they could discover in the Pentateuch, and in the ensuing books of the Old Testament, distinct traces of original composition out of poetic materials, as Niebuhr attempted to resolve the early narratives of Livy into the lays of ancient Rome. De Wette, in a youthful work, ventured to speak of the Pentateuch as an Israelitish epic; and this idea he did not relinquish amid the matured convictions of his age.* Ewald, in the same spirit (*Gesch. d. Volk. Israel.* ii. 415), considering the manner in which the humour, the strength, the headstrong rashness of Samson

* He first put forth this idea in his *Kritik der Israelitischen Geschichte*, published continuously in 1806 and 1807, with a commendatory preface by Griesbach. In the latest edition of his *Einleitung in A.T.*, published in 1845, he thus speaks of this theory: "Wenn eine Geschichtserzählung ohne kritische Forschung (ἱστορία) nach religiös-poetischen Ideen behandelt, episch ist, so kann man den Pentateuch das *theokratische Epos* der Israeliten nennen, ohne damit die historische Grundlage desselben zu leugnen."

are worked up to a catastrophe in the narrative of Judges, has not unnaturally ventured on the supposition, "that the story may, even in early times, have been wrought into a dramatic poem." From Dr. Stanley's mode of alluding to this supposition, it is evident he does not think it an unlikely one; and the question trenches so closely on that of the probable constitution of the early narratives of the Old Testament, and of the theories that have been broached for more than half a century respecting it, that a writer of his ample knowledge, and so fully up to all the critical theories of the day, might reasonably have been expected not to let it pass without some investigation. But here, as on other occasions, he just whets the appetite without satisfying it. He puts the reader on the track where the quarry seems before him, and then throws him off the scent by some remarks, just and beautiful in themselves, but here altogether out of place, on the strong predilection of our own Milton for the story of Samson (p. 369).

In the account of the Exodus and the Sinaitic legislation, we observe the same want of clear discrimination between the different elements of the narrative. It is given as continuous history. With regard to the marvellous accompaniments of certain portions of it, the author avoids expressing any decided opinion. We cannot tell whether he regards them as *bonâ fide* miracles, or the mythic conceptions of an older poetry. He simply notices the harmony of their local tone with the circumstances implied in the description. Of the burning bush, where God first revealed himself to Moses, and the mystic rod which was the subject and the instrument of so many wonders in the prophet's hand, he remarks: "These were the outward signs of his call. And whatever the explanation put on their precise import, there is this undoubted instruction conveyed in their description, that they are marked by the peculiar appropriateness and homogeneousness to the peculiar circumstances of the prophet, which marks all like manifestations, through every variety of form to the prophets, the successors of Moses, in each succeeding age" (p. 109). But a child or a peasant, in reading these narratives, would naturally ask, What do they mean? And it is a question which we cannot evade. The curiosity which prompts it is innocent and healthy; and unless we would turn religious teaching into a disingenuous sophistry, we must be prepared with some answer that is at once honest and intelligible. "Whatever that may signify;" "whatever were the means employed by the Almighty," &c., are the current phrases with which our author puts off any categorical judgment on difficulties, which are not few and accidental, but enter into the very substance of the history of which he is an expositor. From

beginning to end it is invested with a marvellous character. He has applied the last of these phrases to the Passage of the Red Sea (p. 129); and his meaning is the more ambiguous in this case, because, while he distinguishes this event from those which have been effected by human agency, he still puts it in the same class with the raising of the siege of Leyden and the overthrow of the Armada,—events which, though preëminently providential, plainly come within the operation of the known and ordinary laws of the universe.

Dr. Stanley, while admitting the possibility of subsequent accretions, thinks that a large mass of the legislation contained in the Pentateuch is strictly Mosaic, and had its origin at Sinai. He is also of opinion, that the profound sense "of the overwhelming greatness and nearness of God," which is so characteristic of the religion of the Old Testament, cannot have had "its beginning in any later time than the epoch of Moses. It is the primary stratification of the religion; and we should invert the whole order of the nation, if we placed it among the secondary formations of subsequent ages" (pp. 161, 155). This has been the conviction of many eminent scholars, of Eichhorn among the rest. Much may be urged with a strong show of reason on its behalf. We have already ventured to express our own belief, that the Pentateuch and Joshua in their actual form presuppose, as a condition of their existence, a long antecedent course of prophetic agency. But we claim for this belief only a preponderant probability. In stating what appear to us some deficiencies in the arguments adduced by Dr. Stanley in support of his view, we are well aware that the question in its whole extent is a difficult one, and must be considered *adhuc sub judice*, and that any approach to a positive dogmatic tone on either side would be absurd. With regard to the pervading sense of God's nearness and greatness, as constituting the primary stratification of the Mosaic religion, there can be no doubt that a devoted attachment to their national God, the God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, distinguished from the first the Hebrew race, and formed one of the strongest and most binding elements of their national life. This it was that furnished a solid basis in the national consciousness, however at times weakened or disturbed by the intrusion of neighbouring idolatries, on which the prophets could progressively work, and build up by degrees purer conceptions of the one all-holy and omnipotent Jehovah. But whether the object of the popular worship in the time of Moses corresponded entirely to the pure and perfect Spirit revealed by the great prophets of a later age, and in the most elevated passages of the Pentateuch itself,—is a question on which, in the presence of such conflicting evidence

in the historical books, it is impossible to speak with confidence; and it is the assumption of their identity which alone gives value to the foregoing statement of Dr. Stanley, and the popular affirmation concerning the Mosaic theology. The late Dr. Bleek* has urged in proof of the Sinaitic origin of many of the laws preserved in the Pentateuch, the allusions in their language to a nomade life and the encampment in the wilderness. Our author lays stress on the same circumstance (pp. 162, 163). No one, of course, doubts that the Hebrews once were nomades; that in that condition of society they commenced their national existence, and made their way through the desert from Egypt to the conquest of Palestine. But the forms of expression once assumed in the rudiments of legislation, are perpetuated when circumstances have altogether changed. They are a witness to the settled and city life of after ages, of the wild steppes and rugged mountains where the infant nation was rudely cradled. Their retention, however, is no certain criterion of the date of a particular law. It takes the outward shape of preceding formulas. Of this the Zendavesta, like the Pentateuch, furnishes abundant proof. Dr. Stanley himself admits it. "Relics of such a state," he says, "are long to be traced both in their language and their monuments. The very words 'camp' and 'tents' remained long after they had ceased to be literally applicable." And in confirmation of this, he remarks from the history in another place (p. 293), that "although a city grew around" the old settlement at Shiloh, "and a stone gateway rose in front of it, yet it still retained its name of the '*camp* of Shiloh;' and the sanctuary was only known as the '*tabernacle* or *tent* that God had pitched among men.'"

The nearest approach to the statement of a general principle applicable to the mingled elements which enter into the texture of the Mosaic narrative, occurs in the following words: "We cannot repudiate altogether the existence of natural causes, unless we go so far as to maintain that mountains and palm-trees, quails and waters, wind and earthquake, were mere creations of the moment to supply momentary wants; we cannot repudiate altogether the intervention of a Providence, strange, unexpected, and impressive, in the highest degree, unless we are prepared to reject the whole story of the stay in the wilderness" (p. 144). But this, after all, is rather a statement of the conditions of the problem than a solution. No criterion is here suggested for determining the relation of what is called providential intervention to natural causes, whether it is a mere intensifying of those causes, or the superseding of them by some

* See his posthumous *Einleitung in das Alte Testament*, 1860.

deeper law that underlies them; or whether the circumstances under which it is mentioned, do not render it most probable that the whole account had its origin in the conception of the writer, or of those from whom he received it. Each of these suppositions seems to us consistent with a sound religious philosophy, and applicable to large portions of the Old Testament; the last, perhaps, the most extensively applicable of the three. When particular cases occur, Dr. Stanley appears to us to shrink unnecessarily from any decided application of his general formula. The consequence is, that with the aid of his charming style, he often leaves on the reader's mind a stronger impression of positive history than the facts of the case, tested by a thorough criticism, would be found to warrant. He sees, for instance, evidence of the reality of the circumstances which accompanied the Exodus, in the institutions which perpetuated its remembrance, especially the Passover. "For its effects," he observes, "on Israel, it might almost be said, that we need not go back to any written narrative. It still lives and breathes amongst us. Amongst the various festivals of the Jewish Church, the Passover alone, till quite a later time, was distinctly historical" (p. 119). Then follows a most vivid description of the rite as at present celebrated by the Samaritans, further illustrated, in Appendix III., by what he himself witnessed only last year during his tour in Palestine with the Prince of Wales. But the argument, founded on the close correspondence of the observances of the rite with the particulars of the Exodus described in the Pentateuch, appears to us overdone. We know what attractive force there is in an old tradition perpetuated by some annual celebration, to gather to itself all the kindred legends that are floating about in the popular remembrance, and to find a meaning or expression for them in some parts of the accompanying rite; nay, that usages whose original signification has been forgotten, sometimes enlarge or alter the interpretation of the story which is believed to have given occasion to them. If the Passover from the first had the significance which is here assigned to it, it is certainly remarkable that from the keeping of it in Gilgal, mentioned in Joshua (v. 10), when we are told the manna ceased, till the great passover holden in the reign of Josiah, just before the extinction of the kingdom of Judah (2 Kings xxiii. 22), there is no mention whatever of its celebration in any part of the intervening history. It seems probable that there were originally two great yearly festivals observed by the Hebrews, as by other ancient nations, Arabs, Babylonians, Indians, Persians, and Greeks,—the great harvest-festival which opened the year, and which lasted six weeks, from the first-fruits of the barley to the

gathering in of the wheat, the limits of which were ultimately marked by Pascha and Pentecost,—and the great vintage-festival, which began with the new moon of the seventh month, and was called the Feast of Booths or Tabernacles. These festivals, it has been supposed, were antecedent to the Mosaic age, and had been retained by the Hebrews from the rude nature-worship of their forefathers.* Nothing was more natural, therefore, than the association of their patriotic traditions, their memories of Egyptian deliverance, and the commencement of their national existence, with the seasons of periodical festivity in their ancient calendar; and that, as they grew in political strength and independence under the Mosaic institutions, the historical should at length have almost overpowered the old natural elements of their yearly observances. Nor is it quite correct to say, that the Passover is the sole distinctly historical festival of the Jewish Church, till we come to the later times of Haman and Antiochus Epiphanes. For it is observable, that all the old nature-feasts of the Hebrews have had a historical significance infused into them; and that as the Passover marked the Exodus, so Pentecost commemorated the giving of the law on Sinai, and Tabernacles the dwelling in booths in the wilderness. Generally, we must say, that the author has not gone so thoroughly into the examination of this important part of Old Testament history as might have been expected from his undoubted acquaintance with the present state of critical opinion respecting it. He has nowhere noticed, so far as we have observed, the curious fact, that though the period of the wandering in the wilderness is represented by the mystic or conventional number of forty years, the events recorded will only account for two of them, the year of their quitting Egypt, and the year before their entering Canaan, the intervening thirty-eight being left a complete historical blank;—a suspicious phenomenon which the keen secular glance of Goethe detected many years ago.†

There is no part of the Biblical history that has caused more misgivings in the heart of serious Christians, or furnished a more prominent object for the attacks of unbelievers, than the bloody and exterminating war waged by Israel against the Canaanites; nor can it, we fear, be doubted, that this example, sanctioned as it has been supposed to be by the direct commendation of the Divine Word, has largely contributed to that un-

* See Lengerke's *Kenâan*, pp. 381-3. These two festivals marked off at opposite ends the warm from the cold or rainy season of the Palestinian year; the early rain beginning after the vintage, the latter ceasing with the commencement of the barley-harvest.

† In his *West-östliches Divan*.

hesitating carnage of all who, for the time being, have been regarded as the enemies of God, whether Albigenses, Huguenots, or Catholics,—which Christians in all ages of the Church have fancied they were justified in perpetrating. Dr. Stanley explains the transaction by comparing it with Cromwell's conduct in Ireland and our recent treatment of the rebel sepoys in India. The plea set up is the necessity of moral and social self-preservation; the means of effecting it determined and so far justified by the moral standard of the times. The explanation and the plea involved in it are valid, according to the view that we take of the history. If we insist with our author (p. 308) in drawing a sharp distinction between sacred history and common history, maintaining that "there is a barrier between them which, with all their points of resemblance, cannot be overleaped," and that the sacred history of the Bible is the vehicle of a "special revelation,"* the comparison fails, and the plea is unavailing. The explanation is, that the Israelites did what every other people would have done under similar circumstances and in the same stage of social advancement; and that the effects of their ferocious passions were providentially overruled to subserve the highest ends in the spiritual education of the human race. We accept this explanation, provided the history be regarded as common history. But the moment we assume any *special* influence, by which the passions of men were inspired with a force and a direction which they would not have had if left to their own free agency, we make the just and merciful God directly accountable for the sins and excesses of his creatures; and this is a shocking consequence, which we do not see how the ordinary views of the Bible can escape. If you allow the comparison with other peoples, you destroy the

* Dr. Stanley quotes the following passage from Professor Max Müller's essay on *Semitic Monotheism* (p. 393): "The Father of Truth chooses His own prophets; and He speaks to them in a voice stronger than the voice of thunder. It is the same inner voice through which God speaks to all of us. That voice may dwindle away, and become hardly audible; it may lose its divine accent, and sink into the language of a worldly prudence; but it may also from time to time assume its real nature with the chosen of God, and sound into their ears as a voice from heaven. A 'divine instinct' would neither be an appropriate name for what is a gift or grace accorded but to a few, nor would it be a more intelligible word than 'special revelation.'" We adopt without qualification the doctrine of this extract, for it represents the special revelation granted to only a few, as but a larger measure of that common religious inspiration which comes to them as to all men, however at times dimmed or diminished, equally from God. It is a difference not of kind but of degree, leaving the history of the race among which such eminent prophets arose, to be governed by the same laws and present the same phenomena as all other history, and distinguishable from it only by their stronger influence, amidst much darkness and obstruction, over the thoughts and actions of their countrymen. We do not suppose Dr. Stanley meant more than this, when he drew the distinction between common and sacred history. But his language is not perfectly clear.

specialty; if you insist on the specialty, the comparison will not hold without implicating God. Dr. Arnold's explanation (quoted by Stanley, p. 332) of the commendation bestowed on Jael in Deborah's song seems to us in every sense unsatisfactory. Jael's assassination of the confiding Sisera admits of no vindication whatever. It was a sin not only against the higher law of Christian mercy as yet unknown to her, but against the then clearly recognised standard of Arab honour and faith. She murders, while sleeping under her own tent, an ally of her tribe, and apparently a friend of her husband, who had thrown himself on her protection and partaken of her hospitality; and yet, in spite of this, the prophetess proclaims her "blessed above women." We see no other solution of these difficulties than to hand over these personages of the Biblical story, and the approval pronounced on them by the Biblical writers, unconditionally to the free judgment of the Christian conscience of the nineteenth century, and to regard their history as simply a human history; marking, however, at the same time, with reverent eye, how, amidst this dark chaos of blood and crime, bright spirits arose, one after another in uninterrupted succession, to break the gloom, and permeate it more and more with a light from God.

We have not scrupled to notice in this admirable work some points which we thought ought not to be passed over in silence, —less as positive blemishes than as deficiencies, a falling-short of what might have been expected from the author,—a failure to carry out to their full and legitimate consequences, principles which underlie the entire structure of his volume, and which no one could have applied more felicitously and with richer fruit than himself. We regret this the more, because such omissions must become more perceptible as the knowledge and intelligence of the public on these subjects increases, and they are better prepared for that large and generous interpretation of the Bible, to which nothing will have more powerfully contributed than his own book. Our thanks to him, however, for what he has done are not the less hearty, because we are confident that he is capable of doing, and, as we venture to hope, will hereafter do, a great deal more.

We crave room for a few additional words, ere we conclude. We have observed in some quarters a disposition to draw an invidious comparison between the author of the present volume and Bishop Colenso,—the first part of whose work on the Pentateuch and Joshua was noticed in our last number—as though the former had rendered as much service to the religion of the Bible, as the latter by his free criticisms had damaged it. We think such a comparison not only invidious but singularly un-

just. Dr. Stanley and Dr. Colenso are each doing a good work in their own way,—each doing what the other perhaps could not do. The task of a rigid analyst, involving of necessity some destruction of cherished prepossessions, is always a less agreeable one than that of the creative fancy which can combine and reproduce. It is the difference between the anatomist and the painter of the living form. But as the painter can never attain to a truthful representation without the previous science of the anatomist, so the historian can never convey a correct impression of a past age without the foregoing labours of the critic. The bishop's strictures on the Biblical account of the Exodus have been derided as minute and unimportant; but if they test the correctness or the incorrectness of a history that has been treated as infallible, by a plain matter-of-fact criterion, which the popular intelligence can at once seize and appreciate, they are neither one nor the other; and they supply just that element to the investigation in which Dr. Stanley's delightful narrative is confessedly defective. The real objection to the bishop's criticisms is not that they are insignificant, but that they are felt to be unanswerable. They dissipate, by the dissolving touch of fact and figure, that vague mistiness of statement in which a half liberalism, with one meaning for the learned and another for the vulgar, loves to shroud its imbecility, and compel the answer of a decided *yes* or *no* to their straightforward and searching questions. The prevailing cant is, We do not care for the history; we want to preserve our theology. But a true theology can never be based on a rotten history; and if much which has been taken for history is really not history, our vast theological systems which assume a foundation in fact, rest on tottering supports; and he who discovers their true character, is rendering an inestimable service to the highest truth. Agassiz has well said, that every new view which upsets predominant and deeply-rooted opinions, has to pass through three stages. First, its truth is boldly denied. Then, when it is seen to be making its way among the thoughtful, the outcry is, that it is hostile to religion. Lastly, when it can no longer be resisted, people all at once find out that there is nothing new in it, and wonder why such a fuss should be made about a thing which every body knew and perfectly well understood long ago. From the disposition in certain circles to *pooh-pooh* Dr. Colenso's book, it may not unreasonably be inferred that the view which he advocates is rapidly approaching the last of these stages, and that its truth is being tacitly admitted where it is not openly avowed. In the same spirit are vented depreciatory judgments on his scholarly attainments and his knowledge of the original languages of the Bible. What these

may be, we have no means of knowing except from his writings. Foreign scholars, with whom no living English theologian will admit of a moment's comparison—such men as Ewald and Hupfeld—certainly do not think meanly of them or of their fruits. They are at least equal to those of his assailants, and amply sufficient to qualify him for the treatment of a question mainly historical. In his last volume we might point to his dissertation on the origin of the name Jehovah, and its occurrence in proper names as an evidence of date, as an excellent specimen of clear and exhaustive philological analysis. Probably many errors in detail will be discovered; nor can it be expected that one mind in a single inquiry should be able to take in all the points that must enter into a thorough investigation of the whole of this complicated problem. But what then? Such deficiencies do not affect the soundness of his general views, or prove to be misdirected the great final end of his researches. Nothing is more disgraceful in our modern controversy than the disingenuous trick of fastening on and magnifying small and unavoidable mistakes, for the purpose of damaging an adversary in the opinion of the ignorant, while the great principle to which he is committed, and which involves the very essence of the question, is not only unrefuted, but carefully left untouched. How much more befitting an honest mind the generous concession, that if we would ultimately gain any truth worth having, we must allow for many errors by the way!

We write earnestly on this subject, because we regard the recognition of the great services in different directions of two such men as Dr. Stanley and Dr. Colenso, within the pale of our national Establishment, as absolutely essential to the justification of its claim to be considered the first of Protestant Churches, and a true exponent, under diversified intellectual forms, of the religious spirit of the age. Unhappily there is much latent liberalism diffused through society, unaccompanied by the moral earnestness which would dictate an unreserved utterance of individual conviction. There is a so-called liberal school which can make any thing out of every thing,—which twists old formulas into any shape like a glove, and avoids with instinctive aversion, as the worst of heretics, those more decided and manly intellects which seek for facts, and insist on calling things by their right names. We confess we have no faith in this party. No healthy progress is to be expected from them. They will keep every thing as it is, by discovering some mystical reason for it; and will never, we are convinced, be brought to face courageously the critical questions which cannot be evaded, if we are to renovate our theology by a more enlightened interpretation of the Bible and ecclesiastical history. It

seems strange that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the most thoughtful and earnest minds should be expected to limit their ideas by the ignorance of the past, and be hampered in their efforts to elevate the spiritual condition of their contemporaries by the timid or worldly prejudices of the present. What is the meaning of doctors and leaders in the Church? Is new truth forbidden to them? Are they only to conserve, and never to acquire? If the free movement which is a condition of all life is to be withheld from them, they are in a worse condition than the bishops of the primitive Church in the second and third centuries, who within the limits of their respective *παροικίαι* were at liberty, under certain conditions that secured a vital Christianity, to modify the liturgy and the creed in accordance with the needs of their locality and their time, and held themselves for all such discretionary reforms responsible to their Lord alone.* Ought not the Church to demand the restoration of her ancient franchises? Ought not the bishop, the presbyters, and the people to resume their former relations, and once more consult together for their common spiritual weal? A momentous alternative is now impending—whether the Church shall receive new blood into her veins, and expand into national breadth and comprehensiveness, or lapse into the cold and petrified formalism of an obsolete sect. *Di meliora piis* is our fervent prayer.

Art. VI.—BOLINGBROKE AS A STATESMAN.

The Life of Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne. By Thomas Macknight, author of the "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke."

Who now reads Bolingbroke? was asked sixty years ago. Who knows any thing about him? we may ask now. Professed students of our history or of our literature may have special knowledge; but out of the general mass of educated men, how many could give an intelligible account of his ca-

* "Scimus quosdam quod semel imbiberint nolle deponere, nec propositum suum facile mutare, sed salvo inter collegas pacis et concordiæ vinculo quædam propria, quæ apud se semel sint usurpata, retinere. Qua in re nec nos vim cuiquam facimus, aut legem damus, cum habeat in ecclesiæ administratione voluntatis suæ arbitrium liberum unusquisque præpositus, *rationem actus sui domino redditurus.*" Cyprian. Stephano Epist. ii. 1, edit. Erasm. This last expression occurs in two other epistles, "ad Magnum" and "ad Cornelium." It seems to have been a favourite one with the author; and we must remember who he was, not the high-flying nonconformist Tertullian, but the conservative Cyprian, the model high-churchman to all future time. Bingham, himself a high-churchman, has discussed this matter with his usual learning in his *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, b. ii. c. vi.

reer? How many could describe even vaguely his character as a statesman? Our grandfathers and their fathers quarrelled for two generations as to the peace of Utrecht; but only an odd person here and there could now give an account of its provisions. The most cultivated lady would not mind asking, "The peace of Utrecht! yes,—what was that?" Whether Mr. St. John was right to make that peace; whether Queen Anne was right to create him a peer for making it; whether the Whigs were right in impeaching him for making it,—the mass of men have forgotten. So is history *un*made. Even now the dust of forgetfulness is falling over the Congress of Vienna and the peace of Paris; we are forgetting the last great pacification as we have wholly forgotten the pacification before that; in another fifty years "Vienna" will be as "Utrecht," and Wellington be no more than Marlborough.

In the mean time, however, Mr. Macknight has done well to collect for those who wish to know the principal events of Bolingbroke's career. There was no tolerable outline of them before; and in some respects this is a good one. Mr. Macknight's style is clear, though often ponderous; his remarks are sensible, and he has the great merit of not being imposed on by great names and traditional reputations. The defect of the book is, that he takes too literary a view of politics and politicians; that he has not looked closely and for himself at real political life; that he therefore misses the guiding traits which show what in Queen Anne's time was so like our present politics, and what so wholly unlike. We shall venture in the course of this article to supply some general outline of the controversies that were to be then decided, and of the political forces which decided them; for unless these are distinctly imagined, a reader of the present day cannot comprehend why such a man as Bolingbroke was at one moment the most conspicuous and influential of English statesmen, and then for years an exile and a wanderer.

We must own, however, that it is not the intrinsic interest even of events once so very important as the war of the Grand Alliance and the peace of Utrecht which tempts us to write this article. It is the interest of Bolingbroke's own character. He tried a great experiment. There lurks about the fancies of many men and women an imaginary conception of an ideal statesman, resembling the character of which Alcibiades has been the recognised type for centuries. There is a sort of intellectual luxury in the idea which fascinates the human mind. We like to fancy a young man in the first vigour of body and in the first vigour of mind, who is full of bounding enjoyment, who is fond of irregular luxury, who is the favourite of society, who excels all rivals at masculine feasts, who gains the love of

women by a magic attraction, but who is also a powerful statesman, who regulates great events, who settles great measures, who guides a great nation. We seem to outstep the *mensa mundi*, the recognised limits of human nature, when we conceive a man in the pride of youth to have dominion of the pursuits of age, to rule both the light things of women and the grave things of men. Human imagination so much loves to surpass human power, that we shall never be able to extirpate the conception. But we may examine the approximations to it in life. We see in Bolingbroke's case that a life of brilliant license is really compatible with a life of brilliant statesmanship; that license itself may even be thought to quicken the imagination for oratorical efforts; that an intellect similarly aroused may, at exciting conjunctures, perceive possibilities which are hidden from duller men; that the favourite of society will be able to use his companionship with men and his power over women so as much to aid his strokes of policy, but, on the other hand, that these secondary aids and occasional advantages are purchased by the total sacrifice of a primary necessity; that a life of great excitement is incompatible with the calm circumspection and sound estimate of probability essential to great affairs; that though the excited hero may perceive distant things which others overlook, he will overlook near things that others see; that though he may be stimulated to great speeches which others could not make, he will also be irritated to petty speeches which others would not; that he will attract enmities, but not confidence; that he will not observe how few and plain are the alternatives of common business, and how little even genius can enlarge them; that his prosperity will be a wild dream of unattainable possibilities, and his adversity a long regret that those possibilities are departed. At any rate, such was Bolingbroke's career. We have better evidence about him than about any similar statesman, for the events in which he was concerned were large, and he has given us a narrative of them from his own hand; and a summary retrospect of his career will not be worthless, if it show what sudden brilliancy and what incurable ruin such a life as his, with such a genius as his, was calculated to ensure.

Bolingbroke's father was a type of his generation. He was a rake of the Restoration. Charles the Second is the only king of England who has had both the social qualities which fitted him to be the head of society, and the immoral qualities which fitted him to corrupt society. His easy talk, his good anecdotes, his happy manners, his conversancy with various life, made Whitehall the "best club" of that time. What sort of life he encouraged men to lead there we all know. Bolingbroke's

father learned of him all the evil which he could learn. It was not singular that he committed excesses of dissipation; but it was rather singular that he committed what was thought to be murder. He stabbed a man in a drunken broil, and if Burnet can be trusted, only escaped from the gallows by a great bribe. He dawdled on at the coffee-houses far into Queen Anne's time, a memorial of extinct profligacy, and a spectacle and a wonder to a graver generation.

Bolingbroke's mother was a daughter of the Earl of Warwick; but she died early, and his father married again, so that we hear very little about her. If the silence of his biographers may be trusted as evidence, she exercised but little influence upon his infancy or upon his life.

The most influential preceptors of Bolingbroke's boyhood were his grandmother and grandfather, who also were not unusual characters in their generation. The former was a serious and moderate royalist, the latter was a serious but moderate Puritan. Bolingbroke's father apparently did not much like keeping house: it must have interfered with his pleasures, and marred the life of coffee-houses. The whole direction of Bolingbroke's mind was given to his grave grandfather and grandmother. In after-times, when he was a prominent Tory and professed high-churchman, satirists used to say that he was brought up among "Dissenters." And it is probable that his grandmother, who was the daughter of the celebrated Oliver St. John, the great parliamentary lawyer and chief-justice, was far from being in opinion what a high Anglican divine would term a "churchwoman." Bolingbroke himself used to relate terrible stories of having been compelled to read the sermons of Puritan divines. But, as far as our slight information goes, he did not suffer more than in any moderately "serious" family of our own time. All serious families were then thought to have a little taint of Dissent; and Bolingbroke was probably very sensitive to the partial dulness of a semi-puritanical religion.

At any rate, we have no doubt it was said (and his elder relatives much grieved at it) that "the boy was gone wrong, like his father." When he came out into the world, he astonished his associates by his license. He had been at Eton and Oxford, but he had not learnt, what is often learned there, a decorum in profligacy. To what precise enormities his license extended is immaterial, and cannot now be known. Goldsmith had talked to an old gentleman who related that Bolingbroke and his companions, in a drunken frolic, ran "naked through the Park." But this is hardly credible; and probably Goldsmith's informant was one of the many old people who believe, that the more wonderful the stories they tell, the more wonderful they themselves

become. But at any rate his outrages attracted censure. He did not, like his father, belong to his generation. The age of King William tolerated much that we tolerate no longer; but it was not like the first years of Charles the Second. There was no longer a headlong recoil from Puritan strictness, and the crown was on the side at least of apparent morality; as is usual in England, grave decorum and obvious morals had a substantial influence, and against these Bolingbroke offended.

He wrote poetry too, and the sort of poetry can only be appreciated by reading Locke's celebrated warning against that art, and the connexions which it occasions. Bolingbroke's verses are addressed to a Clara A—, an orange-girl, who pretended to sell that fruit near the Court of Requests, but who really had other objects. She was a lady of what may be called mutable connexions; and the object of Bolingbroke's verses is to induce her to give them up and adhere to him only. He says:

"No, Clara, no; that person and that mind
Were formed by Nature, and by Heaven designed
For nobler ends: to these return, though late;
Return to these, and so avert thy fate.
Think, Clara, think; nor will that thought be vain;
Thy slave, thy Harry, doom'd to drag his chain
Of love ill-treated and abused, that he
From more inglorious chains might rescue thee:
Thy drooping health restored by his fond care,
Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear;
Moved by his love, by his example taught,
Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
With kind and generous truth thy bosom warm,
And thy fair mind, like thy fair person, charm.
To virtue thus and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored,
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
And live for him who more than dies for you."

One would like to know what the orange-girl thought of all this; but it would seem he was lavish of money as well as of verses.

At twenty-two he married. We do not know much about his money-matters; and, as his father and grandfather were both alive, his means could not have been at all large, especially as his expenses had been great. But his wife had certainly a considerable fortune. She was descended from a clothier called Jack of Newbury, who had made a fortune several generations before, and was one of the coheiresses of Sir Henry Winchescomb, who had large property. What sort of person she was does not very clearly appear. But it does appear that the match was an unhappy one. He said she had a bad temper, with what truth we cannot ascertain now; and she said he was a

bad husband, which was unquestionably true. He had been a rake before marriage, and did not cease afterwards. He could drink more wine than any one in London, and continued that too. A kind of connexion was kept up between them for many years, but it was a dubious and unhappy connexion. We may suppose, however, that when he was a great statesman she derived some glory, if little happiness, from him; and he certainly received a large income from her property during very many years.

At the age of twenty-eight Bolingbroke entered the House of Commons. Before that time he had done nothing to prove himself a man of great ability. At school and college he had done well, and had laid up perhaps a greater store of classical knowledge than those around him knew of. When abroad *for* a year or so, he had learned to speak French unusually well and unusually easily. But since he had been of age and in the world, his vices had been great, and he had not done much to compensate for them. Probably his boon companions considered him very clever; but then sober men rated very low the judgment of those companions. His skill in writing poetry had not been greater than most people's, and his choice of subjects had been worse. Until now he had had no opportunity of showing great talents, and much opportunity of showing considerable vices.

In the House of Commons it was otherwise. His handsome person, long descent, and aristocratic mien set off a very remarkable eloquence, which seems to have been very ready even at the first. Years afterwards he was the model to whom Lord Chesterfield pointed in all the arts of manner and expression. "Lord Bolingbroke," he tells us, "without the least trouble, talked all day long full as elegantly as he wrote;" "he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied and laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction which (from care perhaps at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press without the least correction either as to method or style." "He had the most elegant politeness and good-breeding which ever any courtier or man of the world was blessed with."

Nor did he neglect matter in the pursuit of manner. In later life he wrote some characters of the two great orators of antiquity which showed how acutely he had studied them. He turned aside from the commonplace topics, from their language and their manner, to comment on their acquaintance with all the topics of their time, and on the practical style in which they

discuss practical questions. No one can read those delineations without perceiving that the writer is speaking of an art which he has himself practised. Those who knew how little studious Bolingbroke's habits were, appear to have been surprised at the information he displayed. But his excitable life rather promoted than forbad brief crises of keen study; his parts were quick, his language vague, though imposing, and he could always talk very happily on subjects of which he only knew a very little.

The time was favourable to a great orator. The Tory party was exactly in the state in which it has been in our own time. It had many votes and no tongue. Our county system tends to prevent our county magnates from ruling England. Stringent limitations are laid down which narrow the electoral choice, and tend to exclude available talent. It is wise and natural that the landed interest should choose to be represented by landed gentlemen; a community of nature between representatives is desirable and inevitable. But our counties are more exacting than this: each county requires that the member shall have land within the county, and as in each the number of candidates thus limited is but small, unsuitable ones must be chosen. We have left off expecting eloquence from a county member. Grave files of speechless men have always represented the land of England. In Queen Anne's time too, as in our own time, a lingering prejudice haunted rural minds, and inclined them to prefer stupid magnates that shared it to clever ones who were emancipated from it. Bolingbroke, like Mr. Disraeli, found the Tory party in a state of dumb power; like him, too, he became its spokesman and obtained its power.

Bolingbroke came into parliament just at the end of King William's reign, and was at once forced into contact with the two subjects which were to occupy almost exclusively his active life. The reign of King William, which was about to end, and that of Queen Anne, which was just about to begin, were filled by two of the greatest topics which can occupy a period. The first of these was a question of dynasty. Our revolution has been called the "minimum of a revolution;" and in the eyes of a political philosopher so it is. It altered but little in the substance of our institutions and in our positive law. But to common people, when it happened, the change was great. Even now the detail of our parliamentary system is not much understood by the poorer part of the public, and they care for it but little; the Queen and her family, and the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, mainly interest them. The person of the sovereign embodies to them constitution, law, power. But our revolution changed the sovereign. The only political name and idea

known to rural hamlets were taken away, and another name and idea were substituted in its stead. Jacobites went about saying that there was one king whom God had made, and another king whom Parliament had made. At this moment, though the dogma of hereditary right has been confuted for ages, though it has been laughed at for ages, though parliaments have prohibited it, though divines have been impeached for preaching it, though it is a misdemeanour to maintain it, the tenet still lives in ordinary minds. In Somersetshire and half the quiet counties the inhabitants would say that Queen Victoria ruled by the right of birth and the grace of God, and not by virtue of an Act of Parliament. They still think that she has a divine right to the crown, and not a right by statute only. If the old creed of the Jacobites is still so powerful, what must have been its force in Queen Anne's time? That generation has seen the change from "God's king" to "man's king," and very many of them did not like it. Shrewd men said that England was prosperous under the revolutionary government; common sense said that an ill-born king who governed well was better than a well-born king who governed ill; Whigs said that England was free after the revolution, and would have been enslaved but for the revolution; yet on the simple superstition of many natural minds the force of these arguments was lost. They admitted the advantage of liberty and of prosperity, but they would not renounce "the Lord's anointed for a mess of pottage."—Happily this political feeling was counteracted by a religious feeling. The hatred to popery supported the successful and rebellious king, who was a Protestant, against the unsuccessful and legitimate king, who was a papist. But the strength so obtained was precarious; it might cease at any time. The "Pretender" might change his religion, and reports were continually circulated that he had done so, or was to do so. The existing dynasty could not be strong while its best support in the most natural minds was the continued profession of one religion by a person who had very strong motives to profess another.

The question of dynasty was the prominent question in Bolingbroke's age; such a question must always be the first where it exists. The question, who shall be king, can never be secondary. But it had a formidable rival. All through King William's and all through Queen Anne's time, the English mind was occupied with almost the only question which could compete with the question, who should be king of England—the question, whether there ought or ought not to be war with France. Frequent battles, daily hopes of battles, daily arguments whether there should be battles or not, kept even the greatest domestic question out of our thoughts.

On both these subjects Bolingbroke was compelled to critical action in his first parliament. The question of dynasty was in a very odd and very English complexity. It might have been thought to be a question of bare alternatives, and to have been susceptible of no compromise. *Either* Parliament had no power to choose a sovereign upon grounds of expediency, *or* it might choose any sovereign who was expedient. If King James might be expelled at all, it could only be because he was a bad king, and in order to put in a better king. On principle, Parliament was either powerless or omnipotent. But this clear decisive logic has never suited Englishmen. As for King William, indeed, no one could say he was any sort of king except a parliamentary king; but his heir was the Princess Anne. "Surely, it was thought, she and her children had *some* divine right—a little, if not much? She had no right by birth certainly, for her father and her brother came before her; she was not the nearest heir, but she was the nearest Protestant heir; she was not the eldest son of the last king, but she was his eldest daughter that was living." These facts do not seem to be very material to us now, but at the time they were critically material. Half the population probably believed that it would be right,—not merely expedient, but right in some high mystic sense,—to obey Anne and her children. They were not only ready, but were anxious, to take her for the root of a new dynasty. But the Fates seemed capriciously determined to defeat their wishes. Anne had thirteen children, and all the thirteen died. At the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who was the last of them, some further settlement was necessary, and what it should be was decided in Bolingbroke's first parliament.

On this subject he ought to have been a Whig of the Whigs. His books are full of such expressions as the "chimera of prerogative;" "the slavish principles of passive obedience and non-resistance which had skulked" in old books till the reign of James I. And he has stated the Whig conception of the revolution as well as any one, if not better. "If," he says, "a divine, indefeasable, hereditary right to govern a community be once acknowledged; a right independent of the community, and which vests in every successive prince immediately on the death of his predecessor, and previously to any engagement taken on his part towards the people; if the people once acknowledge themselves bound to such princes by the ties of passive obedience and non-resistance, by an allegiance unconditional, and not reciprocal to protection; if a kind of oral law, or mysterious cabbala, which pharisees of the black gown and the long robe are always at hand to report and interpret as a prince desires, be once added, like a supplemental code, to the known laws of the land: then,

I say, such princes have the power, if not the right, given them of commencing tyrants; and princes who have the power, are prone to think that they have the right. Such was the state of king and people before the revolution." He could have no horror of Popery, for he regarded all the historical forms of Christianity with an impartial scepticism; he probably thought it more gentlemanly than Presbyterianism, and not more absurd than Anglicanism. He ought to have been ready to obey whatever king was most eligible upon grounds of rational expediency.

The proposal of the Whigs, too, was as moderate as it was possible for it to be. As public opinion required, they selected the next Protestant heir. They passed over all the children of James II., who were Catholics, the descendants of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., who were Catholics, the elder descendants of Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., who were Catholics, and found the Princess Sophia, a younger daughter of Elizabeth, who was a very clever and accomplished lady, and who, if she had any religion, was a Protestant. All the reasonable and prudent part of the nation were in favour of this scheme. The Whigs were of course in favour of it, for it was their scheme. Harley, at the head of the moderate Tories, strenuously supported it. But it was not popular with the unthinking masses, and perhaps could not be. Half or more than half the believers in divine right were ready, as we have explained, to pay obedience to Queen Anne as a sort of consecrated queen; she was at any rate a princess born of a real king and queen in real England; we had always been used to her. But a search in Germany for the sort of Protestants we were likely to find there was not pleasant to the mass of Englishmen; and of the strong-minded old lady that had been discovered nothing whatever was commonly known. After all, too, there was no certainty that in future we should be obeying the nearest Protestant heir. We were passing over several Catholic families; and if hereafter any one of them were to become a Protestant—according to *principle*, or what was called such, we must obey him as our king.

Though the choice of the Hanoverian family as heirs to the crown was prudent, wise, and statesmanlike, there was no strong popular sentiment by which it was firmly based, and no neat popular phrase by which it could in argument be precisely supported. In a word, unthinking people of the common sort did not much like the House of Hanover, and a mass of ill-defined prejudice accumulated against it. Of this prejudice Bolingbroke made himself the organ. He did not share it, or try to share it. But, finding a large and speechless party, he thought he could become at once politically important by saying for them that which they could not say for themselves. The

scheme was successful. He became at once important in Parliament, because he was the eloquent spokesman of many inaudible persons.

In foreign policy, Bolingbroke's tactics were the same. The aggression of France was the natural terror of lovers of liberty at that time. Louis XIV. was as ready to use his power without scruple against free nations as Napoleon; and his power, though not equal to that of Napoleon at his zenith, was greater than that of Napoleon at most times, and than that of any other French sovereign at any time. The King of Spain, too, was about to die; it was to be feared that he would name as his heir Philip, the grandson of Louis, and few doubted but that Louis, notwithstanding an express renunciation of all such claims by treaty, would permit his grandson to accept of it. Nor was the Spain of 1700 merely the Spain of our time. She was much more powerful. She possessed the "California" of that age, a vast empire in South America, producing gold and silver, which were then thought to be magically potent substances, for the whole civilised world. She possessed, too, Sicily, and Naples, and Milan, and Belgium; and popular imagination, which ever clings to decaying grandeur, still believed that Spain itself was a nation of great power—was still able, as in former generations, to obtain ascendency in Europe. The *terror*, for such it was, of liberal politicians then was, that this vast inheritance would practically fall into the dominion of Louis XIV.—that it would belong to a Bourbon prince brought up under his eye, and slavishly in subjection to him. The Whigs contended that this calamity should be prevented, if possible, by an amicable partition of Spain, by giving France as little as possible, and that little in places as little important as possible. If no such amicable arrangement were possible, they said, it must be prevented by a war. The Tories did not like war; did not like partition treaties. They did not love France, but they were not anxious to oppose France. In that age we were uneducated in foreign policy; the mass of men had no distinct conception of Continental transactions, nor was reason reinforced very distinctly by antipathy. We hated France, it is true, but we hated Holland also; she was our rival in commerce, and our enemy—sometimes our successful enemy—in naval warfare; and to vanquish the French by the aid of the Dutch did not gratify an unmixed animosity. The anti-revolutionary part of the nation did not care for liberty, for that was the code of the Whigs and the basis of the revolution. In a word, though there was little distinct or rational opinion opposed to a war with France, there was much indistinct and crude prejudice. Of this too Bolingbroke became the organ.

In the later part of his life he did not attempt to defend his

first notion of foreign policy. He says: "I have sometimes considered, in reflecting on these passages, what I should have done, if I had sat in parliament at that time; and have been forced to own myself, that I should have voted for disbanding the army then; as I voted in the following parliament for censuring the partition treaties. I am forced to own this, because I remember how imperfect my notions were of the situation of Europe in that extraordinary crisis, and how much I saw the true interest of my own country in a half light. But, my lord, I own it with some shame; because in truth nothing could be more absurd than the conduct we held. What! because we had not reduced the power of France by the war, nor excluded the house of Bourbon from the Spanish succession, nor compounded with her upon it by the peace; and because the house of Austria had not helped herself, nor put it into our power to help her with more advantage and better prospect of success—were we to leave that whole succession open to the invasions of France, and to suffer even the contingency to subsist of seeing those monarchies united? What! because it was become extravagant, after the trials so lately made, to think ourselves any longer engaged by treaty, or obliged by good policy, to put the house of Austria in possession of the whole Spanish monarchy, and to defend her in this possession by force of arms, were we to leave the whole at the mercy of France? If we were not to do so, if we were not to do one of the three things that I said above remained to be done, and if the Emperor put it out of our power to do another of them with advantage; were we to put it still more out of our power, and to wait unarmed for the death of the king of Spain? In fine, if we had not the prospect of disputing with France, so successfully as we might have had it, the Spanish succession, whenever it should be open; were we not only to show by disarming, that we would not dispute it at all, but to censure likewise the second of the three things mentioned above, and which King William put in practice, the compounding with France, to prevent if possible a war, in which we were averse to engage?" The truth doubtless is, that Bolingbroke never believed, or much believed, these absurdities. As he was the spokesman of the Tories, he advocated, and was compelled to advocate, the vague notions which they not unnaturally held, and these were prejudices imbibed by habit, not opinions elaborated by effort.

That his mode of advocacy was very skilful, we may easily believe. His speeches have perished; but their merit may be conjectured. He is in his writings a great master of *specious* statement. Accessory arguments and subordinate facts seem of themselves to fall precisely where they should fall. He has the knack

of never *making* a case; the case always seems made for him; he seems to be giving it its most suitable expression, but to be doing no more. In the greater part of his writings which were written late in life, except when he defends the peace of Utrecht, he had no tenet to defend in which he took a keen interest. He had not the habits suitable to abstract thought, or the genius for it. He is apt, therefore, to embody meagre thoughts in excellent words; to develop long arguments from sparse facts. He had a pleasure in writing, and he had little to say. But when his passions were eager, when his interest was vivid, when the very dissipation of his life quickened his excitability, when the topic of discussion was critically important to himself,—we may well believe his advocacy to have been effective. He could ever say what he pleased, and in early life he had much to say which he well knew and for which he much cared.

A blunder of Louis' for several years simplified English politics. At the death of James the Second, he acknowledged his son, the "Pretender," as king of England; and he could have done him no greater harm. The English people were not very sure of abstract rights, but they were very sure of practical applications. Whether they had a right to choose a king for themselves might be doubtful, but it was clear that the king of France had no such right. Whoever might be our king, it certainly should not be his *protégé*. War with France became popular. The king of Spain was dead; as was feared, he had left the vast inheritance of Spain to Louis' grandson; and war with France became expedient. It was declared accordingly.

The death of William simplified politics still further. Bolingbroke himself may explain this. "The alliances," he tells us, "were concluded, the quotas were settled, and the season for taking the field approached, when King William died. The event could not fail to occasion some consternation on one side, and to give some hopes on the other; for, notwithstanding the ill success with which he made war generally, he was looked upon as the sole centre of union that could keep together the great confederacy then forming; and how much the French feared from his life had appeared a few years before, in the extravagant and indecent joy they expressed on a false report of his death. A short time showed how vain the fears of some, and the hopes of others, were. By his death, the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of the army, and indeed of the confederacy; where he, a new, a private man, a subject, acquired by merit and by management a more deciding influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain, had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the grand alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more

rapid and vigorous motion was given to the whole; and, instead of languishing or disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he appeared, and many of those wherein he was not then an actor—but abettor, however, of their action—were crowned with the most triumphant success. I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to that great man, whose faults I knew, whose virtues I admired; and whose memory, as the greatest general and as the greatest minister that our country or perhaps any other has produced, I honour." The war absorbed England for several years. For the first time in our history, we were the centre of a great confederacy, and our general was the victorious leader, in great battles, of miscellaneous armies. It was then that we first acquired that great name as a military people, which, notwithstanding our small numbers and small armies, we have since supported, and that a great foresight, a minute diligence, and a splendid courage in modern war, were first combined in an Englishman. Marlborough was in one respect more fortunate than Wellington. Napoleon must always be the first military figure of his generation, but throughout the last century the whole Continent talked of the wars of Marlborough; for he was the most fascinating as well as the most successful general in them.

During the first eight years of Marlborough's wars, the English nation was nearly united. A war always unites a people: the objector to it becomes a kind of traitor to his country; he seems to be a favourer of the enemy, even though he is not. Not only Harley, a moderate Tory, but Bolingbroke, an extreme Tory, took office in the war-ministry. It is true there was no dereliction of party principle in their doing so, either as such principle was then understood, or as it is understood now. Marlborough himself had never been a Whig; and Godolphin, the head of the treasury and first minister for the home administration, had ever been a Tory. But though plain party-ties might not be violated by a Tory support of Marlborough's wars, a sort of sentiment was violated. The war was a Whig war, and could only be carried on by Whig support. Ere long Godolphin and Marlborough were compelled to give the Whigs a large share in the actual administration. The ministry became a composite one. Though many Tories remained in it, yet its essence and its spirit were Whig. It was carrying on the sort of war which one party in the State had extolled for years, and which the antagonist party had depreciated for years. It has been called after its cause. It has been called the Whig ministry of Godolphin and Marlborough, the two leading Tories of the age.

The place which Bolingbroke accepted was that of Secretary at War, which brought him into contact with the best

business of the time, with that sort of business upon which most depended. As far as appears, he did it well, and the official experience he then acquired must have been inestimable to him afterwards. There is much which no statesman can in truth know, and much more which he will not be thought to know, unless he has gone through a certain necessary official education, and learned to use certain conventional official expressions; this sort of knowledge Bolingbroke now acquired. But it was not by success or failure in office desk-work that the movements of his life were to be regulated.

The Whigs naturally did not quite like the subordinate position which they occupied in a ministry which was carrying out a Whig policy. They thought it hard that Tories should be paid for Whig measures; that the glory of delivering Europe should be given, not to Whigs, who had striven to deliver it, but to Tories, who would have liked not to deliver it. Their support was necessary to Godolphin and to Marlborough, and they gradually raised the price of that support. Early in 1708, most of the remaining Tories were turned out, and Bolingbroke among them. Except the two chiefs, Godolphin and Marlborough, the ministry became a Whig ministry almost exclusively.

That Bolingbroke did not like to be turned out is probable, but he professed to like it. He sought refuge in retirement; he professed to study philosophy, and passed much of his time in the country, and in reading; such professions from a man of great ambition and lax life were ridiculed. A friend suggested that he should write this motto over his favourite rural retreat:

> "From business and the noisy world retired,
> Nor vexed by love, nor by ambition fired,
> Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
> Still drinking like a fish, and amorous like a goat."

And Swift says he could hardly bear the jest, for he was a man rather sensitive to ridicule. And though satirists might laugh at his meditations and his studies, and though he permitted them to derange very little his pleasure or his vices, there is no doubt but that they were real, and that they were valuable. Doubtless, too, though he was only twenty-eight, he was a little tired of subordinate office. His disposition was very impatient, and his sense of personal dignity very considerable. Even so patient a pattern of routine diligence as Sir Robert Peel rejoiced as a young man to be for a year or so out of office. His mind, he acknowledged, widened, and his capacity to think for himself improved. If Peel, who was made to toil in the furrow, felt this, Bolingbroke, who was made to exult in the desert, might well feel it. During three years he really read much and thought much.

But a great change was at hand. The war with France was still successful and still popular, but it might be doubted if it was still necessary. We had weakened France so much, that it might be questionable if she wanted weakening more. Our victories had destroyed her prestige; and the results of these victories had weakened her vigour. Sensible men began to inquire what was to be the time, what the occasion, and what the terms of peace.

The ministry, indeed, appeared to be firm, but it was firm in appearance only. The conditions of ministerial continuance differed in that age in a most material respect from the present conditions. Now the House of Commons, in almost all cases, prescribes imperatively not only what measures shall be taken, but what men shall take them; it chooses both policy and ministers. In Queen Anne's time Parliament had acquired an almost complete ascendency in policy; it could fix precisely whether there should be war or no war, peace or no peace; it had acquired a perfect control upon legislation, and a nearly perfect control upon internal administration. But it had no choice, or but little, in the selection of persons. *What* was to be done Parliament settled, but *who* was to do it the queen settled.

Queen Anne had done so at her accession. Though she was engaged in a Whig war, she removed the Whig ministers whom she found in office. She appointed as supreme generalissimo over the war abroad, and real prime minister over matters of state at home, the Duke of Marlborough, not because of his discretion or his acquaintance with business, or his military genius, but because his wife was her early friend and her special favourite. As the Duke of Wellington justly observed, the Duke of Marlborough *was* the English government; he was not liable to be thwarted, or misconstrued, or neglected; his operations in Flanders were never cramped by the home-government, as the operations of the Duke of Wellington in Spain were cramped. He appointed the lord high treasurer Godolphin; he placed the treasury, then even more than now the supreme internal office, in Godolphin's hands, because he was connected with him by domestic ties, because they had long acted together, because he had great confidence in his financial ability. The Duke of Marlborough was not only great because of his wife, but absolute because of his wife.

By a kind of compensation the source of his power was the cause also of his downfall. The queen and the duchess quarrelled, as was natural. The duchess was virulent and *obtrusive*, and the queen was sensitive and sullen. The queen had a strong sense of personal dignity, which the duchess used to outrage. The duchess, who was clever, thought the queen a fool,

and scarcely forebore to look and say so. From early habit the friendship lasted much longer than could have been thought likely, but it could not last for ever. As it was breaking up, a small force produced a large effect. The queen, Swift says, had not a "stock of amity" for more than one person at a time: she commonly cared but little for every body save one; but she required one. The duchess had placed at court a poor relative of her own, a Miss Hill, whom both she and the queen regarded as a petty dependent, a *real* maid, who would be useful and lie on the floor when peeresses and young ladies of quality were useless and went to bed. As she was humble and artful, she acquired influence: she was never in the way and never out of the way. She was always pleasant to the queen, and the duchess was commonly unpleasant. The consequence was certain. The abject new favourite soon supplanted the querulous old favourite.

A very curious man took advantage of this. Wits and satirists have been fond of describing Robert Harley; but perhaps they have not described him very well. They have made a heap of incongruities of him. They have told us that, being bred a Puritan, and retaining till his death much of the Puritan phraseology, he yet became the favourite leader of high churchmen and Tories; that being a muddle-headed dawdle, he gained a great reputation for the transaction of business; that having an incapacity for intelligible speech, he became an influential orator in parliament; that being a puzzle-headed man, of less than average ability, and less than average activity, he long ruled a great party, for years ruled the court, and was at last prime minister of England.

It is very natural that brilliant and vehement men should depreciate Harley, for he had nothing which they possess, but had every thing which they commonly do not possess. He was by nature a moderate man. In that age they called such a man a trimmer, but they called him ill. Such a man does not consciously shift or purposely trim his course. He firmly believes that he is substantially consistent. "I do not wish in this house," he would say in our age, "to be a party to any extreme course. Mr. Gladstone brings forward a great many things which I cannot understand; I assure you he does. There is more in that bill of his about tobacco than he thinks; I am confident there is. Money is a serious thing, a *very* serious thing. And I am sorry to say Mr. Disraeli commits the party very much. He avows sentiments which are injudicious. I cannot go along with him, nor can Sir John. He was not taught the Catechism; I know he was not. There is a want of sound and sober religion,—and Sir John agrees with me,—which would keep from

distressing the clergy, who are very important. Great orators are very well; but, as I said, how is the revenue? And the point is, not to be led away and to be moderate, and not to go to an extreme. As soon as it seems *very* clear, then I doubt. I have been many years in parliament, and *that* is my experience." We may laugh at such speeches, but there have been plenty of them in every English parliament. A great English divine has been described as always leaving out the principle upon which his arguments rested; even if it was stated to him, he regarded it as far-fetched and extravagant. Any politician who has this temper of mind will always have many followers; and he may be nearly sure that all great measures will be passed more nearly as he wishes them to be than as great orators wish. Harley had this temper, and he enjoyed its results. He always had a certain influence over moderate Whigs when he was a Tory, and over moderate Tories when he was a Whig. Nine-tenths of men are more afraid of violence than of any thing else; and inconsistent moderation is always popular, because of all qualities it is most opposite to violence,—most likely to preserve the present safe existence.

Harley's moderation, which was influential because it was unaffected, was assisted by two powers which brilliant people despise, because in general they do not share. Harley excelled in the forms of business. There is distinct evidence that official persons preferred his management of the treasury to that of Lord Godolphin, who preceded him, or Sir R. Walpole, who succeeded him. In real judgment and substantial knowledge of affairs, there was doubtless no comparison; Godolphin was the best financier of his generation, and Walpole was the best not only of his own but of many which came after him. But the ultimate issue of business is not the part of it which most impresses the officials of a department. They understand how business is conducted better than what comes of it. The statesman who gives them no trouble,—who coincides with that which they recommend,—who thinks of the things which they think of, is more satisfactory to his mere subordinates than a real ruler, who has plans which others do not share, and whose mind is occupied by large considerations, which only a few can appreciate, and only experience can test. In his own time, both with the Tory party, and with moderate Whigs, Harley's reputation as a man of business was a means of influence which, on the same scene and in our own day, could hardly be surpassed.

But it was surpassed in his own day. In personal questions, as we have explained, the Parliament in Queen Anne's time was only a subordinate power; the court was the principal and the determining power. Now the faculty of business is but

secondary in all courts; the faculty of intrigue is the main source of real influence. To be able to manage men, to know with whom to be silent, to know with whom to say how much, to be able to drop casual observations, to have a sense of that which others mean, though they do not say,—to be aware what Lady A. is in secret planning, though she says the very opposite,—to know that Lord B. has no influence, though he seems most potent,—to know that little C. is a wire-puller, and can get you any thing, though he looks mean and though no one knows;—in a word, to understand, to feel, to be unable to help feeling, the *by-play* of life, is the principal necessity for a success in courts. It is the instinct of management which is not to be shown even in conversation, far less in writing or speculation, but yet which rules all small societies. Harley possessed it, and the obscure but potent talents of business also; and we need seek no farther explanation why he was one of the most successful men in his own time.

Harley was some sort of relative to Miss Hill (or Mrs. Masham, for she married), the rising favourite of Queen Anne's time. He was the favourite leader of all moderate Tories; and, on the whole, though not without grumblings from extreme men, the most important leader of the Tory party. He had been turned out when Bolingbroke was turned out, and he wished to return. The fly was brought to the spider. Mrs. Masham, the new favourite, asked Harley what counsel she should give the queen. He said, Turn out the Whigs; and meant, Bring *me* in.

The queen was inert, for that was her nature; and the evident popularity and the glorious success of the Whig war naturally staggered her. But the Whigs made an error. The high-church and semi-high-church party had enormous power in the nation; they had always advocated non-resistance before the revolution, and though they had taken the oaths to King William's government, they did not like to think that they were supporting a government which was conspicuously rebellious, which began in resistance to legitimate authority. Of course the fact was so. King William invaded England with Dutch troops, and was joined by English rebels; but the divine right of princes, and the duty of unconditional obedience, retained much influence over most of the clergy and over many of the laity. If the Whigs had been wise, they would have offended this powerful sentiment as little as possible. High churchmen were certainly powerful, but were necessarily inert; they had no distinct course to recommend; they *would* have done much, but they *could* do nothing. They had assented to the existing government, and though their assent might be un-

willing and ungracious, the existing government should have let them alone. The Whigs adopted the reverse course. A foolish parson expressed with unusual folly the sentiments of the great majority of his order. The Commons, at the instigation of the Whigs, actually impeached him at the bar of the Lords. In their folly they used against a pious and innocuous fool the extreme remedy which the constitution provides for the final punishment of impious and dangerous traitors. The country was in a ferment; the Tory party were active; the moderate classes were alarmed; the clergy were incensed; the Whigs became unpopular.

Harley seized the opportunity. He persuaded Mrs. Masham to persuade the queen that now was the moment to gratify her new antipathy to her old favourite; that now she should punish the Duchess of Marlborough; that now she should dismiss the Whig ministry. She did so. He came in himself, and made Bolingbroke a secretary of state, and the first member in the House of Commons.

It has been said, and is very likely, that Harley would have preferred to retain in office the quiet and moderate Whigs, and not to bring in Bolingbroke, an extreme and unquiet Tory. The Whig party, however, was compact, and held together; it must be expelled as a whole, or retained as a whole. If it had been wholly retained, Harley could not have come in; and he was therefore obliged to ally himself with the aggravated Tories, and with Bolingbroke, who had made himself their mouthpiece. It only completes the mingled character of Bolingbroke to repeat the legend of the time, that his acceptance of office was heard with gladness, not only in grave manor-houses, and by severe high churchmen, but in more unmentionable places and by more questionable persons. Some ladies of much beauty and little virtue, so runs the legend, were heard to say, "Bolingbroke is minister. He has six thousand guineas a year. Six thousand guineas, and all for us." The auspices of such a ministry were not good.

The public aspect of affairs was, however, in the most critical particular very favourable. While the French war lasted, indeed, the new ministry must be perplexed. They must either retain the Duke of Marlborough as general-in-chief, which was not pleasant, as he was the chief of the party opposed to them, and since probably Mrs. Masham did not wish it; or they must dismiss the duke in the midst of victory, and find a new general, who might be defeated. But this painful alternative was temporary only. The English nation had been sated with sieges and victories, and more than sated with taxes and with debt; it was disposed to peace. The new ministry came therefore into the en-

joyment of a great inheritance, the greatest that has ever fallen to a new ministry. France had been so reduced by Marlborough's victories that she was ready to consent to a peace which a few years before she would have thought most shameful, which a few years before we should have thought most honourable. The new ministry were to make that peace.

The preliminary difficulty soon assumed its worst shape. It became necessary to dismiss the Duke of Marlborough; and, as might be expected, the Duke of Ormond, who succeeded him, was much less successful. There was happily no great defeat, but there were minor disasters, which were magnified by the contrast with past glories. We had been used to a great exploit every year, and we were now asked to be thankful at not being defeated very much. The contrast was painful, and the necessity of making peace became greater than ever.

Up to this time Bolingbroke had been the most successful politician of his age, and almost of any age, in England. He had, it is true, no influence at court. Queen Anne distrusted him; she liked decorous men of regulated life. But, though little over thirty, he was the leader of the House of Commons; the first orator there; the second minister in the cabinet; the favourite minister of the most ardent section of his party,—a section just strengthened by an election. The fame of his oratory filled London; and the fame of his genius filled the country. Mr. Pitt excepted, no Englishman has risen so high and so rapidly under our parliamentary system. It was at this crisis that his eager nature and his life of excitement began to prepare his downfall, as they had prepared his rise.

The official management of the foreign negotiations was in the hands of Bolingbroke. Lord Dartmouth, the other secretary of state, could speak no French, and Harley, the prime minister, could speak but little; but Bolingbroke spoke it well. Harley, too, had no directing ability. He had the defects of Lord Aberdeen: he was moderate and useful and judicious. But he could not upon the spur of the moment strike out a distinct policy. Other statesmen must create before he can decide on their creations. Bolingbroke was to devise how a peace should be made.

A plain and strongheaded statesman—such a statesman as Walpole or as Palmerston—would have had little difficulty. France was most anxious to make peace; and it mattered but little for England or for Europe what were the precise conditions of it. There are occasions when a war itself does its own work, and does it better than any pacification. The Crimean war was an instance of this. That war thoroughly destroyed the prestige

of Russia, and the pernicious predominance of Russia. At the end of it, what were to be the conditions of peace was almost immaterial. The wars of Marlborough had done their work also. We had gone to war to prevent the acquisition of overbearing power by Louis XIV.; if a grandson who was devoted to him had succeeded to Spain and the Spanish empire while France was unexhausted, he would have been a despot in Europe; he would have been terrible to us as Napoleon was terrible. But nine years of continuous defeat had exhausted France, and Louis XIV. was now a vanquished and decayed old man. At his death the crown of France would pass to Louis XV., who was an infant; it was not much to be feared that the policy of France and the policy of Spain would be dangerously connected because their kings were second cousins. Possibly, indeed, Louis XV. might die, and the King of Spain might come to the throne of France. But this was a remote and contingent danger; it would have been unwise in our ancestors to lavish blood and spend treasure because a prince might die young who really lived to be extremely old. The true object of the war had been accomplished by the war itself, and the substantial task of making a peace was therefore very easy.

The accessories of the task, too, it would seem, were easy also. As we had been victorious in a first-rate war, it was right that we should be dignified in the final pacification. It was right that we should be ready, that we should even be anxious, to make peace; but, at any rate, France, who was vanquished, ought to seem equally anxious. Since, in part, the war was a war to reduce her influence over the European imagination, the manner of making peace was at least as material as the terms of it. We were principal members of a great league, and we had stirred up a part of Spain to resist the French king of Spain. We were bound to keep clear faith with our allies, and bound not to desert brave provinces who had relied principally on our protection.

Bolingbroke was too eager to perceive these plain considerations. He sent a man to Paris to ask for peace; and the French minister was so astounded that he would hardly believe the man. He owned afterwards that, when he was asked the preliminary question, "Do you want a peace?" it seemed to him like asking a lingering invalid whether he wanted to recover. He could hardly bring himself to believe that Bolingbroke's messenger was duly authorised.

The previous life of that messenger certainly was not such as to gain him credit. He was a French abbé named Gaultier, who had been a French spy, and perhaps still was so, in England. He was an acute plausible person, very fat, and not very respect-

able, and altogether as unlikely a person to be sent from a victorious nation to a defeated nation as could be imagined.

Nevertheless the Abbé Gaultier was so sent. He said to Torcy, the French minister, "Do you want a peace? I bring you the means of treating independently of the Dutch, who are unworthy of his majesty's kindness and the honour he has done them in addressing himself to them so many times to restore peace to Europe." In an ordinary alliance, such a clandestine reconciliation with the enemy, and such a secret desertion of allies, would have been plainly dishonest. There would have been little to say for it, and very few would have been willing to say that little. But the Grand Alliance was not an ordinary one. Its acute framers had perceived the difficulty of their task. They had foreseen the difficulty of retaining in firm cohesion a miscellaneous league of scattered states. They had adopted the best expedient at their disposal: they had prohibited the very commencement of exclusive negotiation by individual states. Their words are as clear as words can be. They are these: "Neutri partium fas sit, Bello semel suscepto, de Pace cum Hoste tractare nisi conjunctim et communicatis conciliis cum altera Parte." These words expressly forbid such secret missions as those of Gaultier, and were inserted expressly to forbid them.

The separate treaty with Holland was even more express: it said that "no negotiation shall be set on foot by one of the allies without the concurrence of the other; and that each ally shall continually, and from time to time, impart to the other every thing which passes in the said negotiation." And yet it was especially from Holland that Bolingbroke was anxious, by every secret disguise, and every diplomatic artifice, to conceal his negotiation. He hoped, by a separate and secret peace, to obtain commercial advantages for the English, in which the Dutch should have no share.

Even after the first mission of Gaultier had terminated, there was an intricate series of secret negotiations, in which he and Prior were employed for us, and Mesnager for the French. Prior expressly required on our behalf "that the secret should be inviolably kept till allowed by both parties to be divulged;" and the French minister wrote to Bolingbroke: "It wholly depends upon the secrecy and good use you will make of the entire confidence he testifies to the Queen of Great Britain; and the King of France extols the firmness of the Queen, and sees with great pleasure the new marks of resolution she shows." It was impossible to desert our allies more absolutely or more dishonourably. It was impossible to violate an express treaty more audaciously or more corruptly.

Nor was the secret negotiation a mere crime; it was also a

miserable blunder. Diplomacy could hardly commit a greater. There was a splendid, a nearly unexampled power of compelling France to make a good peace. There was a great coalition against her, which had always been victorious under Eugene and Marlborough; which had obtained such successes as no Englishman had imagined; which had reduced France to a pitch of shame, degradation, and weakness, that surprised her most sanguine enemies, and depressed her most sanguine friends. So long as the coalition was compact, the coalition was all-powerful. But by the mere act of commencing a separate negotiation, Bolingbroke dissolved the coalition. There could be no mutual trust after that. The principal member of the league deserted the league, and its bond was immediately disunited. We all know what would have been the consequences if England had acted thus in the last war. Suppose Lords Grey and Grenville had come in before the campaign of 1814; suppose that they had sent a secret emissary to Napoleon; suppose that they had offered a separate peace without Spain, or Austria, or Russia. We know that Napoleon would again have been a principal potentate in Europe, for the coalition which alone could extirpate him would have been dissolved.

The truth of these remarks is written on the very face of the treaty of Utrecht, and is obvious in every part of the negotiation of it. A few months before Louis had been willing to abandon Spain and to abandon his grandson. He had said, "If you can take Spain from him, take it; I will not help him." But the allies were not content. They required that Louis should compel his grandson to resign; and this he considered dishonourable. But at Utrecht it was not even proposed that Philip should abandon Spain; that the House of Bourbon should possess Spain, was a conceded and admitted principle. We had dissolved the European confederacy, and we could not hope to attain its objects.

Nor was the desertion of the other powers combined with us in the Grand Alliance our only desertion, or our worst. All these powers were states of some magnitude, and some were states of great magnitude; they would be able to go on as they had always gone on,—to shift for themselves, as they had always shifted. But we also deserted others who were not so independent. We had incited the Catalans in the north-east of Spain to resist the French king of Spain; we had promised them in express terms our support and aid; for a long time we had given them that aid. But at the peace of Utrecht we deserted them. The Catalans made a brave resistance; but a small province could do nothing against a great nation. The Catalans were soon overcome, and deprived of all their liberties.

Throughout Europe, and doubtless throughout England also, there were many murmurs against our policy. We had encouraged a brave people to rebel; we had even threatened if they did not rebel; and when they did rebel, we deserted them. If, at present, France and England were to incite the Poles to rebel against Russia, they hardly *could* desert them: the public opinion of the world is now so powerful; in Queen Anne's time public opinion could only murmur, but it did murmur. The peace of Utrecht, men said, was a base crime as well as a gross blunder.

But why, it will be asked, did Bolingbroke commit so gross a blunder? What reasons could have rendered it plausible to him. The principal answer is the principal key to his character. With many splendid gifts, he was exceedingly defective in cool and plain judgment. He failed where in all ages such men as Alcibiades have failed. Whether by nature he was much gifted with judgment, we cannot tell; the probability is that he was about as well gifted as other men. But his life was such as to render a cool judgment impossible. "His fine imagination," says Lord Chesterfield, "was often heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and almost deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals." Swift tells graphic stories of his drinking till his associates could drink no longer, and his being left at three in the morning calling for "t'other flask." Many men may lead gross lives and keep cool heads, but such are not men of Bolingbroke's temperament. A man like Walpole, or a man like Louis Napoleon, is protected by an unsensitive nature from intellectual destruction. But such a man as Bolingbroke, whose nature is warm and whose imagination is excitable, imbibes the eager poison into the very heart of his mind. Such is our protection against the possibilities of an Alcibiades. No one who has not a vivid imagination can succeed in such a career; and any man of vivid imagination that career would burn away and destroy. Cold men may be wild in life and not wild in mind. But warm and eager men, fit to be the favourites of society, and fit to be great orators, will be erratic not only in conduct but in judgment. They will see men "like trees walking."

Bolingbroke's excitement did not prevent his working. He laboured many hours and wrote many letters. He often complains of the number of hours he has been at his desk, and of the labours which were thrown upon him. But his work probably only excited him the more; for a time *vires acquirit eundo* is the law of such wild strength. In the course of the negotiations he went to Paris, became the idol of society there, and used his

social advantages efficiently for political purposes. To dazzle people more, he learned, or pretended to learn, the Spanish language, to read such diplomatic documents as were written in it. But such minor excellencies could not mend the incurable badness of a peace commenced by a surrender of the best we had to surrender, by a dissolution of our alliance. A plain strong-headed man would have left alone the accessory advantages, and succeeded in the main point. Without Spanish and without French Walpole would have made a good peace; Bolingbroke could not do so with both.

Bolingbroke, too, had a scheme, as imaginative and excited men will have. He knew that in relinquishing Spain to the House of Bourbon, he was giving the opponents of peace a great argumentative advantage. The mass of mankind, who judge by visible symbols, considered that a peace by which the king whom we had opposed should reign in Spain, and by which the king whom we had proposed did not reign there, as a gross failure. In sound argument, it was probably right for us to concede. As we have explained, the war had accomplished its own work; France was excessively weakened, and there was little fear of present danger from her. If by a possible death the crown of France should fall to the king of Spain, it would be time enough then to prevent the same person from reigning in the two kingdoms. The treaty of Utrecht provides that the same prince shall not reign in both; and, if necessary, we could go to war to enforce the treaty. The Bourbon king was popular in Spain, and was preferred by the Spaniards to any one else. It would have been hard to dislodge him. But Bolingbroke did not like to rely on these plain arguments. He hoped to make the peace popular by an appeal to our commercial jealousy, by gaining mercantile advantages for ourselves which our rivals the Dutch did not share. He obtained for us the celebrated Assiento contract, giving us the right of carrying Negro slaves to the West Indies, and also certain privileges which would have given our manufacturers great advantage in the French markets. He hoped this commercial bribe would silence the national conscience; that it would induce us to forget our treachery to our allies, our desertion of the Catalans, and the establishment of the House of Bourbon in Spain; he hoped it would make the peace popular.

He was disappointed. The reception of that peace by the nation, and especially by the Tory party, was very like the reception of Mr. Disraeli's great budget. A great secret had been long paraded of something which was to please every body; it was divulged, and it pleased nobody. Bolingbroke may himself

describe the effect that his work produced on the more moderate portion of his party:

"The whimsical or the Hanover Tories continued zealous in appearance with us till the peace was signed. I saw no people so eager for the conclusion of it. Some of them were in such haste, that they thought any peace preferable to the least delay, and omitted no instances to quicken their friends who were actors in it. As soon as the treaties were perfected and laid before the Parliament, the scheme of these gentlemen began to disclose itself entirely. Their love of the peace, like other passions, cooled by enjoyment. They grew nice about the construction of the articles, could come up to no direct approbation, and, being let into the secret of what was to happen, would not preclude themselves from the glorious advantage of rising on the ruins of their friends and of their party."

Nothing could be more natural than their conduct. The moderate Tory party, and most sensible men, wished for a satisfactory peace made in a satisfactory manner; they wished for dignity in diplomacy, and desirable results. They were disappointed. After a war which every one was proud of, we concluded a peace which no one was proud of, in a manner that every one was ashamed of.

The commercial treaties on which Bolingbroke relied, so far from helping him, were a hindrance to him. The right of taking slaves to the West Indies was indeed popular: the day for anti-slavery scruples had not commenced. But, in return for the privileges which the French gave to our manufacturers, we had given many privileges to them. We had established an approximation to free-trade, and every one was aghast. The English producer clamoured for protection, and he has seldom clamoured in vain. The commercial treaties required the consent of Parliament, and were rejected. If Bolingbroke had been a free-trader upon principle, his convictions might have consoled him. But he professed to know nothing of commerce, and did know nothing. His books are full of nonsense on such topics: he hated the City because they were Whigs, and he hated the Dutch because he had deserted them; and these were his cardinal sentiments on mercantile affairs. He speaks of "matters, such as that of commerce, which the negotiators of the peace of Utrecht could not be supposed to understand." Certainly he did not understand them. He only directed his subordinates to get out of the French as much for ourselves, and as little for the Dutch, as possible.

"Instead of gathering strength," says Bolingbroke, "either as a ministry or as a party, we grew weaker every day. The peace had been judged with reason to be the only solid foundation

whereupon we could erect a Tory system; and yet when it was made, we found ourselves at a full stand. Nay the very work, which ought to have been the basis of our strength, was in part demolished before our eyes, and we were stoned with the ruins of it."

In our time he would have been really stoned. The fierce warlike disposition of the English people would not have endured such dishonour. We may doubt if it would have endured any peace. It certainly would not have endured the best peace, unless it were made with dignity and with honesty. We should have been wildly elated by Marlborough's victories, and little in a mood to bear shame and to be guilty of desertion. The English people has been much the same for centuries. In country manor-houses, where a son had been killed for the cause which was sacrificed—in alehouses, where men were used to hear of glorious victories—in large towns, where the wrongs of injured races like the Catalans were understood—through a whole nation, which has ever been proud, brave, and honourable, a mean peace, effected by desertion, must have been abhorred. It was merely endured because it was made, and because in those days, when communication was slow, public opinion, as in America now, did not distinctly form itself till the crisis for action was over. But though for the moment endured, it was long abhorred. For very many years half our political talk was coloured by it. It was to the Tories what the coalition between Lord North and Fox was to the Whigs,—a principal operating cause in excluding them from office during fifty years.

And, what for the time was worse, the Tory ministry of the moment was disunited. "Whilst this was doing," says Bolingbroke, "Harley looked on, as if he had not been a party to all which had passed; broke now and then a jest, which savoured of the inns of court, and the bad company in which he had been bred; and on those occasions where his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely unintelligible." In reality Harley disliked his position. He had always been a moderate man, respected by moderate men; he had the reputation of a man of care and judgment, and he had thriven by that reputation. On a sudden he became a party to a disreputable peace, at which even moderate Whigs were frantic, for which even moderate Tories could not vote. That the negotiations had commenced by artifice and deceit did not horrify him much, for he was a man much given to stratagem. But he knew also that the negotiation had ended in conspicuous meanness and unpopular concessions; he felt that his reputation for judgment was weakened. All shrewd observers knew that there would soon be disunion between Harley, the old head of the moderate

Tories, and Bolingbroke, the present head of the extreme Tories. Swift, who was a very shrewd observer, and who was close at hand, knew that there was already disunion.

Before the treaties had been discussed by, and the commercial part of them rejected in, the House of Commons, Bolingbroke made another error. He left the House of Commons. Harley had been created Earl of Oxford, and he could not endure to be inferior to him. There was much delay in conferring the peerage, and he was very angry at it. He was, Oxford says, "in the utmost rage against the Treasurer, Lady Masham, and without sparing the greatest," and made "outrageous speeches." A wise friend would have observed to him that no greater kindness could have been done him than to refuse him a peerage altogether. The great but gradual revolution which was consummated in the time of Walpole was then beginning to be apparent. Before Queen Anne's time our most conspicuous statesmen had been, during the most important part of their lives, members of the House of Lords; since Queen Anne's time they have at similar periods been usually members of the House of Commons. There are several causes for this, but the principal is one on which Bolingbroke has often commented. From time immemorial the Commons have been the guardians of the public purse; and whenever the public purse was to be touched, they have always been the first body in the State. But before the revolution they were seldom wanted. They granted the king, at the commencement of his reign, an estimated revenue, which was supposed to be adequate to the estimated expenditure in time of peace. As our wealth was rapidly increasing, it was often more than sufficient. In time of war the House of Commons must be applied to; new money was needful for new expenses; but the ordinary expenditure went on every year without their being consulted or required. The expense of William's wars and Queen Anne's wars made a great change: taxation became larger than it had ever been, though very small as it seems to us now. Since that time the estimated revenue which the crown yearly enjoyed, without additional parliamentary aid, has scarcely ever been adequate to the estimated expenditure. There has yearly been a budget, and yearly a recourse to the House of Commons. The position of a minister in the House of Commons has therefore greatly risen. Nine years out of ten the nation could at present dispense with a House of Lords—though a useful it is an auxiliary power; but every year we want a House of Commons, for it has to grant funds of primary necessity. The minister who can manage the Commons, and extract from them the necessary moneys, has, then, become our most necessary minister.

The change was just beginning; for Walpole, Bolingbroke's

schoolfellow and parliamentary rival, ruled their generation by his parliamentary and financial abilities. But Bolingbroke was too eager and impetuous to foresee the action of this powerful but obscure cause. The tradition had been, that the Peers were superior to the Commons, and he adhered to this tradition. He was angry till he obtained his peerage.

Nor was he satisfied when he did obtain it. He was made a Viscount only, and Harley had been made an Earl. He could not bear to be inferior to him in any thing, especially as there was an extinct earldom in his own family. He was vexed, angry, and dissatisfied. Once he went out of town, and would attend to no business for days. He was angry too with the press. The peace of Utrecht was attacked and assailed, and it was his peace. It is true that Bolingbroke should have been able to bear literary comments, even when rather bitter. He was himself through life an unscrupulous writer, using the press without reluctance and without cessation. He was then employing Swift, the most bitter writer of libels, both political and personal, that can be conceived. He lived with Swift in intimacy, and pointed his libels. He gave him political information and ideas, and praised him when he used them so as most to hurt his adversaries. He ought to have been able to bear any thing, yet he could bear nothing. He prosecuted many more persons than it was usual to prosecute then, and far more than any who have been prosecuted since. He thought, with a continental wit, that "a press is free when government newspapers are licentious." He thought that every thing should be said for him, and that nothing should be said against him. The copyists of Alcibiades are commonly irritable, for neither their nature nor their habits teach them forbearance.

But neither Bolingbroke's disunion with his principal colleague nor the attacks of the press were his greatest danger. He was in the worst political position which can be imagined. As we have explained, the principal question of the age was a question of dynasty: after the peace with France it was the sole great question; it is in the nature of a topic so absorbing to swallow up every subject of minor interest. There were only two solutions of the problem possible. The law prescribed one, and a sort of superstition prescribed another. The Act of Settlement said that the House of Hanover was to succeed Queen Anne; the doctrine of non-resistance said that the Pretender was to succeed her. The Jacobites adhered to the doctrine of non-resistance. The Whigs adhered to the Act of Parliament. Both these parties had a definite solution of the principal topic of the hour. But between these fluctuated the great mass of the Tory party, who did not like the House of Hanover because it had no hereditary right, who did not like the Pretender because

he was a Roman Catholic. This party objected to both possible solutions: they lived in the vague hope that the Pretender might turn Protestant—that some unforeseen circumstance would intervene—that Queen Anne would last their time. For persons in a private station such a state of mind was very possible and very natural. But it was of this very party that Bolingbroke was the spokesman and the leader, and he was a minister. He could not well remain without a distinct policy. Queen Anne, though not old, was often ill. She was suspected to be, and we now know she was, very near her death. He must make a choice.

Yet which king was Bolingbroke to choose? If he chose the House of Hanover, he himself ought not to be minister. This was the Whig candidate; this was the candidate whom his party disliked—at whom they murmured—whom they declined to support. A Tory ministry which should bring in the House of Hanover was like a Derbyite ministry that should propose free-trade or reform of Parliament. It was a ministry which tried to maintain its existence by denying its party tenets. Probably in those times a Tory ministry could not have done what we have seen them do in our own time. Party spirit ran much stronger in Queen Anne's time than in ours. The political contentions of London were like the contests at a borough election now. At three o'clock on the polling day it is very difficult to change your politics and keep your character. So it was in London then. A fierce strife raged. Whig society and Tory society were separated like two hostile camps, and a deserter from one to the other was sure of contemptuous hatred from those he left, and a contemptuous patronage from those to whom he came. Bolingbroke could not do even once that which Mr. Disraeli has done twice.

Bolingbroke's enemies have been very anxious to fix on him a formed design to bring in the Pretender. He would doubtless have been very glad to do so, if he could have formed a coherent scheme. But he could not. Oxford was far too moderate and timid a man to break the law, or to plan to break it. He had himself supported the Act of Settlement. He knew that the Hanoverian succession, though not popular to the imagination of any class, was acceptable to the reason of the most thinking class. He knew that the aristocracy, the large towns, and all the cultivated part of the community, were in favour of it. He knew that, as the aristocratic classes had the command of the House of Lords, of the small boroughs, and of very many counties, as the great towns were of themselves favourable, the House of Hanover was sure of a majority in Parliament. He knew that the general vulgar, and especially the rural vulgar, who were favourable to the House of Stuart, though numerically

strong, were but weak in parliamentary representation. He was probably a party to some covert intrigues, for intrigue was intrinsically agreeable to him; but in reality he was too timid to abandon the plain and legal course for a tortuous and illegal one. Bolingbroke had, on the other hand, a constitutional predilection for violent courses, and no particular objection to an illegal course. If he could have turned out Oxford,—if he could have carried his party with him, he would certainly have contrived some scheme for proclaiming the Pretender at Queen Anne's death. But even he was not mad enough to commit himself to a definite plan before he knew that he should have the power to execute it. In the mean time "Tom Harley," the prime minister's brother, exactly expressed the position of the ministry. "We ought," he said, "to be better or worse with Hanover than we are." The case, as men saw it then, was simple. The Queen was approaching daily to the grave. The ministry in power were uncertain what to do in the event of her death. They had "no settled intention" of breaking the law, Bolingbroke tells us; but he does not venture to contend that they had a settled intention of obeying it. They were drifting to a crisis without a plan.

Nor was Bolingbroke comfortable while the Queen lived. She herself did not like him. A smaller person has never been placed by the caprice of fate amid great affairs than the "good Queen Anne." She had not, Swift says, "a sufficient stock of amity" for more than one person at a time; she was always choosing a favourite upon whom to concentrate her affections exclusively. Her comprehension was as limited as her affections. She seriously objected, it is said, to one minister for appearing before her in a tie-wig instead of a full-bottom; and even if this anecdote has been exaggerated by continual narration, it expresses the sort of objections which ruled her mind and determined her conduct. She had a strong objection to all license; decorum was a sort of morality to her, as to most great ladies; she would have been much puzzled to fix where manners ended and where morals began. Bolingbroke was license personified; and therefore she distrusted and disliked him. She did not altogether approve, either, of the peace of Utrecht. She probably did not understand the details, but she evidently understood that it was a "perplexing matter," and "not the sort of thing to which she had been accustomed under Lord Marlborough." The original strength of the Tory ministry had been in the Queen's predilection for Miss Hill, afterwards Lady Masham; Harley ruled Miss Hill, and Miss Hill ruled the Queen. But the Queen was not quite sure about Miss Hill. One of her tastes was a taste for aristocracy; and she was half ashamed of having taken a great liking to a waiting-

maid who had been placed about her. She had an old predilection also for the Duchess of Somerset, by birth the last of the Percies, whose husband was a Whig. Swift was never easy as to the effect of this friendship. He said, the "Duchess of Somerset is a proud woman, but I will pull her down;" so he libelled her, which did not make her more propitious to him or his masters. There was always a danger that the ex-waiting-maid, on whom all depended, should be discarded, as the Duchess of Marlborough had been discarded; that the Duchess of Somerset might become prime favourite in her stead; that the policy of the government, and all the persons of our rulers, should be again changed by the inexplicable caprice of a quiet old lady.

And Bolingbroke had another difficulty. The distrust of him was not confined to Queen Anne. It extended through his party, and was an inevitable result of his peculiar position. He was an eloquent man without prejudices, speaking the prejudices of men who could not speak. But the speechless client and the eloquent advocate differ in nature so much that they can never much like or well understand the other. The Tory party knew that when Bolingbroke expressed their favourable conviction, he did not himself believe a word of what he was saying. And they could not tell what he did believe. And, being for the most part regular men of middle life from the agricultural counties, they did not much like to trust as their leader a young man of loose life about town. After the peace of Utrecht, especially, he could not tell what they would think, and they could not tell what he would do. They could never have anticipated his doing any thing so mean as that, and he could never understand what disgrace there was in so obvious a diplomatic stratagem as breach of faith. In our own time, it is easy to vex Tories. You have only to ask, "What is Dizzy's next move?" Such short words would not have suited our formal ancestors. But many a courteous Whig, doubtless, asked many a Tory, "What is to be my Lord Bolingbroke's next fine stroke of policy?" and the Tory could not have known what to say. So long as Oxford was at the head of affairs, common men felt that there was still something ordinary about the government. But if Bolingbroke were to become sole minister, or chief minister, we should be subjected to the bold schemes of undiluted genius.

In this difficult position Bolingbroke showed great ability. He could not, indeed, remove its irremovable defects He could not declare for the House of Hanover; and he could not declare for the House of Stuart. He could not remove the dislike which a dull queen, and a dull party, felt for a brilliant man.

But what could be done he did. He showed great parliamentary ability, and was ever ready with wonderful eloquence. He pleased his party by a schism bill, agreeable to High Churchmen, and disagreeable to Dissenters. He obtained the favour of the waiting-maid, if he could not obtain that of the Queen, her mistress. Miss Hill (or Lady Masham, as she now was) was a sort of relation of Oxford's; and this had first brought them together. For a long time the union was firm; he gave her much counsel and some money, and she gave him much power. But Oxford had a conscience, or vestiges of a conscience, in the use of public money. He was not ready to give Miss Hill, or Miss Hill's brother, all that they wanted. Swift puts it that he was too careful of the public interest for the corruption of the time; as we should put it, he would not bribe without limit against the public interest out of the public treasury. But Bolingbroke had no scruples: he bid higher; he gave Miss Hill and "Jack Hill" all he could, and promised that they should have more if they would make him first minister and maintain him as such. He himself may tell the result: "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how our fortune banters us!" Such was the close of three years of intrigue. He had bribed the waiting-maid just when the mistress was no more.

Nor at the moment was this the worst. The Queen's distrust of Bolingbroke had lasted till her death. The white staff —the "magic wand," as Bolingbroke calls it, long disused in English politics, but then the symbol of the lord high treasurer and of the prime minister—had been taken from Oxford, but it had not been given to any one. Bolingbroke could not gain it for himself. It was arranged that the treasury should be put into commission, as it had been in King William's time, and as it always now is. Bolingbroke was to continue secretary of state, and be in fact principal minister; yet he was not to have the indefinite power of the lord-treasurer,—the mystic power of the white staff. But on her death-bed Queen Anne felt that Bolingbroke could not be trusted even so far. She was dying, and knew that she was dying. She doubtless felt it was her duty to place the administration in the hands of some one who would obey the law on her death. She did not like the family of Hanover; she had the most keen repugnance to the presence of any of them in England during her life. She could not endure to see her successor close at hand, and it probably never struck her as a matter of duty to save the country from a possible convulsion of civil war. She was a very little-minded woman, but at the same time she was a decorous woman,

and a well-meaning woman. She would not have planned or dared or wished to break the law which she had passed. As death was coming upon her, she knew that the practical premiership of Bolingbroke would endanger the security of the Act of Settlement. Of all statesmen he was least likely to obey it, and therefore most unfit to be prime minister when it was of critical importance to obey it. Obscurely, perhaps, but effectually, Queen Anne felt this. She gave the white staff to Shrewsbury, and Bolingbroke's three days of premiership were at an end.

Probably Bolingbroke felt the disaster the more that he was obliged to seem to assent to it. Shrewsbury had been acting as confidential adviser to the Queen for some time, to Bolingbroke's dismay. He knew, he said, how he stood with Oxford—that was open war; but how he stood with Shrewsbury he did not know. As soon as the Queen was despaired of, the privy council was summoned, and by ordinary rule only those summoned should attend; a ministry thus secures a privy council of chosen friends. But at this meeting two Whig dukes, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Argyle, attended, though not summoned, and by their influence the council was induced to ask the Queen to make Shrewsbury high treasurer; and Bolingbroke was obliged to assent. Neither in the nation nor at the court had he substantial influence or effectual power.

He had in truth no alternative. A frantic bishop, Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, wanted him to proclaim the Pretender. But Bolingbroke, though a hot-headed statesman, had a notion of law and a perception of obvious consequences. He was not a hot-headed divine: he knew that by law George I. must be proclaimed at once; he knew that Shrewsbury, who wielded the white staff, which every one would obey, would at once proclaim George I. He knew that he could not himself command the obedience of a watchman. All the force of government had at once passed from him, and he acquiesced in the new order of things. He assisted at the proclamation of George I.

The law had indicated the steps which should be taken in case of the Queen's death, and before her successor could be brought over from Germany. A document was produced by the Hanoverian minister, naming Lords Justices, who were to administer the government until the arrival of George I. Of these Lords Justices, Bolingbroke, of course, was not one. They were all sound Whigs, and steady friends to the House of Hanover. As Bolingbroke had for four years been wielding the force of government so as to give pain to them, they immediately began to exercise it so as to give pain to him. They

appointed Addison as their secretary; desired all documents to be addressed to him; and, though Bolingbroke was still in high office, and had at the last moment been real prime minister, they kept him waiting at their door with studied circumstances of indignity, which were much remarked on then, and which much tried his philosophy.

It would, however, have been well for Bolingbroke if mere indignities like these had been all which was in store for him, or all which he deserved. When Parliament met, zealous Whigs naturally began to murmur a good deal as to the past. Bolingbroke had ruled them hardly during his reign. His ministry had removed Marlborough from his appointments; his ministry had expelled Walpole from the House of Commons. Walpole would most likely have said that the Whig "innings" had arrived, and that the actions of their predecessors must be scrutinised. Bolingbroke for a time affected to fear nothing. Oxford went to and fro in London, and Bolingbroke followed his example. All at once he changed his policy. He appeared at the theatre in state, and took pains while there to attract attention; went home, changed his dress, and fled to France.

In truth, he was thoroughly frightened. He declared that "his blood was," he understood, "to have been the cement of a new alliance" between the moderate Tories and the Whigs. Some have traced this notion to the hints of Marlborough, but it was most likely due as much to Bolingbroke's own conscience. He knew well that the secret negotiations prior to the peace of Utrecht would not bear even fair scrutiny. He knew that they were now to be subjected to hostile scrutiny. Even from impartial judges he could only expect condemnation, and his case would now be tried by his enemies. His life, indeed, was in no danger. Neither the nation nor the party opposed to him were inclined to bloodshed; but he felt he was in danger of something. His guilty conscience magnified the possibilities of punishment; to escape them, he did exactly what was worst for his reputation; though it was as much as pleading guilty, he fled.

He was attainted as a traitor in his absence, and there may be legal doubt as to whether the attainder was deserved. That a minister who advises his sovereign to violate a treaty, and who violates it accordingly, is worthy of severe punishment, will be admitted by every one; and that Bolingbroke had done this is beyond question or dispute. But this offence does not amount to high treason, and the details of an incidental transaction as to the town of Tournay had to be pressed into the service; and it required much stretching to make these amount even to a constructive treason. But whatever might be the legal correctness or the incorrectness of the precise punish-

ment inflicted on Bolingbroke is scarcely material now. He well deserved a bill of "Pains and Penalties;" and whether he was or was not visited with the very penalty that was most suitable, does not matter much.

On Bolingbroke's arrival in France, he looked about him for awhile. He was at once solicited by the emissaries of the Pretender, but he deliberated for some time, and it would have been wiser for him to have deliberated longer. He well knew that though there was much latent Jacobite sentiment in England, there was no good material for a Jacobite rebellion. Many squires and rectors and peasants would have been glad to see the legitimate king restored; but their zeal was not very active; it belonged to the region of traditional sentiment and vague prejudice rather than to that of practical and vigorous life. The House of Hanover had the force of government and the *sense* of the country in its favour. It was in possession, and Bolingbroke was aware that the Jacobites, without trusted leaders, without organisation or arms, could not expel it from possession. He knew all this well, but his passions were too strong for his judgment; from excitability, restlessness, and rage, he joined the Pretender. He must be busy, and hoped, or half-hoped to be revenged on his enemies.

He could not, however, long agree with his new associates. The descent from actual office to imaginary office was too sudden; to many men it was pleasing to be secretary of state to a mock king, but it was very painful to one who had just been secretary to a real queen. His contempt, too, for the Irish associates of the Pretender was unbounded. He saw that they were hot-headed and ignorant men,—who knew nothing of the country which they hoped to rule,—whom that country would not endure for a day. He knew that the Roman Catholics in England were a small and unpopular body, and their aid more dangerous than their enmity. The genuine Jacobites distrusted him also. He said that they were untrustworthy because they were fools, and they said that he was untrustworthy because he was a traitor. This could not last; after a brief interval, he left the Pretender and his court: they began to slander him, and he began to speak much evil of them.

With his secession from the Jacobites Bolingbroke's active career ends. He was afterwards only an aspirant for a career. He was, after several years, permitted to return to England, and to enjoy his estate though he was an attainted traitor; but the attainder was not reversed, and while it was in force he could not take his seat in the House of Lords, or hold any office whatever. He wrote much against Walpole, but he did not turn out Walpole. On one occasion he was much mortified because Pul-

teney and the practical opponents of Walpole said that the support of his name rather weakened than strengthened them. He gave in a long memorial of suggestions to George I.; but the King said they were "bagatelles." He then fancied that he should become minister because of the support of Lady Suffolk, George II.'s mistress; but Lady Suffolk had no influence, and Queen Caroline, who had predominant influence, supported Walpole. He then hoped to be minister under the Prince of Wales, George II.'s son, and wrote a treatise on a "Patriot King" for that prince's use. But George II. outlived his son; and he was saved the mortification of seeing how little that small prince would have carried out his great ideas. Though he survived Queen Anne more than thirty years, he never after her death attained in England to a day's power. Three years of eager unwise power, and thirty-five of sickly longing and impotent regret,—such, or something like it, will ever be in this cold modern world the fate of an Alcibiades.

Art. VII.—ROBA DI ROMA.

Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. London: Chapman and Hall.

It was Chateaubriand, we think, who called Rome the second country of all the world. The phrase was one of that happy class which tell a whole story in half a dozen words; and the secret charm of Rome can hardly be expressed better than by saying, that no stranger has ever lived there without feeling a sense of home. In the first place, it is, so at least it has always seemed to us, a city without a people. We are not speaking of the vast extent of the ancient walls, which might embrace a population numbered by millions, not by thousands, but of the sort of moral separation between the city and its populace. The modern Romans have the air of being as much strangers amidst those mighty ruins as we are ourselves. The Capitol, the Colosseum, and the Forum, are as much our property as they are theirs. The story of old Rome, the legends of consuls and emperors, the doings of the world's conquerors, are better known to *us* than they are to them. The glories of mediæval Rome, St. Peter's, and the Lateran, and Santa Maria Maggiore, they are the property of the Catholic world, of the "orbis terrarum," not of the Romans themselves. Even we, who belong to another faith, seem to have an unacknowledged share in *that grand* inheritance. As to modern Rome, the Pincio and the Borghese Gardens are open to us as readily as to the *native*, and know the harsh tones of our guttural languages better

than the soft sweet accents of the Italian tongues. The pale listless Roman nobles glide about quietly in their carriages, like shadows which shun the light; the shopkeepers and "mezzo ceto" are there to minister to our comforts; and the common people form the picturesque background of the scenes that we love to gaze upon. So in Rome we foreigners, especially we of the Anglo-Saxon race, are the real masters. We attend the ceremonies, we visit the antiquities, we keep alive the Carnival, we patronise the arts, we scour the Campagna, we supply bread to the "populus Romanus;" and so every thing is arranged for our especial delectation. In any other foreign capital, an Englishman can hardly help having the sentiment that, however superior he may be to the natives in every mental and physical quality, still he does not belong to the ruling race, he is not of the upper ten thousand, to whom every thing is made to yield. But in Rome this feeling vanishes. The "forestiere Inglese" is a greater personage than the cardinal in his purple stockings, or the Principe in his palace. This state of things is not unpleasant. Occasionally some of our countrymen may manifest their satisfaction at it by vulgar pretension; but, as a rule, we take this acknowledgment of our superiority quietly and unconsciously.

Each nation, and each individual of a nation, feels the charm of this position more or less according to circumstances. But in our own experience, we should say that Americans possibly feel it most of all. They are more at home in Rome, we fancy, than in any part of the Continent. Here, in the presence of bygone antiquity, other European nations are no more venerable by age than their own. The old Romans knew of no difference between one race of barbarians and another; and men of Northern blood are all alike barbarians at Rome. There, the American, in as far as the natives recognise him as a distinct entity, is only an Englishman who dislikes other Englishmen, and spends his money somewhat more freely than the run of his compatriots. Like us, he is an honoured guest, and avails himself calmly of the advantages of the situation. Moreover, paradoxical as it may perhaps seem, the American appreciates the antiquity of Rome even more than we do ourselves. Coming as he does from a land where there is nothing older than himself, and where even the primeval forest is a poetic fiction, not an actual reality, he feels the full charm of seeing old things about him to an extent we cannot realise. Few persons, we should think, could have wandered much about Rome alone without having at times a doubt pass across their minds as to the truth of our received faith of progress. What can we do that has not been done here before? We may go on

building up our Tower of Babel, and then, when we have raised it to its height, to the grandeur of that Roman structure among whose ruins we walk, the edifice will crumble down, and another generation will begin again that Sisyphean labour, taking no warning by our example. Why, so the thought runs, should not we be wise in time? Let the world move on as best it may, we will fold our arms, and study nature which makes no progress, and beauty which never changes, and the past which lies beyond reform. Under the influence of thoughts like these, Englishmen and Americans by the score come to the Eternal City; and, weary of life's struggle in the West, loiter their years away there uselessly if not hurtfully.

To this class we are glad to say that the author of the *Roba di Roma* does not belong. To the English public he is best known as a sculptor of high fame and higher promise. The Cleopatra in her wicked beauty, and the Libyan Sibyl in her sullen grandeur, will be long remembered by every visitor at the International Exhibition. It was not so much, we think, to their innate beauty that these statues owed their success. Their popularity was rather due to the fact, that amidst a crowd of inane prettinesses and soulless graces, they bore an unwonted stamp of mind and thought. The mark of the creative power rested on them, and the public recognised it at once, as it never fails to recognise genius. To English residents at Rome, Mr. Story's name is familiar as that of the pleasantest of hosts, and the brightest of talkers. To those whose acquaintance with him is more intimate, it will be no news to say, that the sculptor is also a keen politician and ardent patriot. Even the most enthusiastic of Southern sympathisers will not respect or like Mr. Story the less for the knowledge that his long absence from home has not blunted his affection for the land of his birth, and that he is as uncompromising an advocate of the union as if he had never left his native state of Massachusetts.

We have made these remarks to show our readers that they need not fear to find the *Roba di Roma* the *dilettante* work of an Italianised American who has become so enamoured of the past as to have grown careless of the present. It is the work of a thoughtful observer who has lived long in Rome, and who, while he has learnt, as he could not fail, to love it dearly, has not grown blind to its faults and errors. Turning over the pleasant pages, we seem again to be within the walls of that wondrous city, to see again the dome of St. Peter's rising above the sea of brown tiled roofs, to watch the shadows of the clouds rolling over that vast Campagna desert, to stroll through those narrow empty streets, to drive through the oak-groves of the Borghese gardens, and to wander up and down amidst the tombs upon

the Appian Way. And the charm of the *Roba di Roma* is, that it throws so many new illustrations on the scenes we recollect so well. It tells us so much about people we know something of, and whose faces Anglo-Romans must remember so vividly in this dull colourless English life of ours. Who, for instance, does not know Beppo? At the time when these lines are written, or when they are read, supposing that event to take place from sunrise to sunset, he is at his place on the summit of the Piazza di Spagna, wriggling about the pavement on his legless stumps, and asking for alms with his commanding air. He is not a pleasant old man to our minds; and when we felt nervous, we had always an impression that his real legs were doubled under him, and that if we gave him nothing, he would spring up and garotte us. Moreover, we had a painful consciousness that he looked upon us as *parvenus*, who gave him charity only to be able to say, that we too were Romans, and knew the lions of the place. Finally, he had an unamiable way of consigning our souls to very uncomfortable localities if we did not happen to accede to his demands. Still, we look back kindly now on the memory of that graceless old reprobate, and are right glad to hear what Mr. Story has to tell us of him. We have seen him often riding into business on his jackass, which, by the way, he belabours cruelly when he is out of humour; but we did not know that he is a sort of Roman Gobseck, or Gigonnet, and unites the office of money-lender and banker to that of beggar. He has been known to lend some sixty scudi at a moment's notice; he pays rent to the Government for the platform on which he crouches and carries on his trade; he has got a wife and children; is a gentleman in his own *paese* in the *contorni* of Rome; and generally is a respectable and well-to-do citizen of the Papal city. It is some comfort to us when we reflect on all the pauls and baiocchi of ours which have gone into those capacious pockets, to learn that Beppo is not devoid of genial feelings, and that Mr. Story saw him once in his glory at a beggars' supper, where he discharged the duties of host and entertainer with due dignity and liberality.

But Beppo is only the first of the Roman beggars of whom our author has so much to tell us. The loss of a limb, an eye, or a sense, is a godsend to the *povero stroppiato*. A deformity is a stock in trade. Of all the manifold wretchedness in the eternal city, we doubt if that of the professed beggar is the greatest. He has nothing to do, he has few wants, and he can reckon confidently on receiving his small pittance. It is a mistake to suppose that the tradesmen of Rome live upon the strangers exclusively. No doubt the aristocracy of the class

frequent the *Babuino* and the *Condotti*, and the quarters where English most do congregate; but the mass are to be found in squalid by-streets and side-alleys, where scarcely one foreigner a day is to be seen. To do the Romans justice, they are a charitable people. In the poorer shops of Rome we have constantly seen beggars enter, and have rarely, if ever, seen them sent away empty-handed. Where every body is shiftless and miserable in a greater or less degree, charity is sure to be pretty universal. Then, to give the priests their due, they deal kindly with the poor. If you only go to mass, and, whatever else your sins may be, avoid the unpardonable one of liberalism, you are certain to get your sup of bread and meat at the doors of any convent you affect more especially. Except amongst the poorer mechanics, absolute want of food is, we should think, unknown. So, at least, persons who ought to know declare; and the author of the *Roba di Roma* confirms the story. The Italians, however, themselves dispute the assertion, and say that downright lack of food is not uncommon amidst the poor of Rome. Still, as far as we could learn ourselves, the former statement is substantially correct. If the people would only be quiet and satisfied, the priesthood would much prefer their being reasonably comfortable. The religious rulers of Rome do not feel unkindly towards the poor. Their wish is to do good to them, but in their own way, and their own way only. Begging is the result of the priestly government of Rome, but the indirect result, not the intentional one. As Mr. Story says:

"The restrictive policy of the Church makes itself felt every where, high and low; and by long habit the people have become indolent and supine. The splendid robes of ecclesiastical Rome have a draggled fringe of beggary and vice. . . . The government makes what use it can of the classes it *exploits* by its system; but things go on in a vicious circle. The people, kept at a standstill, become idle and poor; idleness and poverty engender vice and crime; crime fills the prisons; and the prisons afford a body of cheap slaves to the government."

But from Beppo and the beggars let us pass on to a brighter subject. The lottery is the first papal institution which attracts the notice of the newly-arrived traveller. The gaudily-painted booths with their flaunting numbers, where the tickets are dispensed, catch your eye at every street-corner. The lottery office is as universal in Rome as the gin-shop in London. It requires some courage to enter in and take a number. There is such an air of ill repute about the *Prenditorie di Lotto*, that not even the papal mitre over the doorway can give them an air of decent respectability. But even when you have overcome your British awkwardness, and have invested your scudo on a *terno della fortuna*, you always feel a doubt whether all is right, and whether

you may not have been cheated by the ticket-taker. We see that Mr. Story tells us that no ticket is valid unless it has the stamp of the central office on it. We suspect there is some error in this assertion, and that the stamp is only required before you present your ticket for payment; at any rate, we flatter ourselves it is so. It is true our numbers never happened to turn up; but still it is vexatious to think that, even if they had come out, we should not have been a baioccho richer, as our tickets certainly bore no stamp upon them. Whoever wishes to learn how he should invest his money in the papal lotteries, should consult the *Roba di Roma*, from which he will learn one sound lesson, and that is, never to despise his wife's advice, even after her death. An Englishman, it seems, whose luck in the matrimonial lottery had not been brilliant, lost his wife, to his great peace and comfort. One night his rest was disturbed by the appearance of his deceased spouse, who told him to back a certain *terno*, or series of three numbers, at the next drawing. The obstinate widower treated the supernatural counsel with foolish contempt, and was justly punished by learning that all the numbers were drawn. The following week his wife appeared again, upbraided him for his self-willed folly, and gave him a new "card" for the succeeding *estrazione*. This time the unbelieving Thomas yielded to reason; but, alas, not one of the promised numbers appeared. This mishap, however, far from shaking his faith in the miraculous character of the visit paid him from the unseen world, only confirmed him in its truth. "Taken in," he cried; "confound her, she knew me better than I knew myself. She gave me a prize the first time, because she knew I would not play it; and, having thus whet my passions, she then gave me a blank the second time, because she knew I would play it. I might have known better." If the spiritualists wish for a decisive testimony as to their theory that the character of spirits is much the same as that which they enjoyed in the flesh, we recommend them to apply to Mr. Story for the authority on which he quotes this remarkable story.

There is, we suspect, little doubt that the drawing of the lottery is substantially fair. In the first place, the monopoly is so valuable a source of revenue that no consideration of temporary gain on any one individual drawing would tempt its owners to ruin its permanent popularity by creating a suspicion that the play was not loyal. In the second place, by the law of averages, one number in the longrun is as much sought after as another, and therefore it makes very little difference to the bank what numbers turn up. The gambling tables in Germany are unquestionably fair for the same reasons; and, short-sighted as the Papal Government is, it is keen

enough to know its own interest with respect to gambling. The only suspicious feature about the system is, that no tickets can be taken after midnight on Thursday, while the drawing does not take place till noon on Saturday. The result is, that the government has thirty-six hours clear during which it can, if it likes, examine the state of the books, and discover what combination of numbers would be least unfavourable to its exchequer. However, in spite of the story about a cardinal who provided for a troublesome dependant by giving him a ticket in the lottery which *happened* to turn out a prize, Mr. Story inclines to the faith, that within the laws of a most iniquitous contract, the Papal Government plays on the square; and we are disposed to agree with him. We think, however, that he perhaps deals somewhat hard measure in his comments on the Vatican with reference to this institution. Those who believe the government of Rome to be a divine theocracy, a model illustration of the practical working of Christian principles, may doubtless feel extreme vexation at the fact that it encourages a most pernicious mode of public gambling. We, who look upon it as the lowest and most ignorant of European governments, can hardly blame it for not being wiser or better than its neighbours. The truth is, the lottery is a passion in Italy. Even Cavour was afraid, deeply as he felt its evils, to deal summarily with it. When Garibaldi entered Naples in the height of his wondrous popularity, he passed a decree abolishing the lottery within a few months' time. He found he had trusted too much in his power. The Neapolitans, passive in all else, who had seen the king depart and the dictator enter with equal indifference, could not stand the abolition of their beloved pastime. Garibaldi had to yield; and the execution of the decree was first adjourned, and then allowed to lapse unnoticed. To the very poor the lottery gives the charm of hope. After all, it is always within the bounds of possibility that a lucky ticket may make them rich for life, and they share completely the gambler's sentiments that the next best thing to playing and winning is to play and lose. We doubt whether the Papal Government has the power, even if it had the will, to remove the lotteries. The more reasonable complaint is, not that the Pope keeps up the lottery system, but that the priests, instead of urging the people to economy and industry, actually encourage them to invest their hard-earned savings in that most unpromising of speculations. The passion for this form of gambling is not confined to Italy. Lotteries are sanctioned by the government all over Austria and the South of Germany; and—a fact Mr. Story does not mention—they have been adopted of late years by the State legislatures of several of the Union

Slave States. The towns of Louisville and St. Louis and Delaware are as full of lottery offices as Rome itself; and the New York papers report their drawings regularly. The only difference between the American and the Papal lotteries is, that the drawings take place daily, or even twice a day, instead of once a week, and that the terms are even more unfavourable to the public than they are at Rome. The Saints, it is true, are not invoked to aid the choice of the gambler; but, then, in all the great American towns there are astrologers or wise women who advertise, amongst their other gifts, the power of selecting lucky numbers.

If Mr. Story be right, the Romans must be fonder of athletic games than we have given them credit for. The description of the Pallone and the Boccette reads like the narrative of an English game of football or cricket. For our own part, we should have said that the only active sport the Romans are addicted to is the Ruzzola, with which all persons who have strolled out to the gardens of the Doria Pamphili on a sunny afternoon, must have been made acquainted by ocular, if not by personal, demonstration.

"Round a circular disk of wood the player winds tightly a cord, which by a sudden cast and backward jerk of the hand he uncoils so as to send the disk whirling along the road. Outside the walls, and along all the principal avenues leading to the city, parties are constantly to be met playing this game; and oftentimes before the players are visible the disk is seen bounding round some curve to the great danger of one's legs. He whose disk whirls the furthest wins a point."

We have seen some of these *ruzzole* roll an incredible distance. To a person at all nervous about their shins it is not pleasant to run the gauntlet of a discharge of ruzzole. No doubt you can see them coming. People tell you that you can always dodge a cannon-ball when you see it bounding towards you. Having had the satisfaction of making the experiment ourselves, we much doubt the truth of this statement; and our scepticism is confirmed by the extraordinary difficulty we have found in getting out of the way of these stone missiles as they come leaping on. However, a cannon-ball follows a straight path, whereas these disks spring up and cushion off the walls, and pocket themselves in ruts, and then dart out with renewed vigour and in new directions, in a manner more easy to recollect than to describe to those who have not seen it. Still this pastime is confined almost exclusively to young men and boys. The "civis Romanus" proper diverts himself almost exclusively with games of cards, or with the "morra," where the fingers supply the absence of the devil's books. The pas-

sionate excitement with which the Romans indulge in these games creates an impression among strangers that they are a quarrelsome and savage people. Mr. Story tells us, that during his long experience in Rome he never knew but one instance of a quarrel arising out of play terminating fatally. Indeed, on this subject his reflections appear to us eminently just:

"The readiness," he says, "of the Italians to use the knife for the settlement of every dispute is generally attributed by foreigners to the passionateness of their nature; but I am inclined to believe that it also results from their entire distrust of the possibility of legal redress in the courts. Where courts are organised as they were in Naples, who but a fool would trust to them? Open tribunals where justice is impartially administered would soon check private assassinations; and were there more honest and efficient police-courts, there would be far fewer knives drawn. . . . In the half-organised society of the less civilised parts of the United States the pistol and bowie-knife are as frequent arbiters of disputes as the stiletto is among the Italians. But it would be a gross error to argue from this that the Americans are violent and passionate from nature; for among the same people in the older states, where justice is strictly and cheaply administered, the pistol and bowie-knife are almost unknown. Despotism and slavery nurse the passions of men; and wherever law is loose, or courts are venal, public justice assumes the form of private vengeance."

Before we leave this subject we cannot refrain from telling a story which happened to some friends of ours. Their party consisted of two English gentlemen with their wives, all fresh to Rome, and impressed with the true British conviction that every Italian has a stiletto always ready for use on every occasion. They had driven out to the Pamphili gardens, and wishing to walk home, dismissed their carrozzetta. A dispute arose as to the fare, and the driver began to gesticulate and shout as only Southern Italians can. At last, in a paroxysm of indignation, he plunged his hand underneath his cloak. The ladies screamed, the gentlemen sprung upon him; in a moment he was pinioned and laid upon his back. Cautiously his antagonists dragged his hand out of his bosom, and found tightly grasped in his fist the tariff-card of the Roman carriages. Of course our compatriots made all sorts of apologies, which the man could not understand, and paid him double what he had asked, an excuse which he did appreciate; and afterwards they were not so prone to fancy that every body they met was about to plunge a dagger between their shoulder-blades.

The *Roba di Roma* opens a new view of Rome. We English know it mostly in the winter months, when we are the monarchs of all we survey. But those who would see Rome

aright should see it in the summer-time, when the shops are shut during the heat of the day, and the city wakes up at sunset from its death-like stillness, and the streets are crowded with groups of people sitting before their houses, and open-air theatres are in their glory. We wish that we had space to quote the account of the games of "gatta cieca," which are played in the Piazza del Popolo, and of the people's theatre, where was performed "La grandiosa opera, intitolata il Belisario, ossia le avventure di Oreste, Ersilia, Falsierone, Selinguerro ed il terribil Gobbo." There is a rhythm about the title which our English Victorian play-bills—of "Vice and its Victim," the "Mystery of the Castle," and so on—can never attain to. Why Pasquino should be coupled in Mr. Story's book with the mimes and masks of Rome, we do not quite understand; but our author has some excellent sayings of his to quote of late origin, which are new to us, so that we willingly pardon the intrusion. During the journey which the Pope made through the Romagna, shortly before the outbreak of the Italian war, with a view of recovering his lost popularity, the following dialogue was found affixed to the mutilated statue who fathers the wit of Rome:

"Dunque il pastore se n' é andato.
Si Signore.
E chi lascia a custodire la grege?
I cani.
E chi custodisce i cani?
Il mastino."

"Therefore the shepherd is gone." "Yes, sir." "And whom does he leave to guard the flock?" "The dogs." "And who looks after the dogs?" "The mastiff."

Again, on the invasion of Naples by the Garibaldians, and of the Romagna by the Sardinians, this epigram found itself affixed one morning:

"Tutti stanno in viaggio—soldati vanno per terra—marinari vanno per mare—e preti vanno in aria."

"All are going on a journey—the soldiers are going by land—the sailors are going by sea—and priests are going into the air."

We remember two ourselves, which appeared in the spring of 1861, when the annexation of Naples had created unusual excitement in Rome. As a demonstration against the papal sway, the Romans had resolved not to enter the Corso during the Carnival, but to go out to the "Porta Pia" road to keep a merry-making of their own. The government prohibited the demonstration; and the prohibition was commented on by the following question and answer appended to Pasquino: *Quest.* "Why will not the Pope allow the Romans to go out of the city walls?" *Ans.* "Because he is afraid they will set the Cam-

pagna on fire." Shortly afterwards, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Pope's return to Rome from Gaëta, every householder received orders to illuminate in honour of the great event. Pasquin himself confirmed the injunction in these words:

"Accendete lumi e fanali
Che servon' al Papa Re ai funerali."

But, indeed, you must have lived in Italy to appreciate fully the graceful wit which underlies all Italian humour. There is a sort of grace about Italian chaff which no translation can convey. Amongst hundreds of instances, we remember one which may perhaps bear recalling. We were landing once at Cività Vecchia, and, as usual, were pestered with the boys, who act as guides to the newly-arrived stranger. Knowing by long experience the exact routine which had to be pursued at this most troublesome of ports, we rejected all offers of assistance, and made our way unguided to the different offices where permits and "lascia passare's" have to be obtained. A youth, who had singled us out as his victim, followed us with that peculiar pertinacity which only an Italian *gamin* can show. *At last*, when our wanderings were nearly over, and we were sitting on the bench of the custom-house waiting for the inspector, to whom we were to give the usual "buono mano," another lad came up and proferred his services. Our first friend rebuked him at once, saying: "Can't you see that the Signorino is a native, and that we are strangers? He knows Cività Vecchia much better than we do, and will show *us* how to get a living." The appeal was irresistible; and the lad received the reward of perseverance.

Of the more serious portions of the *Roba di Roma*, we should be disposed to give the preference to the chapter on the Ghetto. Indeed, the whole subject of the Jews in Rome is treated in an exhaustive manner. To any one who has threaded the dark alleys of this Hebrew colony *in partibus infidelium*, the following description will recall the scene like a clear marked photograph:

"Its very name is derived from the Talmud 'Ghet,' and, signifying segregation and disjunction, is opprobrious, and fitly describes the home of a people cut off from the Christian world and stamped as infamous. Stepping out from the Piazza di Pianto, we plunge at once down a narrow street into the midst of the common class of Jews. The air reeks with the peculiar frowsy smell of old woollen clothes, modified with occasional streaks or strata of garlic, while above all triumphs the foul human odour of a crowded and unclean population. The street is a succession of miserable houses, and every door opens into a dark shop. Each of these is wide open, and, within and without, sprawling on the pavement, sitting on benches and stools, stand-

ing in the street, blocking up the passages, and leaning out of the upper windows, are swarms of Jews,—fat and lean, handsome and hideous, old and young,—as thick as ants around an ant-hill. The shop-doors are dressed with old clothes and secondhand *roba* of every description. Old military suits of furbished shabbiness; forlorn silken court-dresses of a past century, with worn embroidery; napless and forlorn dress-coats, with shiny seams and flabby skirts; waistcoats of dirty damask; legs of velvet breeches;—in a word, all the cast-off riff-raff of centuries that have 'fallen from their high estate,' are dangling every where over head. Most of the men are lounging about and leaning against the lintels of the doors, or perched upon benches ranged in front of the shops. The children are rolling round in the dirt and playing with cabbage ends and stalks, and engaged in numerous and not over-clean occupations. The greater part of the women, however, are plying the weapon of their tribe, with which they have won a world-wide reputation,—the needle; and, bent closely over their work, are busy in renewing old garments and hiding rents and holes with its skilful net-work. Every body is on the look-out for customers, and as you pass down the street you are subjected to a constant fusilade of 'Pst! Pst!' from all sides."

There is something strangely appropriate in the fact that the Ghetto should be entered by the "place of wailing." The motto which Dante affixed over the entrance of Hell might, we have often thought, have been placed appropriately on the confines of the Ghetto. How human beings can dwell in such abodes of misery; and how, when the whole world is open to them, generation after generation can still linger on in a prison-house like the Ghetto, have always been mysteries we could not fathom. There must indeed be a strange charm about the Eternal City if even its Jewish pariahs cannot bear to leave it. The record of the oppressions with which the vicegerents of Christ have loaded His chosen people, from the days of the Aurelian Council to those of Pio Nono, is repeated in these pages with a damning fidelity. We have not room to relate that dismal narrative. We must confine ourselves to the enumeration of the humiliations which they undergo up to the present hour. Napoleon I. was the first to throw open the Ghetto, and to allow the Jews to engage in trade. But when the great European coalition restored the popes to power, Pius VII. rescinded forthwith the irreligious permission. Leo XII. modified the existing restrictions to some extent, and allowed the Jews to own landed property within the Ghetto, whose limits he somewhat enlarged. Pius IX., in the fervour of his spurious liberalism, exempted the Jews from the obligation of attending every Sunday a course of sermons directed against the faith of their race, and allowed the walls of their prison to be levelled. But as soon as the farce of priestly liberality was played out, the Jews were punished for the sins of the

Romans. The time had gone by for direct persecution, and so the privileges conceded to the Roman children of Israel were rendered nugatory by underhand obstructions. Within eleven years,—from 1842 to 1853,—the number of Jews in the Papal States fell from 12,700 to 9,237, a striking testimony to the beneficent rule of the pontiff-king. At the present day the Jews in Rome are prohibited from holding any civil, political, or military office; they can carry on no trade of public credit; they are not admitted to any employment on the public works provided for the relief of the poor; they can embrace no liberal profession except that of medicine, and only then on taking an oath that they will practise solely among their own people; they cannot claim relief from any of the numerous public charities which exist in the Eternal City; they cannot hold a foot of soil within the Papal dominions; they may not even rent a farm from Christians; except within the Ghetto, they cannot purchase a house, nor can they invest their money on mortgages of real estate within the walls of Rome. In civil cases their testimony is not admitted in court; and all legal acts to which they are witnesses are null and void in the eye of the law. Finally, in all domestic matters they are still subject to the jurisdiction of a branch of the holy Inquisition. On the other hand, they are subject, according to our author's statement, to various oppressive taxes.

"They are forced to pay to the surrounding parishes, as a compensation for the Christian population which might otherwise occupy the area of the Ghetto, the sum of 113 scudi annually. Being under the supervision of Catholic officials, they must also pay 205 scudi for presents to them at Christmas; and in August, 109 scudi are also exacted for apparatus and boxes for the use of the public deputations in the Carnival. A regular tax on industry and capital, now paid by 113 individuals, and varying in amount from 4 scudi to 150, is also required. 360 scudi are levied on them as salaries for the attorney, accountant, and tax-collector of the Hebrew university, who are required to be Christians and Catholics. They are taxed one *baiocco* on every pound of meat they buy. And, what is more preposterous than all, the secretary of the vicariat, who has special jurisdiction over the Jews, receives from them an obligatory stipend of 73 scudi, paid even now as compensation for the duty which formerly belonged to him of accompanying with carabineers the Jews who were forced to listen to the preaching against their religion in St. *Angelo di Pescheria.*"

The long list of cruelty which stands registered against the Papacy with respect to the Hebrew race, has found its fitting climax in the robbing of a child in arms from its mother. It is not in Rome alone that within our own days this oppression has been carried on. One of the latest acts of the Papal govern-

ment at Bologna, shortly before its overthrow, was to force the Jews in that city to return to their allotted quarters, and to prohibit under heavy penalties the employment of Christian servants in Hebrew households.

Let us turn to a gayer subject. The feature in which the *Roba di Roma* appears to excel the hundred other works, grave and gay, which have been written on this inexhaustible subject, is the knowledge displayed in it of the common Roman character. Possibly Mr. Story, born and bred as he was amidst an anxious, hard-working, serious race, like that of the New-England States, somewhat overvalues the keen physical enjoyment of life and the childlike good-humour which characterise the southern Italians. Life in that sunny climate comes easily, and the inhabitants take it as it comes. In the *Marble Faun*, Mr. Hawthorne gave, we think, the most perfect representation ever given of the ideal Italian. We do not mean that there ever was a human being like the soulless lover of Miriam, but we regard him as the incarnation of qualities which Italians possess above all other people. They are pleased with very little; and, what is more, they do not mind showing that they are pleased. The morbid speculation on an unseen future, and on abstract questions of right and wrong, which perplex our Anglo-Saxon minds, have hardly any hold on that Southern people. "Chi lo sa?" seems to them a satisfactory answer to all the metaphysical difficulties with which we trouble our hearts and brains. They are free, too, from that self-consciousness which is the curse of the English race on either side of the Atlantic. "Jests which would provoke a blow from an Anglo-Saxon, or wound and rankle in the memory for life, are taken by an Italian in good part."

But on this point we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Story's own summing-up of the Italian character, it seems to us so just and true:

"But I feel quite sure that these people are more easily pleased, contented with less, less morose and less envious of the ranks above them, than we are. They give little thought to the differences of caste, have little ambition to make fortunes, or rise out of their conditions, and are satisfied with the commonest fare, if they can get enough of it. The demon of dissatisfaction never harries them. When you speak to them, they answer with a smile, which is nowhere else to be found. . . . . They live upon nature—sympathise with it and love it; are susceptible to the least touch of beauty; are ardent if not enduring in their affections; and, unless provoked and irritated, are very peaceful and amiable. . . . We, who are of the more active and busy nations, despise them for not having that irritated discontent which urges us forward to change our condition, and we think

our ambition better than our supineness. But there is good in both. We do more, they enjoy more."

Making allowance for the inevitable inaccuracy which attends all attempts at generalisation about men or races, we believe this character of the southern Italian to be a very true one, though applying rather to the Neapolitan than to the Roman. In the Roman proper there is a vein of our Northern seriousness. Whether it be due to some infusion of Norman blood, or to that dim recollection of Rome's ancient greatness which still tinges the dreams of every true-born member of the "populus Romanus," we cannot tell, but the fact is so. This view of the Italian character is often cited by the advocates of the Papal and Neapolitan governments, to prove that on the whole the people were happy under them; happier, at any rate, than the inhabitants of better-governed countries. Now, our answer to this plea is, that in the first place, even admitting its truth, we do not allow its force. Material sensuous enjoyment is not the highest stage of human existence. Even at the risk of some loss of pleasure, it is better that men should work and struggle than that they should pass their lives in careless ease and laziness. No doubt, as civilisation and political life and moral culture spread through the Peninsula, the Italians will lose—nay, are already losing—something of their animal joyousness of nature. The loss, to our minds, is more than compensated by the gain in moral elevation and dignity. But, even if this theory be disputed, it is impossible to assert truly, that either the Bourbons or the Vatican made their subjects happy. Neither of these régimes at all resembled that of the "Roi d'Yvetot." On the contrary, they persecuted their people with oppressions, which the intensity of their enjoyment of ease and comfort made them feel all the more bitterly. The inhabitants of Rome are subject to every kind of petty annoyance and vexation on the part of their rulers. Their daily life is interfered with; their privacy is invaded; their amusements are curtailed; their property is taxed; and their persons are molested at the pleasure of a priestly aristocracy. If the Romans have preserved any thing of their gaiety of heart, it is in spite of, not by virtue of, their government. "The moment," Mr. Story remarks, "the Italians are contented, they sing; and there is no clearer proof of their discontent under the oppressions of Rome than the comparative silence of the streets in these latter days of despotism and Antonelli, Goyon, and *Company*."

No small credit is due, we think, to the author of the *Roba di Roma* for the boldness with which he speaks out his mind. A resident in Rome, and with all his interests and pursuits connected with that pleasant city, he has run, we should think,

some risk of finding that his company is no longer acceptable to the government of the Vatican. English and American residents abroad under the government of a small power, have an immense temptation to keep on good terms with the authorities. It is pleasant to be on friendly relations with the great people in the country where you live, and to be able to apply to them for the small favours a foreigner requires, with the certainty of not being refused, as long as you ask any thing in reason; and, above all, it is gratifying to distinguish yourself from the ruck of your fellow-countrymen, and to be able to assume the tone and language of "one who knows the country," to which assumption great effect is given by any appearance of intimacy with the ruling powers. To these seductions Anglo-Saxon residents in Rome are peculiarly exposed. Those who speak well of the powers that be, are certain of receiving civilities, if they desire them, from the dignitaries of the Church. It is true that no coquetting with Cardinals or Monsignori will procure entrance for a stranger into high Roman society, as the Roman nobles entertain an especial aversion to the whole convert class, political as well as theological. But then, on the other hand, except under very rare circumstances, a foreigner never does make his way into such Roman society as there is; and therefore he must perforce content himself with the company of the clerical aristocracy, if he wishes to see any thing of the social world in Rome. The abbés, and padres, and cavalieri who swarm about the *salons* of the fashionable Anglo-Roman set, will, we doubt not, look coldly on Mr. Story after the publication of this book of his. Happily, not being a subject of the paternal government, he need fear no heavier penalty than ostracism from the good graces of the Papalini. It may perhaps seem inconsistent with the received impression as to the intolerance of the Papal Government, that a gentleman should be allowed to reside quietly in Rome who writes of its rulers as Mr. Story does. This inconsistency, however, is intelligible enough to any one who understands the real way in which foreign governments regard English criticism. If the author of *Roba di Roma* had been a Roman, he would be in exile or in prison for uttering one-hundredth part of the sentiments contained in this book; if he were a Frenchman, he would be banished from the Eternal City, and the whole energies of the censorship would be directed to prohibiting the entrance of his writings into Rome. But being an American writing in English, the Vatican will probably leave him alone, with no other penalty than the refusal to sell his book at Piale's or Monaldini's. The reasons of this tolerance are threefold. In the first place, all foreign governments have a well-founded apprehension of interfering with either an Englishman or an

American. Our Anglo-Saxon race resents injuries to an individual with a corporate energy, which no other race displays under like provocation; in the second place, the custom of the English and their American cousins is too valuable to Rome for the government rashly to take any step which might drive the "forestieri" to other winter residences; lastly, it matters very little to any body except ourselves what we say or write. We are very fond of boasting of the omnipotence of English opinion on the Continent. Now the truth is, that the moral example of England has immense weight throughout Europe; but our literature and language has very small influence on any Latin race. English is little known in Rome, or indeed in any part of Italy; and the tone of the English mind is in many respects unintelligible to the Italian. A *brochure* of About's has more influence throughout southern Europe than a work like Mr. Kinglake's. English newspapers and reviews might fulminate for and against the despotisms of Rome and Naples without producing any tangible result, if other causes did not conspire to aid them. The liberty with which our writers are allowed to utter their opinions in Rome arises, not from any *feeling* of tolerance, but from a conviction that we shall do no great harm, after all.

Mr. Story describes his book as filled with *roba*, and containing, as he hopes, very little *robaccia*, which Mr. Millhouse defines to be "trash, trumpery, and stuff." That this hope is justified we need hardly say. We have to thank the *Roba di Roma* for recalling to us many pleasant days in that grand old city, which we know so well. Those to whom Rome is familiar will, we think, feel something of shame, that during their stay there they should have learnt so much less than the author of this book. The old story of "Eyes and No-eyes" will be recalled to them, we fear, somewhat forcibly. Those to whom Rome is a name only can read Mr. Story's work with the pleasing conviction, that when they have read it they will know more about the Papal city than nine Anglo-Romans out of ten. They will understand, too, something of the mysterious attraction which Rome possesses for the Northern stranger; they will sympathise with Goethe's lines:

"O wie fühl' ich in Rom mich so froh! gedenk ich der Zeiten
Da mich ein graulicher Tag hinten im Norden umfing,
Trübe der Himmel und schwer auf meine Scheitel sich senkte,
Farb- und gestaltlos die Welt um den Ermatteten lag,
Und ich über mein Ich, des unbefriedigten Geistes,
Düstre Wege zu spähn, still in Betrachtung versank,
Nun unleuchtet der Glanz des hellen Aether's die Stirne,
Phöbus rufet, der Gott, Formen und Farben hervor,
Sternhell glänzet die Nacht, sie klingt von weichen Gesängen,
Und mir leuchtet der Mond heller als nordischer Tag."

Art. VIII.—LADY MORGAN.

Lady Morgan's Memoirs; Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence. Allen and Co. 1862.

An anxiety as frivolous as that which troubled the last moments of the expiring Narcissa was the natural characteristic of one who, like Lady Morgan, had long been accustomed to the excitements of publicity, and had been fondled and flattered into an inordinate love of praise. "One would not, sure, look ugly when one's dead," is the sentiment in which, probably, all the favourites of Fortune more or less participate; and Lady Morgan, longing for posthumous celebrity, but provident rather for her intellectual than her physical attractions, attested her sensitiveness on the subject by a skilful arrangement of her "Remains," and by intrusting herself to the care of a "literary executor," upon whom she could depend for being "laid out" to the best possible advantage. If the repose of the departed depends upon the fidelity with which their wishes are fulfilled, Lady Morgan's ghost may be considered as set to rest for ever. Mr. Hepworth Dixon and the lady who shared his labours have succeeded in producing a biography, sufficiently piquant and picturesque to bring its subject once more vividly before the public eye, and to arouse critical animosities strangely disproportionate to the importance of the questions involved, or of the person against whom they were directed. Half a century ago the *Quarterly Review*, in no chivalrous temper, sounded the shrill blast of onslaught, and headed the attack upon the authoress of *France*, as the very type of all that was worthless in a writer and infamous in a woman. There is something half-ludicrous, half-melancholy in the perusal, at this distance of time, of the elaborate invective which Mr. Gifford, or some other iracund gentleman, thought it worth his while to direct against a moderately successful novelist. Authors who are disposed to murmur at the critical severity of our age, and to imagine that their lot has been cast in especially unsparing times, would do well to consult the magazines which our fathers wrote and read, and to compare "the deep damnation" of the "Revilers" of those days with the languid politeness or good-natured reticence of our own less intrepid generation. An indignant aspirant to literary fame, who appears to have suffered in the *Athenæum's* honest embrace, has lately been at the pains of collecting all the most vigorous expressions of contempt and dislike which could be culled from the pages of that periodical. The list is confessedly an imposing one; but there is nothing in the whole, we will

undertake to say, so virulent as the abuse which the *Quarterly Review* poured out successively upon each of Lady Morgan's works. Nothing is too great or too absolutely insignificant for the writer's spitefulness to criticise: all is grist that comes to his mill, and the mill grinds every thing alike into the strongest gunpowder. That Lady Morgan is an atheist, that her French is inaccurate, that her history is careless, that she drives bargains with her publisher, that she loves fine ladies and grand entertainments; that her father was an actor, and that she herself has been behind the scenes; that she quotes wicked French books, which she can, fortunately for herself, only half understand; that, in fact, she is vulgar, wicked, pretentious, ignorant, tuft-hunting, obscene, and, worst of all, Jacobinical,—such are the agreeable accusations which her assailant, in a paroxysm of hatred, pours, in ornamental confusion, upon her; and in the face of which her stories had to make their way to the really satisfactory success which they ultimately achieved. In our day a gentle echo of this obsolete abuse had sounded from more than one illustrious quarter; and a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, provoked apparently by the self-satisfied and complacent tone of the Memoirs, has devoted a great deal of superfluous diligence to the task of proving that a poor little old woman, whose vanity, pettiness, and ignorance could not have escaped the most careless observer, was neither so wise, so young, nor so attractive, as she wished mankind to believe. All this appeals to us merely "Hate's labour lost," and there is a certain want of humour in imagining that such transparent and self-evident propositions either run any risk of refutation, or need to be confirmed by additional testimony. Lady Morgan was undoubtedly a great deal of what her enemies assert: her French, Latin, and Italian are curiously incorrect and needlessly obtrusive. Her passion for great people, her greediness for popularity, her relish of the very coarsest flattery, her triumphant satisfaction in "getting on,"—all are beyond the possibility of contradiction, because she artlessly depicts them for us herself, and never for a moment asks us to take her for any thing but what she is, a shrewd, eager, rather clever woman, upon whom fortune imposed the vulgar necessity of making her bread, and whose high spirits, resolute ambition, and imperviousness to petty slights, enabled her to succeed astonishingly well in a society whose pale she over-stepped, whose prejudices she shocked, and whose jealousy she ran every risk of exciting.

The fact is, that all but the most complete characters must, unless they are to annoy and disappoint us, be taken from the proper point of view, and estimated at the worth which, by

their own professions, they implicitly set upon themselves. Lady Morgan, tried by the highest standard, is full of grievous shortcomings: her mind wanted seriousness, dignity, pathos; she was the slave of a second-rate order of success, and toiled ardently for triumphs, which persons of a better moral calibre might scarcely reckon worth their acceptance. Her taste was bad; she played at being "a wild Irish girl" long after the character had become unsuited to her years or appearance, and no doubt provoked the more sensitive of her acquaintance by ill-disguised affectation of feelings, habits, and tastes which never to the end sat naturally upon her. But all this seems scarcely worth the thunder which has been expended upon it; virtuous indignation is too valuable a commodity to be wasted upon the venial offences of a rather feeble woman, who worked very hard for rather small objects, and who never regarded herself in any other light than that of a fortunate campaigner. She was vulgar, no doubt, because the society of jovial actors, unemployed artists, crazy poetasters, broken-down managers, and miscellaneous social oddities, among whom her childhood and youth were passed, was not the best school of thoughtfulness and refinement; she used doubtful French and execrable Latin, because she had an idea, at that time much less false than at present, that fine ladies and gentlemen were in the habit of neglecting their own for foreign languages, and that in bringing them upon her stage, she was bound to do her best for them in the way of fashionable conversation. She counted her rejected admirers with a somewhat indelicate ostentation, just as she chronicles the compliments of dukes and the tea-parties of princesses, because they formed part of the grand total of success, the achievement of which was not only a pleasure but a necessity. Finally, she stickled for a good price for her works because the financial aspect of literature was the one which concerned her most nearly; and if her avidity is sometimes a little unfeminine and ungenerous, it is to be remembered that she had to deal with a publisher conspicuous for his acquaintance with all the vulgarest tricks of the trade, and capable, as the event proved, of descending in a moment of irritation to the very lowest and meanest form of revenge. Such as she was, Lady Morgan may well be left in possession of her hardly-earned niche among the inferior deities of English literature; nor will the tedious malignity of those who have carried the warfare beyond the limits of the grave induce us to forget that she won and retained the affection of a sensible and virtuous man, and that on most of the great political questions touched upon in her writings, she was as clearly in the right, as time has proved the *Quarterly* and her other antago-

nists to have been in the wrong. Many faults of taste may surely be forgiven to the writer who, in an age of fashionable intolerance, maintained, against an imposing array of Tory authorities, that the Bourbon dynasty was not the darling of the French nation, and that Irish Catholics had good reason for complaint against the tender mercies of Protestant ascendency.

Lady Morgan has been accused, among other delinquencies, of introducing into actual narration the imaginary element with which, as a novelist, she was of course most accustomed to deal; and it is probable that the charge is less groundless than some of those which have been brought against her. The first part of her biography, at any rate, which she herself prepared, is characterised by a marked straining after effect, and by a preference of picturesque considerations to the claims of literal accuracy. Few writers of fiction have, when translated to the domain of history, been able to resist the temptation to effective rather than accurate writing; and in our days there has been at least one notorious example of a writer, of whose good faith no suspicion was entertained, being betrayed by the mere habit of professional inventiveness into a gross and culpable inaccuracy, deeply affecting the character of *living* persons. Such cases may warn us to take an indulgent view of the "scenic" character of a novelist's autobiography, and to accept Lady Morgan's declared hostility to dates as a warning that the picture which she is drawing of herself is valuable rather for its artistic interest than for the minute exactness of its delineations.

The curtain rises upon a scene of Christmas joviality, in the midst of which the entertainer, Robert Owenson, is suddenly called away, and returns presently with the news of "*the birth* of a dear little Irish girl,—the very thing I have always wished for;" an announcement which was hailed with half-suppressed cheers, festive toasts, and a resolution on the part of the guests to reassemble that day month for the young lady's christening feast. On the day appointed a motley crew of tragedians, Dominican friars, Huntingdonian missionaries, dramatic critics, wits, barristers, improvisatori, good fellows all, *assembled* for the ceremony. Sydney Owenson, the heroine of the occasion, was brought in for the admiration of the guests, and her *health* drunk and her success foretold in the classical toast of "Fogh hau foh!" *i. e.* "Wait awhile."

In the next scene we have a queer, decrepit, "leathern conveniency," the Portarlington post-coach, tottering crazily up Fishamble Street, through the oldest quarter of "*the ancient* ould city of Dublin." This imposing vehicle carries the destinies of the Owenson family; for Sydney, her mother, *and her*

sister, together with a couple of maids, are stowed away in the interior. Presently they come to a halt before a ponderous gate, and a gaunt figure, armed with a lantern, appears to do the honours of the occasion. "Och, you're welcome, marram, to the great music-hall! and ten thousand welcomes to the childre. I am Pat Brennan, plaise yer honour, the man about the place from the beginning of time and before. Shure here's the masther; long life to him!" "The masther" forthwith endeavours to liberate his family, and nearly shakes the carriage to pieces in his vain endeavours to open the door: the maids scream, and the proprietor comes to the rescue with the consolatory explanation, "Don't be affeard, Mrs. Owenson; it's only this divil of a door that takes the staggers sometimes." Then Mr. Owenson leads the way to the scene, as he fondly hoped, of his future theatrical success. Over quivering planks, through mountains of sawdust and chips, over yawning pits, amid the dimly-descried forms of busy workmen, the party pick their way "through the cavernous entrance before them into a vast space, with an atmosphere of dust and smoke; while every species of noise and clatter and sounds uncouth, the fall of hammers, the grinding of saws, the screwing of wheels, 'the crash of matter and the fall of worlds,' reverberate on every side." Gradually they make out the shadowy outline of the destined theatre, and find a welcome fire blazing in what is hereafter to be the green-room of the establishment. "My dear Jenny," says the proud master of the house, "in this room Handel gave his first concert, when the stupid English had not the taste to encourage him in London." "Papa," asks Sydney, her mind fairly engrossed by the hammering and sawing around her, "was Handel a carpenter?" "Sydney," replies her mother, "don't talk, but mind where you tread. There! you have nearly fallen into a paint-pot, and spoilt your beautiful new cardinal." Out of this room opens a mysterious door, from which Owenson turns away: "That's the 'Death Chamber,' marram," suggests the garrulous Pat Brennan, eager to show the place off to the fullest advantage, "where the flure gave way while Napper Tandy was making his grand speech; and hundreds and thousands, aye more, of the citizens of Dublin were murthered and killed." The lady's shudder at the tragedy is scarcely over, when her nerves are again tried by an enormous cat, which springs across her path. "That," says the officious Pat, "is one of the wild cats the place is full of, *with stings in their tails!* Aye, but indeed, marram, and it's thrue: but only for them we could not live with the *rots*." Pat's inconvenient communicativeness is speedily checked by his employer; and the tired travellers in course of time are

duly fed and got to bed. The truth of part of his description, however, is attested by one of the maids waking up the other in the night with screams of, "Are ye awake, Mrs. Molly? the *rots* are dragging the bed from under me!"

It was in this strange half-dismantled tenement that Mr. Owenson attempted the most important of a series of theatrical adventures. For a while all promised well, and a course of patriotic dramas attracted a numerous and enthusiastic audience. Money, however, came but slowly in, and a patent granted by the Government to another manager induced Mr. Owenson to accept a compromise for the loss sustained, and to embark in a commercial speculation as a wine-merchant. The theatre was accordingly cleared of its "properties," and the Muse of tragedy beat an indignant retreat before gas-lights, stoves, clerks' desks, and a great many hogsheads of excellent claret; a change which Mrs. Owenson, a gentle Puritan, and so averse to dramatic entertainments, seems heartily to have approved. "Her greatest anxiety," says Lady Morgan, "was for the education of her little girls, and her next for the salvation of mankind, through the influence of the Countess of Huntingdon." The two little maidens speedily showed symptoms of precocious ability, and of a resolute disinclination to conform to the fashionable curriculum of decorous childhood. Mrs. Owenson tried in vain to fan the flame of Sydney's diligence by the tradition of a model child who had read the Bible twice through before she was five years old, and knitted all the stockings worn by the coachman. Both Sydney and Olivia took but slowly to their books, and found a far more congenial employment in mimicking every person who came near them, from the hairdresser who attended their father to the tribe of little chimney-sweeps who lived on the other side of the street. Before long Sydney became capable of appreciating the picturesque irregularity of the life which her parents led. Her father, himself the child of a runaway couple, had been brought to London by a rich connoisseur, on account of his rare musical promise, had run through a series of adventures, had acted and sung on the stage with considerable *éclat*, and had succeeded in persuading the daughter of a very serious family to elope with him. He was not, however, cured by matrimony of his theatrical aspirations and other worldly tendencies, upon which his bride fondly hoped that he had turned his back for ever; and the guests who found their way to his table, and the rude merriment which frequently prevailed at it, were alike surprising and distasteful to the orderly, grave, and well-educated young Englishwoman. The transient sunshine of Mr. Owenson's prosperity warmed a brood

of Irish cousins into inconvenient activity. "Poor kinsmen from Connaught" came to petition for bed and board while they urged their imaginary claims upon some under-secretary's under-secretary within the sacred precincts of the Castle. Now it was a half-starved Jesuit priest, to whom Mr. Owenson had not the heart to refuse a refuge; now a Huntingdonian emissary, whose orthodoxy earned him many a good repast; now a clever reckless boy-poet, who had ever and anon to be started afresh upon some new scheme of fortune-hunting. Upon one occasion a parson drives up, with a green bag under his arm, and plunges forthwith into a violent altercation with his post-boy, who runs after him holding a sixpence contemptuously between his finger and thumb:

"Is it with a tester you put me off? And I come from Stoney Batter wid ye, and that is worth the bould thirteen any day of the year; and you a parson, reverend sir!" The new arrival, however, is obdurate, produces his pipes from the green bag, and, Orpheus-like, proceeds to charm his attendant into admiring acquiescence. Presently a crowd collects, Mrs. Owenson in horror summons him inside the house, and there learns that he has been dismissed from his cure for piping his congregation ("just my own clerk and Mrs. Mulligan and her daughter, relapsed Protestants") out of church on Sunday morning; and that his present destination is to teach Mr. Owenson to perform on the pipes for a mythological drama, one of the chief features of which is a musical contest between Midas and Pan.

Out of so many clergymen, it was but natural that controversy should arise. Religious polemics frequently raged high, and Mrs. Owenson presided, as a sort of feminine Pope, over the discussions of her guests. Before long, however, Lady Huntingdon's representative earned a summary dismissal. He was one of that comfortable tribe whose consciences lie near their stomachs, and who prefer,

"no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without."

"One day, to my father's infinite disgust, the reverend gourmand drew from his pocket a bottle of some very fine sauce, which, after pouring a little over his turbot, he recorked and consigned again to his side-pocket. My father took no notice at the time, but when he was gone, he said to my mother, 'Jenny, my dear, I'll be d—d if that canting cousin of yours ever puts his feet under my mahogany again.' And he never did."

The clerical element, however, was often relieved by guests of a very different, and, to Mrs. Owenson's taste, of a far less

congenial description. Giordani, the composer of cavatinas, arrived in Ireland to superintend an opera, and was constantly at a house where he could rely upon a hearty welcome and a good pianoforte. Dr. Fisher, the great violinist, on his return from the court of Frederick the Great, took Dublin in the course of a musical tour, and hailed Mr. Owenson with the familiarity of an old friend.

"A foreign valet in showy livery, bearing a magnificent violin-case in crimson and gold, which he deposited in the middle of the room, was followed by the entrance of the great professor, who stepped in on tip-toe, dressed in a brown silk camlet coat lined with scarlet silk, illustrated with brilliant buttons, and a powdered and perfumed *toupée*, so elevated as to divide his little person almost in two. His nether dress was fastened at the knees with diamond buttons, and the atmosphere of the room was filled with perfume from his person. He kissed my father on either cheek, and my mother's hand with such fervour, that she was left in doubt whether the gallantry were profane or indecent."

While Sydney and her sister were still children this amusing circle was broken up by Mrs. Owenson's death. The house was let, and the two little girls were sent to a famous Huguenot school, kept by Madame Terson, at Clontarf, near Dublin, at this time the resort of many of the best Irish families. Here every thing was conducted with a severe and classical good breeding; French was the habitual language; and Madame Terson, "tall, dark, and more conciliatory in her speech than her looks," endeavoured, so far as the difference of religion allowed, to assimilate her rules to the discipline of St. Cyr. Here the Owensons remained, very happy and moderately industrious, till Madame Terson's failing health broke up the school, and they were transferred to Dublin to complete their education. Meanwhile their father was gradually sinking into embarrassment. Fortune did not smile upon his theatrical undertakings, and before long the condition of his affairs made it expedient for him to leave the scene of his misfortunes, and retire to the south. Hereupon Sydney became his correspondent, and her letters are excellently graphic, tender, and humorous, and, to our taste, among the most agreeable of her writings. Here is a description of the annoyances and humiliations to which their straitened circumstances reduced them. The landlady, it appears, had given a polite warning; the musicseller had come to claim his pianoforte; Molly, the loyal maid-servant, had flown to arms on behalf of her young mistresses.

"Well, when all was quiet, we all sat down and had a *good cry*, and in the midst of all this, Monsieur Fontaine drove up in his new

carriage, going to the Castle, where he has been appointed master of the ceremonies; well, poor darling old gentleman, I thought he was going to cry with us (for we told him every thing), instead of which, however, he threw up the window and cried out, 'Montez donc, Martin mon fils, avec votre petit violon!' and up comes Martin, more ugly and absurd than ever, with his little 'kit;' and what does dear old Fontaine do, but put us in a circle that we might dance a *chassez à la ronde*, saying, 'Egayez-vous, mes enfans, il n'y a que ça;' and only think, there we were; the next moment we were all of us—Molly, Martin, and Monsieur included—dancing away to the tune, 'What a beau your granny is' (the only one that Martin can play), and we were all laughing ready to die, until Livy gave Molly, who was in the way, a kick behind: she fell upon Martin, who fell upon his father, who fell upon me—and there we were, all sprawling like a pack of cards, and laughing; and then, dear papa, Fontaine sent off Martin in the carriage to the confectioner's in Grafton Street, for some ices and biscuits, so that we had quite a feast, and no time to think or be sorrowful. Well, *pour comble*, M. Fontaine, before he went away, showed us a card of invitation from the Countess O'Haggerty for that evening, '*pour M. Fontaine et ses amis*,' music and recitation by M. Tessier; and he had really come to say he would take Bessie and ourselves there, but that our crying had put it out of his head, and that they would come for us at eight o'clock, and that we must put on our best *toilette*. So Molly shook out our school dancing dresses, which, as you know we did not take them with us to Kilkenny, looked quite fresh when they were ironed; and then, dear papa, away we went at eight o'clock, sure enough, to Stephen's Green."

Sydney, however, was spirited, industrious, and instinctively conscious of power. She soon saw that money was to be had for working, succeeded in overcoming her father's pride, and, after one or two vain essays, in providing herself with a situation as a governess in the family of the Featherstones, of Brackin Castle. Upon this new stage she made her first appearance in altogether unprecedented guise. Her friends in Dublin resolved that she should have a cheerful departure, and the benevolent M. Fontaine got up a "*petit bal d'adieu*" in her honour. Sydney arrayed herself in a muslin frock and pink silk stockings and shoes; and as the mail started from the end of the street, the faithful Molly was intrusted with a change of raiment, so as to avoid the loss of precious moments. Time flew unheeded by, and suddenly, while Sydney was "dancing down 'Money in both pockets' with a very nice young man," is heard the twang of the guard's horn outside; the festivities are abruptly closed, and Sydney, wrapped up in Molly's long cloak, is scuffled, pink shoes and all, into the interior of the coach. On the road she contrives to lose her luggage, and so has to greet her employers in the costume

of the night before. The castle was a fine one: a party of ladies, muffled up in carriage-dresses, stood round the fire, the children tittered, and the master of the house glared in angry surprise at so unwonted an apparition. Presently all was explained, and Sydney's Irish songs and jig-dancing speedily established her in the affections of her future pupils. Here every thing went well, and every body except Mr. Owenson was well content; he, however, could ill brook his daughter's dependent position, and she herself had other schemes of greatness in view. Her first story, *St. Clair*, was already complete, and she resolved to put her fortune to the test, and lose or gain all by an attempt at publication. Slipping by stealth out of her employer's house in Dublin, she carried her precious Ms. in fear and trembling to one of the dispensers of literary fame, and heard nothing more of it till, months afterward, she happened to take up a novel lying on a friend's table, and was agreeably astonished to find it her own. An enterprising translator afterwards republished it in German, with the piquant addition that the authoress "had strangled herself with an embroidered cambric handkerchief in a fit of despair and disappointed love."

No young lady was ever in less danger of so tragical an end; Sydney was not unversed in the arts of fascination, and records, with a somewhat unpleasing serenity, the sufferings which several of her admirers underwent on her behalf; but no feeling beyond a feminine vanity had as yet been touched, and a bundle of sentimental effusions, touching "the very privatest of men's affairs," were stowed away by their business-like proprietress, and labelled with the prosaic endorsement, "Youth, Love, and Folly, from the meridian of sweet fifteen to the freezing-point of matrimony." One of her adorers was turned to practical account in copying out the illegible manuscript of a new novel, *The Novice of St. Dominic*, and with this Miss Owenson set off for London, put it into the hands of Sir R. Phillips, who undertook the publication of the book on condition of its being cut down from six volumes to four. Sydney returned in triumph to her father, now residing in Londonderry, busied herself with the composition of another tale, *The Wild Irish Girl*, and appears to have frightened the more decorous of her acquaintance by a too ready acceptance of the homage which a number of male enthusiasts were already eager to pay her. Phillips was full of compliments and anxious for the forthcoming story; and Sydney, with creditable shrewdness, resolved to make the most of his admiration. "Dear, bewitching, and deluding siren," he writes, "not able to part with you, I have promised your noble and magnanimous friend the three hundred pounds: his appeal was irresistible,

and the Wild Irish Girl is mine to do with her as I please." Grounded partly on the wrongs of her country, partly on a flirtation of her own, in the course of which a son and father were rivals in her affections—this story achieved considerable popularity; and "Glorvina," the name of the heroine, became the sobriquet by which Miss Owenson was known among her friends. She was now in a position which made her a welcome guest at her relatives' houses: her mother's family were delighted to fête her in England; while Sir Maltby Crofton, with whom, on the paternal side, she was connected, invited her to his residence, and gave her an insight into that rude, jovial, half-civilised hospitality, which had not at this time completely died out from the more old-fashioned of Irish country houses. The incongruities of style and behaviour, the contrasts of splendour and meanness, the footmen with gaudy liveries and bare feet, the mincing pronunciation with which provincial beauties tried to conceal the brogue, the rigid maintenance of rural etiquette and family precedence,—all seemed delightfully humorous to Sydney's observant eye, and were worked up at a later period of her life, in *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties*, into one of the most amusing sketches which ever proceeded from her pen. The dead uniformity of modern civilisation is the common complaint of all who wish to make it the subject of artistic treatment; and a spirited novelist would naturally pounce with alacrity upon such a mine of wealth as the comical eccentricities of the "ladies of Bog Moy," and the honours of the "Jug Day." Genuine provincialism is always worth preservation in an age whose centralising tendencies are rapidly sweeping away all the local characteristics which give society its picturesque effect; and the Miss MacTaafs and their guests have far too much racy individuality to be allowed to perish with the herd of monotonous commonplaces. The arrival of a cask of claret from a "cousin in Bordeaux" is the signal for the county magnates to assemble, and for the representatives of the chiefships of Connemara and Tar Connaught to leave their mountain-nooks, and descend in full family dignity upon the scene of action. The Miss MacTaafs, conscious of the duties and the rights of hospitality, sail about with their hands in the depths of their capacious pockets, and levy the traditional contributions upon their neighbours and tenants—tributary poultry and fish; "trout from Lough Corrib, butcher's meat from St. Grellan, whisky from every still in the barony, fine linen from the recesses of many an ancient chest, and mould-candles prepared expressly for the occasion by Grannie-my-Joyce." As the time draws on, pipers and harpers and nondescript itinerants swarm up the paths and crowd upon the lawn; guests arrive

as tide and road permit, some sailing across the creek of Boy Moy, some on saddle or pillion, some in low-backed cars, upon which, for state and comfort, a feather-bed and counterpane have been arranged. The fallen roof of "the 'ould with-drawing-room" has not been restored; the floor of the new one, not yet laid down, is occupied by the green-crowned cask, in honour of which the feast is given, and the arriving company is received in "the best bedrome" of the establishment. "Weary on the smoke!" exclaims Miss MacTaaf, as each new puff from the rarely-used chimney involves herself and her visitors in a murkier cloud, and clans of distant cousins as they flock in are almost lost to view. Good spirits, however, prevail; conversation waxes loud and cheerful; the ladies divest themselves of their rough capotes and petticoats, and blaze forth in French silks and Brussels lace; the raciest brogue is issuing from a hundred rosy lips, when the *maître d'hôtel* announces that "dinner is dished," and desires the first gentleman to "lade out Lady O'Flaherty of Limon Field, who, I believe, now the Moycullens are not to the fore, is the greatest lady in the county." Then the feast begins. Miss MacTaaf salutes her friends with, "Much good may it do ye all!" jorums of punch steam on the capacious hearth; through an open door the cask of claret is artistically disclosed; and the hostess keeps the festivity in due course with such expostulations as, "Jeames, is it on the Persia carpet ye lave them dishes? what are the cheers for, man?" or such requests as, "Might we take the liberty of throubling you, Meejor, for a song; maybe you'd favour us with 'Molly Astore'?" At last the cloth is removed, "Jeames" announces that "the tay is wet, and the griddle-cake and sally-lunn buttered and sarved:" Miss MacTaaf gives "the King," and retires with the guests; and the gentlemen, after despatching the punch, find their way at midnight to the ball upstairs. Then follow jigs and country dances, for those whose brains and legs permit it; Miss MacTaaf warms into a minuet. A supper, plentiful and boisterous as the dinner, succeeds; and at last the morning sun rises on the ruins of the claret-cask, and the departing guests celebrating its last honours in "a raking pot of tay."

Neither festivity, however, nor compliments sufficed to turn Miss Owenson from the serious business of her life, and her father's embarrassments afforded her increasing anxiety. His home was broken up; and her sister Olivia was fortunate enough to find first a comfortable place as governess, and next an excellent husband in Dr. Clarke, a rising physician, and at this time a Dublin celebrity. Sydney, of less equable temperament and loftier aspirations, busied herself with the manufac-

ture of a new story, with the splendid festivities of Kilkenny Castle, with cementing the friendship of several noble personages, and by conducting to a disastrous close a somewhat hazardous flirtation with a gentleman, whom herself afterwards dockets as "Sir Charles Montague Ormsby, Bart., one of the most brilliant wits, determined *roués*, agreeable persons, and ugliest men of his day." Her new book, *Ida of Athens*, bore signs of the hurry, excitement, and dissipation amid which it had been composed; and Lady Charleville, now one of the authoress's fast friends, upbraided alike the questionable delicacy of some passages, and the verbal incorrectness which deformed the whole. Sydney, however, had a more magnificent prize in view than any which had hitherto fallen within the scope of her ambition. Lord Abercorn, the finest gentleman of his own and perhaps any other day, had been pleased with her stories, approved of her appearance, and proposed that she should come to Baron's Court, and make herself generally useful to the marchioness and himself. The offer had its temptations, for the establishment was one of more than princely splendour. His lordship carried all the caprices of wealth and the pride of birth to a point at which magnificence was almost merged in absurdity. He regarded the mass of mankind with contemptuous indifference; and the arrangements of his household implied the conviction that marquises are something very different from the clay out of which ordinary mortals are moulded. "The groom of the chambers had orders to fumigate the rooms he occupied after liveried-servants had been in them; and the chamber-maids were not allowed to touch his bed except with white kid-gloves. He himself always dressed *en grande tenue*, and never sat down at table except in his blue ribbon with the Star and Garter." He had been a bold and somewhat unfortunate lover, and was at this time living, upon terms of somewhat unconjugal politeness, with his third wife. Lady Abercorn was as fanciful, capricious, and self-centred as the partner of such a man had a right to be; and Sydney might well hesitate before she exchanged the enjoyable independence of her Dublin life for the splendid slavery, probable neglect, and certain humiliations, which such a position seemed necessarily to involve. Her employers, however, seem to have done their utmost to lighten the self-imposed yoke; and though the splendour of all around her dwarfed her own career into painful insignificance, and though there were vexations to be put up with, and dulness to be endured with a smiling face, Miss Owenson appears upon the whole to have enjoyed the novelty of her position and the prodigal splendour of her patrons. Here, among other notable persons, she met the future Lady Melbourne,

and seems to have received from that unhappy sentimentalist a great many curious confidences as to her character, her temptations, and her wrongs. A more important friendship was that of Dr. Morgan, family physician to the Abercorns, a man of very versatile powers, considerable professional reputation, and the courageous champion of liberal opinions too advanced to be at all fashionable. On the first occasion of their meeting, Miss Owenson was suddenly announced, and the doctor, in a fit of modesty, jumped out of a window to escape her; a very few interviews, however, sufficed to let bashfulness give way to admiration, and Sydney was soon called upon to decide whether the solid merits of her new admirer, and the advantages which would attend such an alliance, were to be set against the somewhat uncongenial sobriety of his character, and the necessary abandonment of other more brilliant flirtations. She found it easier to admire than to love. "Even in this circle," she writes, "where all is acquirement and accomplishment, it is confessed that his versatility of talent is unrivalled. There is scarcely any art or science which he has not cultivated with success, and the resources of his mind and memory are exhaustless. His manners are too English to be popular with the Irish; and though he is reckoned a handsome man, it is not the style of thing I should select, it is too indicative of goodness; a little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him." Such qualified admiration promised a stormy courtship, and a chapter in the Biography, entitled "the Cup and the Lip," gives a graphic account, by no means very creditable to Miss Owenson's good sense or right feeling, of the troubled waters through which the ill-sorted lovers arrived at last in the safe haven of matrimony. Sydney, anxious to remain as long as possible in possession of her liberty, postponed the moment of Dr. Morgan's bliss by a visit to her father in Dublin; and as Lady Abercorn refused to part with her physician, we have an amusing cross-fire of amatory epistles, the gentleman complaining of levity, heartlessness, and indiscretion, the lady apologising for her delay on the ground of filial devotedness. "Do not," he writes, "think me cruel in reminding you that you have lost one husband by flirting, and that that makes me feel it is just possible you may drive another mad. I cannot, I will not, give you to the amusements of Dublin. . . . Cultivate the latent feelings of the heart; learn to distrust the imagination, and to despise and quit the world before the world leaves you. How, dearest, will you otherwise bear the hour when, no longer young, lovely, and *agaçante*, you will see the great ones lay aside their plaything and forget their companion, who can no longer give them pleasure? Fly, then, to me betimes."

Glorvina, meanwhile, in the midst of a round of Dublin gaieties, was quite unmoved, and had no thoughts of a speedy return. "I don't send you a kiss to-day," she writes; "I am tired of the diurnal act. . . . . Indeed, you have behaved *very ill* of late, and talked like a fool very often; but I forgive; lay by your nervousness, and get some common sense." The doctor, however, gets more and more frightened lest his prize should escape him. He dates his letters, "Du Chemin de Cerbère à la Porte d'Enfer," and runs over the whole gamut of conjugal expostulations, in hopes of winning back the stray bird from her flight. "I shall write but a short letter to-day," he says, "and that is the better for you, dear, as I am thoroughly displeased at your cold, calculating, most truly unamiable epistle." Here he is in a more cheerful mood: "You are a pretty pair of Paddies, you and your sister. Only see how you enclosed your letter for me to Lord Abercorn, without seal or direction. Judge of my consternation when Lord A. gave it me at breakfast, premising that he had read three sides of it under the supposition it was for him, till he came quite at the end to 'my dear Morgan,' which rather surprised him. In good truth, the letter is so much like the General Epistle of St. Jude, that it would do for any church. Well, the gods take care of Cato." Sydney defends herself with spirit, urges her father's illness, her "urgent private affairs," and a great many equally good and equally unsatisfactory excuses for her prolonged absenteeism. "I am not half such a little rascal as you suppose; the best feelings only have detained me from you; and feelings better than the best will bring me back. . . . . Now, *coûte qui coûte*, no more dolorous letters; *à quoi bon?*—if I were not to marry you, it would be because I loved you too well to involve you in difficulties and distress. If I do marry you (and, like Solus, 'I'm pretty sure I shall be married'), I will make you the dearest, best, and funniest little wife in the world." Weeks passed away; the amœbæan strain rose and fell, now querulously intense, now gently expostulative, now forgivingly tender; and at last, Sydney had stretched her wings long enough, and began to think of a descent to earth. Early in 1812 she made her way back to the Priory, and found her present employers and her future lord equally iracund at her behaviour; she found an empty carriage awaiting her, the marquis stately, the marchioness stiff, and Dr. Morgan alone open to conviction as to the reasonableness of her delay. Fear was rapidly extinguishing the feeble spark of love, and the destined bride was meditating a second flight, when Lady Abercorn very sensibly brought the matter to a close. "Glorvina," she said, coming suddenly into the room where Miss

Owenson was sitting in a morning wrapper by the fire, "come up stairs directly, and be married; there must be no more trifling!" Upstairs the chaplain and the bridegroom were in readiness, and Dr. (now Sir Charles) Morgan was enabled in a few minutes to believe himself a completely happy man.

It was not likely that a marriage thus preluded should be without its occasional difficulties, or that the process of mutual assimilation, always more or less necessary, should be either easy, speedy, or tranquil. A quiet, thoughtful, and feeling man who stakes his happiness upon the caprices of a giddy authoress deserves success for his courage; and the Morgans' sky, though sometimes overcast, was upon the whole a bright one. Lady Abercorn busied herself in arrangements for the bride and bridegroom's comfort: a suite of rooms was fitted up, and well-stored with books, music, &c., for their residence, and a large amount of independence accorded to them. "Here, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' we live all day, and do not join the family till dinner-time; and as *chacun à son goût* is the order here, when we are weary of argand lamps and a gallery a hundred feet long, in the evening, we retire to our own snuggery, where, very often, some of the others come to drink coffee with us. As to me, I am *every* inch a *wife*, and so ends that brilliant thing that was Glorvina."

Not all the kindness of their patrons, however, could relieve the growing irksomeness of their position: "We are dying to be in our own shabby little house, and are tired of solitary splendour and the eternal representation of high life." After some hesitation, Sir Charles resolved upon practising in Dublin, and a little abode was accordingly provided in Kildare Street. Here Sir Charles devoted himself to a treatise on physiology, and his wife to a new Irish novel, *The O'Donnel*, a useful repository of local peculiarities, but scarcely well-enough written or dramatically conceived to commend it to the attention of readers not specially interested in the curious phases of society which it professes to delineate. In 1816 the Morgans joined in the general rush of English to the Continent; and Sydney had an opportunity of indulging her propensities as lion-hunter to the full. In particular, she made acquaintance with Lafayette and Madame de Genlis, now living in semi-religious retirement, and the object, of course, of unbounded curiosity to the adventurous "Glorvina."

The two ladies, however, do not appear to have passed the barriers of ceremonious politeness; but with Madame Patterson Bonaparte, the discarded wife of Napoleon's youngest brother, Lady Morgan became thoroughly intimate, and received from her a number of amusing letters, of gossip, complaint, Paris

fashions, English scandal, and genuinely American adulation "The most agreeable thing you could do for your friends," says this eulogistic lady, "would be to return as quickly as possible. The French admire you more than any one who has appeared since the battle of Waterloo in the form of an English woman. . . Every one talks of the work you are to publish, and great expectations are formed from it." Amid such agreeable encouragements Lady Morgan completed her preparation for another public appearance; and in the summer of 1817 Mr. Colburn announced to her that her *France* was launched into the book-market with all due splendour of advertising puff. Paris had been so long a closed world, and Lady Morgan had invaded such remote and contrasting sections of Parisian society, that all classes alike were interested in hearing her descriptions, and in finding therein topics either for assent, deprecation, or invective. It was now that the *Quarterly* launched its fiercest thunders at a writer whose sympathies were hostile to its own; who could profanely question the popularity of the restored *régime*, and who was vulgar enough to form literary engagements by the month! Lady Morgan bore up courageously against an attack almost too violent to be really injurious, and enjoyed the legitimate revenge of gibbeting an ideally malicious and unprincipled critic, taken by the public for her *Quarterly* assailant, in one of her most successful stories, *Florence Macarthy*, which she shortly afterwards intrusted to Mr. Colburn for publication. It is easy to trace throughout its pages the experience of life with which Lady Morgan's residence with the Abercorns and her travels in Ireland had enriched her imagination. The painting is somewhat coarse and extravagant, but the characters are full of vigour and animation. There are fine ladies and gentlemen, such as Sydney must often have studied, in silent derision, amid the tedious magnificence of the Priory. The silly sentimental affectation of Lady Dunore, the *blasé* circle which surround her, the jocose hanging judge, the local antiquarian full of enthusiasm for the traditional masters of the soil, the Tipperary car-driver coming up to the window, after a more than ordinarily rude jolt, with the suggestion: "Yez would not have such a thing as a crooked nail about ye, plaze yer honours?" or apostrophising the road, "Why then the curse of the devil on ye, Longford Pass, I pray Jasus—for you've jolted the very life out of me, so you have"—the whole tribe of the "creatures of Castle,"—the vulgar upstart high sheriff, the bragging major, the villanous barrister, "prompt, pert, and shameless, and ever on the look-out for an electioneering job,"—all have a touch of nature about them; and if the portraiture sinks sometimes to the level of caricature, it is be-

cause the authoress is too much in earnest to be perfectly artistic. Nothing can be funnier than Mr. Commissioner Crawley haranguing his family on the secret of success, and checking his youngest son's poetical aspirations by the inculcation of shrewd practical worldliness.

"What is it you're writing there in them short lines, Conway Townshend? Is it rhymes? Why, then, I wish you'd lave off with your poethry and your gianius: mind my words, Con dear; your gianius will play you a dirty trick yet, for sorrow good gianius ever did for man or baste. What was it brought the country into jeopardy, and bull-veasied the Government in the year '82? Why, gianius. What was it that set the world wild with the Irish volunteers, the free trade, and the Catholic Bill, and Counsellor Curran; ould Lord Charlemont, with his statutes, and his pictures, and his popularity; and Mr. Grattan, with his people and his Irish eloquence! Why, wasn't it gianius? Och, sir, times is changed since then, since a man should talk eloquence and pathretism, and all that gally-my-jaw, as the French call it, to get on in the world."

"Galimathias," lisped Miss Crawley.

"Well, gally-matchaw, then; and not all as one as now, Con, when a man has only to follow his nose, and walk into place or pension, just by sticking to the main chance. Och, sir, the Irish bar is another thing since them days. Tell me, Con dear, is it independence will get you a silk gown? Will gianius make you first counsel to the commissioners, with your eight thousand a-year for doing nothing at all at all? Will it make you a deputy remembrancer, with your neat four thousand, which is the true remembrancer? Or would gianius, poethry, and pathretism, with the aristocracy at their head (that is, barring the Union lords), get you at this moment to be one of the thirty-one county-sessions chairmen, all made since the year eighty-nine, for the encouragement of the rising young barristers, or even a magistrate of police, or a seneschal of the Dublin liberties, or a missionary to explore disturbed districts? Troth and faith, they wouldn't! And could do more this day myself for you than the whole boiling of them, in respect to pushing you up the stick, Con, at the bar; that's if you'll lave off bothering us with your poethry."

The success of *France*, in despite of its critics, tempted Colburn to make another venture in the same direction. He suggested that Sir Charles and his lady should make a tour in Italy, and that the one should contribute political and scientific observations, while the other depicted nature, art, and society. Armed with a smattering of Italian and a number of good introductions, the travellers set forth, and at Florence fell in with Tom Moore, who sent at once for Sir Charles to consult him about a lame leg. After the consultation ensued a philosophical discussion, and Moore, hardly pressed, began to cry for mercy. "Oh, Morgan," he said; "talk no more: consider

my immortal soul." "D—n your soul," replied Sir Charles impatiently; "attend to my argument."

From Florence the Morgans proceeded to Turin and Milan; and Sydney had the satisfaction of recounting a number of illustrious hosts who lent her their villas, put their carriages at her disposal, and gave dinners in her honour. The description of scenery with which all the world is now familiar, and of social celebrities about whom nobody is any longer interested, is only redeemed from tediousness by a vivacious style and the good-natured complacency with which the whole is told. Italy, so Lady Morgan resolved to think, and that her friends should think, smiled upon her: the most exclusive cliques welcomed her to their courtly festivities; ex-princesses kept a place of honour for her in their courts; cardinals offered her a seat in their scarlet coaches; learned colleges turned out to receive her husband and herself. For some weeks they resided on the shores of Lake Como, busy with the forthcoming volume, and enjoying a sort of idyllic existence, for which previous dissipation had no doubt thoroughly prepared them.

"Morgan is making great progress on the guitar. I think it would amuse you to witness the life we lead here. We rise early, and as our house is a perfect smother, we open the blinds (the sashes are never shut), and paradise bursts on us with a sun and sky that you never dreamt of in your philosophy. We breakfast under our arcade of vines, and the table covered with peaches and nectarines, while the fish literally pop their heads out of the lake to be fed, though Morgan, like a traitor, takes them by hundreds. Except you saw him in a yellow muslin gown and straw hat, on the lake of Como, you have no idea of human felicity."

Even now, however, the charms of retirement were soon exhausted, and the proximity of several agreeable young ladies made Lady Morgan determine upon a rural entertainment.

"By way of amusing the sweet girls, who are shut up in the loveliest but most solitary site, I announced a party in my vineyard; and there were the Kings, and my Austrian commandant, and some of his officers and Spanish guitars, and a little band of music and fireworks, provided by the young signori of my host's family; there was tea, and cakes, and all sorts of things laid on the terrace by the lake; and Mrs. Lock's boat approached in view, and the heavens looked transcendently bright, when, lo! up rose one of the lake hurricanes, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled; tea, cakes, and fireworks were carried into the air; and poor Mrs. Lock, after tossing for five hours in a boat, which at every moment threatened to be overset, was too happy to land at midnight, two miles off, at a wretched little village, and pass the night at a cabaret, or miserable public-house. So much for my Como news."

In the autumn of 1820 the Morgans returned to Dublin, and in June of the next year the volume on Italy appeared simultaneously in Paris and London. Sydney, while collecting materials for a biography of Salvator Rosa, about whom her Italian tour had rendered her enthusiastic, found time for a vigorous correspondence with a great many proscribed Italians, with whom her known liberal sympathies had brought her into contact, and who always found her ready with advice and assistance. She had, too, a certain Mr. Maturin, a broken-down clerical tragedian, upon her hands, for whom Sir Charles succeeded in raising a public subscription. The first use to which the gift was put was to give a fine reception. Furniture was scarce indeed, but at one end of the room a theatrical canopy of velvet was erected, and here Mrs. Maturin received her guests. Once, after this lady's confinement, Lady Morgan called to inquire. "Plaze, my lady," the maid replied, "my masther says, 'My angel is better, but my cherub has flown.'" "A piece of luck," it is sagaciously added, "for the cherub."

Much of Lady Morgan's time was now devoted to collecting materials illustrative of the times of Salvator Rosa; and Colburn, it was settled, was to have the publication of the work. But her inventive vein was by no means exhausted, and the most effective of all her romances was still to come. *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties* presented a tableau of Irish society more picturesque than decorous; and Lady Morgan herself felt some alarm lest she had trifled too much with the susceptibilities of a fastidious age. Upon this she consulted Lady Cloncurry, an authority in such matters, and had her doubts soon laid to rest. Lady Cloncurry assured her that her picture erred upon the side of tameness, and fell far short of the times which it professed to depict.

"Under the lieutenancy of Lord Hardwicke and the commencement of the Duke of Richmond's, there were in the Castle circle a *posse* of titled women of bold reputation, who had the uncontrolled sway in every thing. These ladies introduced a kind of savage dance, or rather romp, called 'Cutchakutchoo;' this was performed by the parties squatting themselves on the floor, both their arms underneath their legs, and changing places with their partners as well as they could in such a posture. In short, the Dublin court of that period was like the manners described in Grammont's Memoirs."

In 1825 Lady Morgan began to keep a diary; and it is upon entries in this that her biographers have relied for the latter portion of their task. It is characterised by the same shrewdness, piquancy, enjoyment of fun, and craving after success that breathe throughout the rest of her writings. A day seems to have been lost in which there is not some lord to be seen,

some good dinner to be devoured, or some fulsome flattery to chronicle. Political injustice alone seems to rouse her into real seriousness of mind; and her comments upon the agitation against Catholic emancipation, and the stormy meetings to which, in 1828, this question gave rise, contrast agreeably with the laborious frivolities which for the most part made up the round of her existence. Nor did the latter portion of her literary career run with entire smoothness. In 1830 she produced a second work on France, free from many of the vulgarities and imperfections of its predecessor, and bearing all the marks of mature thought and enlarged experience. Colburn, however, showed but little of his accustomed alacrity with regard to the publication, and protested that several of Lady Morgan's recent works had been financial failures. The quarrel waxed hot; author and publisher alike were resolved: another publisher was rash enough to undertake the risk. *France*, unaided by friendly notices and glowing puffs, fell flat in the market; and Mr. Colburn ensured its ruin by announcing that he had refused the publication, and that all Lady Morgan's former works were to be sold at half-price. Lady Morgan was undaunted at the symptoms of decreasing popularity, and had the satisfaction at a later period of knowing that Colburn repented of his manœuvre, as beyond the limits of civilised literary warfare. Meanwhile her journal shows no symptoms of flagging spirits, or doubt as to the real permanence of her literary success. It is as amusing probably as any mere chronicle of festivities can be made; but the splendour of the *dramatis personæ* does not reconcile us to the poverty of the play, or to the strange absence of every thing serious, solemn, or pathetic. Some of her theatrical acquaintance were the most entertaining.

"Talking with Pasta the other day, I cross-questioned her about her diet. I said, 'I remember, one night, being with you in your dressing-room when you had just come off the stage in your highest-wrought scene (the quartetta *Come o Nimè*), your woman had a bit of cold roast beef ready to put into your mouth, and some porter.'

'Ah si,' was her reply, 'mais je ne prends plus la viande—et pour le porter, I take it half-and-half.' This bit of London slang, from the lips of Medea, and in her sweet broken English, had the oddest effect imaginable."

In 1837 the Morgans removed to London, and Sydney enjoyed the full benefit of a more complete diversity, and a more enlarged field of action than a city like Dublin could bring within her reach; and till 1843, when Sir Charles's death occurred, her career, as depicted by herself, seems to have been as fidgety, active, and pretentious as the most insatiable ambition

could desire. Her pen still flowed with its accustomed ease; but it became impossible even for her egregious vanity not to perceive that her fame was already far past its meridian, the fashionable taste for her writings on the wane, and the magnificent sums which Mr. Colburn's courageous prodigality had once brought within her reach no longer obtainable. Two years before she became a widow, she paid a visit to Germany, and received in that country the due amount of aristocratic lionising; but no eager publishers petitioned for the copyright of her journal; and no chronicle of the tour, except in private letters, is presented to us. On the other hand, several of the Irish grievances, which gave interest and importance to her earlier novels, had been swept away, and the public enthusiasm on the subject had died down to a point at which it became almost hopeless to turn her peculiar vein of humour and familiarity with national and local customs to any good account.

As the shadows close in upon her, the real deficiencies of Lady Morgan's character begin to stand out with very disagreeable distinctness. Conclusions are proverbially difficult; and to bring a career of studied juvenility to a graceful ending is no doubt beyond the reach of all but the favoured few, whose tact and delicacy enable them to pass triumphantly through the most perplexing embarrassments. Lady Morgan, at any rate, was unequal to a task which required higher powers than her own, and a different attitude of mind from that which she had so long piqued herself upon maintaining. She had not the stability, the calmness, or the sober self-possession, necessary for meeting the grave realities which necessarily mark the close of the most sunshiny existence. The latter portion of her journal contains little but the half-querulous record of relations and friends cut off, of lessening powers, of darkening prospects, and of her own inability to bear up against the deprivations and to meet the exigencies of advanced old age. With one foot in the grave, she still sticks to her rouge, her parties, and her pen, and with almost dying lips chronicles the compliments which good-natured companions or condescending aristocrats thought it worth their while to pay her. Her chief feeling about life seems to have been regret that a world in which such pretty speeches were made, and such excellent prices given, should not be ours for ever; and even the passionate vehemence with which she laments her husband and her sister had little about it of the "divine mystery of sorrow," through which the noblest of our species have had to make their pilgrimage towards ultimate perfection. Into such an atmosphere of elevated thoughtfulness she had neither the ability nor the wish to rise. "She never,"

says her biographer, "needed either privacy or repose;" and having lived in a whirl, and drunk deep of the sickening cup of flattery, she found herself unable alike to keep up the dismal farce of eternal youth, or to retire with dignity from the stage where she could shine no longer. Those natural, moderate, and lawful "regrets of life," described with so much feeling delicacy in the pages of a contemporary a week or two ago, are something very different from the desperate clutching after the pleasures of existence, as one by one years steal them from us, or the half-frantic endeavour to ignore those solemn aspects of our position, as a dying race, of which Nature, as the end approaches, forbids Levity itself to be any longer forgetful. There is something absolutely ghastly in the merriment that would fain prolong itself when the true materials for mirth have passed away.

"So I reel on," Lady Morgan writes, some years before her death; "the world is my gin or opium; I take it for a few hours per diem,—excitement, intoxication, absence. I return to my desolate home, and 'awaken to all the horrors of sobriety.' My impressionableness of spirits, my debility of body, my sight dim from nervousness, my heart palpitating at the least movement; and yet I am accounted the 'agreeable rattle of the great ladies' coterie,' and I talk *pas mal* to many clever men all day."

It would be difficult, we think, to draw a less agreeable picture, or to see the gray hairs, which are properly a crown of honour, less honourably circumstanced. Old age has its beauties, no less than youth and manhood; but they are beauties of a grave, chastened, and melancholy order; and the attempt to transfer to one period of life the habits, language, and sentiments of another is as misjudged as the anile fatuity which is occasionally to be seen forcing the ravages of time upon our notice by the contrast of school-girl graces and juvenile attire. Life has a mysterious awe, tragic mysteries, unspoken suffering, a "thousand natural pangs" which it is foolish to attempt to throw into the background of any portion of a human career, and to which, as death approaches, it seems almost profanity to refuse the first place in our thoughts. Compliments, coquetry, good stories, and comic songs, are excellent material for an idle hour, and take their lawful place amid the lesser solaces of fatigue or gloom. But they shock us when carried, as in the present instance, up to the very edge of the grave; and Lady Morgan's admirers will prefer to turn aside from her veteran foibles, and to think of her as a courageous and independent worker who had the good sense to perceive and the honesty to attack political grievances, which

the mass of her contemporaries were bent upon maintaining; and who allowed neither the excitement of social success nor the virulence of hostile criticism, to tempt her into deserting the patriotic cause in its difficult advance against the firmly compacted barrier of political pride and religious intolerance.

Art. IX.—EARLY HISTORY OF MESSIANIC IDEAS.

Des Doctrines religieuses des Juifs pendant les deux siècles antérieurs à l'ère chrétienne. Par Michel Nicolas. Paris, 1860.

Essais de Philosophie et d'Histoire religieuse. Par Michel Nicolas. Paris, 1863.

Die jüdische Apokalyptik in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwickelung. Von Dr. A. Hilgenfeld. Jena, 1857.

Handbuch der Einleitung der Apokryphen. Von Dr. Gustav Volkmar. Tübingen, 1860.

Abhandlung über Entstehung und Werth der Sibyllischen Bücher. Von Heinrich Ewald. Göttingen, 1858.

The distance at which Christianity stands from Judaism at the present hour might well surprise us, if we measured their affinity by what they hold in common. With two-thirds of their sacred history accepted by both, with the whole of the canonical literature of the one maintained in authority by the other, with the same consecrated list of patriarchs, poets, and prophets, and the very glow and pathos of their piety resorting to the same words, they yet exhibit an apparently ineffaceable contrast of inward genius. This fact becomes the more striking the nearer we place ourselves to the incunabula of Christendom, and the more closely we scrutinise its external filiation. These two religions furnish the strongest antitheses of human thought and feeling,—law and love,—letter and spirit,—the claims of an old birth and need of a new birth,—the promise of this world to a nation and that of another to every human soul; and the precision with which every thing is formulated in the casuistry of the synagogue reverses the free life of faith and conscience which forms the saintly ideal of the Church. The vitality of Judaism displays itself in an unchangeable persistency, gazing out of the same eyes on an ever-varying world: that of Christianity in an inexhaustible susceptibility to fresh lights of truth and goodness, enabling it to appropriate what is best in the civilisation of every age. And yet these two faiths no Roman of the first century could distinguish from each

other: the same law protected, or the same edict proscribed, both: the tumult that expelled the Rabbi did not spare the Apostle: and had some philosophic civilian listened to their polemic in the proseucha of Philippi or Thessalonica, he would have heard them start from the same assumptions, appeal to the same traditions, quote the same Scriptures, and vie with each other in reverence for the same names. The whole difference arose from two causes scarcely appreciable in their earliest action: the personal characteristics of Christ's divine humanity, and the Pauline doctrine of a heavenly and universal Redeemer. In these is contained the living essence of the new religion: and their intense power cannot be adequately estimated till we fully picture to ourselves the original identity, which they have so absolutely destroyed, between the Hebrew and the Christian ideas.

It is no wonder that the religion of Christ, now that its genius has distinctly opened itself out, should appear to us to make quite a new beginning in the world; should stand detached, as a sudden apparition, from the common history even of the nation in which it arose, and seem scarcely to touch the earth except as the theatre of its manifestation. This illusion, due to our distance, could not be shared by the first witnesses who lived across the dividing time of the old world and the new, and occupied the very scene of the transition. They, accordingly, linked their fresh allegiance closely with their national birthright: if they accepted the gospel, it was in obedience to the law: they followed Jesus of Nazareth, because the prophecies must be fulfilled; nor were they surprised at his call, for they were looking for some such "consolation to Israel." In its earliest aspect Christianity was no new or universal religion: Judaism had found the person of its Messiah, but else remained the same. Had the first two gospels and the book of Revelation been the only monuments of the primitive age, no other view than this, which makes the New Testament simply the last chapter of the Old, would have been represented in our Scriptures: and it is by no means clear that, within the first generation, "the Twelve" and their disciples ever withdrew from the synagogue, or regarded the church as more than its supplement and ally. It was impossible, however, permanently to shut up and paralyse the spiritual power of Christ's personality within the narrow formulas of Jewish tradition and expectation. His words contained the germs, his life the image, his entrance into a higher world the consummation of the purest and widest human faith; and could not fail to speak home to many a spirit already sighing for such deliverance and repose. Hence arose a reaction against the Hebrew Chris-

tianity; beginning with Stephen, systematised by Paul, and urged to its extreme in Marcion's final breach with the Old Testament. In his attempt to unfold the independent religious elements of the gospel, and to vindicate their sufficiency, he committed the error of speculative minds, and disowned the Past: he was not content with cutting the thread which united new and old, but set up in absolute opposition the spiritual stages which were really continuous. The Church had enough of historical feeling to condemn this Gnostic extreme, and of catholicity to rise above the other Jewish one; and settled into the compromise which has continued ever since, and may be stated thus: Christ fulfils the Law and the Prophets, inasmuch as they look towards him, and he bounds their view. Christ destroys the Law and the Prophets, inasmuch as he supersedes by transcending them; and they, having no significance but as preludes to him, retire on his appearing. It is not true, as the Marcionites say, that they came from a bad god, he from the Good: there is one divineness in them all. Neither is it true, as the Ebionites say, that he was sent only to usher in the triumph of the Law, and publish the Old Testament *religion* among mankind: on the contrary, he is the end, they the instrument; and when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part is done away.

The good sense of this verdict, regarded as a practical solution, cannot be denied. It saves the main truth of both the extremes: reserving supreme authority for the specialties of the new dispensation, without displacing the sanctity of the old. The connexion between the two, however, is represented as exclusively supernatural: it is sought for, not on earth, but in heaven;—in the scheme and economy of God, not as ruling, but as overruling, the course of human affairs. The sequence of the new upon the old is in no degree that of natural growth, but purely that of artificially created correspondency,—antitype to type,—realisation to prediction. Through the national drama of Hebrew history, the Divine purpose always had regard to the final scene: but that scene was not wrought out by the inner movement of the piece: it was subjoined by detached volition; and its time, its mode, its character, were any thing rather than results of the antecedent conditions, and were determined in unexpected ways by special creative power turning the tides of tendency. So long as God was quite set apart from the world, and supposed to act *upon* it rather than *in and through* the courses of its life, the divine connexion of the two *religions* could be represented in no other way. The theory was also favoured by the chasm that lay between Malachi and Matthew, —the blank leaves that rendered it impossible to read on from

the Old Testament to the New, and compelled them to stand aloof as the memorials of two economies. The more, however, we see of the divine method in the physical and moral universe, the less disposed are we to rest in the idea of sudden leaps of change, with no transition except in the mind of God; and the stronger do we find the presumption that the seeming breaks in the line of facts are but lacunæ in our knowledge. There could not in reality be that abyss of religious pause which makes a darkness to our eye between the last of the prophets and the Baptist's "voice in the wilderness:" the period which was illustrated by the Maccabean heroism, which gave rise to the Jewish sects, which planted the Jewish colonies and taught them Greek, which made the free synagogues of Alexandria as powerful as the priests and temple at Jerusalem, could not be unfruitful of spiritual change: and were it possible to find the intermediate links, the method as well as the fact of a divine connexion might become apparent between the Old and New. How rich a mine of elucidation for the Christian Scriptures is contained in the Rabbinical literature, the labours of Lightfoot and Schoettgen already proved. But the illustrative value of the Hebrew annotators depends greatly upon the time when they lived; and, in the uncertainty prevailing on this point, the relation between analogous Jewish and Christian ideas could not disclose its full significance. Of late years research has been directed upon other memorials, more ample and distinct, of religious belief in Palestine during the two pre-Christian centuries. The genius of the nation did not slumber during that period; and among the writings it produced, a sufficient number have been preserved to mark certain lines of continuous change of thought from the prophetic to the apostolic age. Some of these writings, though by no means the most important, are found in the Apocrypha; others are accessible only to the learned, and are still the subject among them of many a keen discussion; but, without pre-judgment of questions fairly open, enough is determinately known to throw great light on the early forms of Christian conception.

Whoever can read the New Testament with a fresh eye must be struck with the prominence every where of the Messianic idea. It seems to be the ideal framework of the whole—of history, parable, dialogue; of Pauline reasoning; of Apocalyptic visions. "Art thou he that should come?" this question gives the ideal standard by which, on all hands,—on the part of disciples, relations, enemies, of Saul the persecutor and Paul the apostle,—the person and pretensions of Christ are tried. His birth, his acts, his sufferings, are so disposed as to "fulfil what was spoken" by the prophets: so that the whole program

of his life would seem to have preëxisted in the national imagination. Yet when we turn back to the Old Testament for the sources of this preconception, no image with any clear outline is any where to be found: at most, only broken lights and the uncertain semblance of a feature here and there present themselves, like a landscape or a battle-scene construed out of evening clouds: nor is the disappointment ever more complete than when we look up in their context the very passages said to be "fulfilled," and feel the difference between their natural and their "non-natural" sense. This first impression, which even the attentive English reader can hardly fail to receive, is deepened with increasing insight into the true genius of the Hebrew poets and prophets: so that, except under constraint of fancied theological obligation, no eminent biblical scholar can find in the Old Testament the personal Agent who appears in the New. The contrast between the ancient text in its original breadth and ease, and the strained evangelical interpretation, implies a long intermediate history; it attests the gradual formation of the Messianic idea by stages which brought it into more and more determinate shape, till at last scarce a trace remained of its original germ. This process of growth is no longer matter of conjecture; we have fortunately the means of tracing it through the last century and a half before our era.

It is vain to look for any defined Messianic expectation till after the return from the Captivity. The earlier prophets uttered such warnings and promises as an intense faith in the moral government of God dictated and justified; foreboding national calamities from national sins; announcing copious blessings on due faithfulness; and interpreting the vicissitudes of their world by the light of the Divine Righteousness. In the prophets of the exile, speaking to a people captive and broken, this faith, subdued to plaintiveness and penitence for the present, could only throw itself for relief into the future; the momentary humiliation, treated as a purifying discipline, gave a brighter glow to the dream of restoration; and as the sufferings of the commonwealth went back to the fatal division of the kingdom, to reverse them would be to reinstate the glories of an earlier time,—to send David or his like again. When the state had been reconstituted, first under Zerubbábel, then under Nehemiah and Ezra, and still presented but the shadow of its ancient greatness, the vision reluctantly moved a little forward; and though Zachariah looked for its realisation in his own contemporary chief, we find the latest prophet, *Malachi*, still looking for a better future. In all this, there is simply the forecast of faith in a living Providence, operating under the limitations of national experience. The isolated monotheism

of the Jews, planted in the midst of hostile religions, led them to feel themselves under exceptional "covenant" with God, and narrowed their conception of a Divine rule over men to that of a family theocracy. But here, nevertheless, had begun that belief in a "kingdom of God," which, infinitely deep and true in itself, can expand as the horizon of thought enlarges, and consecrate, not a people only, but a world.

It is not till two centuries and a half later that we next meet with this Messianic doctrine; and in the book of Daniel find it developed into a form distinct and new. Its substance, its scenery, its language, though working up some of the materials from the elder prophets, are essentially unlike any thing we have encountered before. For the dithyrambic fervour of the old "men of God," we have the cold artifices of the interpreting scribe: for the conditional denunciations and encouragements of a moral faith, the absolute predictions of a clairvoyant: for patriotic passion, bounded by the view of home relations, a critical reckoning of the series of great empires in the world: parallel with the terrestrial scene we have a counterpart play of nameable angels in the sphere above: and we are introduced to symbolic monsters, and chronological riddles, and questionable visions, which imply a conception of revelation materially changed. The change is the more important, because in all these particulars the book has become the archetype of several later productions; and its characteristic phraseology,—especially the term "Son of Man,"—has passed into the New Testament with a permanent doctrinal significance.

The evidence that this book was produced as late as about the years 167-164 B.C. is of the simplest kind. Five separate visions, which pass under review, wholly or in part, the succession of heathen empires in the world, all converge upon the same terminus, viz. the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, and then immediately introduce the Messianic reign. Every thing within the historical series is of definite outline; every personage can be identified with tolerable certainty; every leading event recognised under its mystic disguise; every calculation approximately made out. Thus far, the author, it is plain, saw what he describes laid out clearly beneath his eye. But after this, he passes instantly into an indeterminate cloud, and can tell us nothing, except that an everlasting kingdom shall be given to the saints of the Most High. Where this phenomenon appears, of perfect historical precision up to a certain date, with absolute indistinctness beyond, we must infer, till some positive counter-evidence is produced, that the author lived at the point of junction between his knowledge and his ignorance, and deli-

vers to us his *vaticinia post eventum*. Is there, then, any counter-evidence to check this conclusion in the present case? Of a critical kind, absolutely none. Daniel himself is a mythical personage, unknown to history. The name is absent from the list of worthies and prophets of Israel given (B.C. 200-180) by Jesus, son of Sirach (c. xlix.); and though it occurs in two passages in Ezekiel (xiv. 14-20, xxviii. 3), it there belongs, as Hitzig remarks,* to some other hero of earlier tradition. That we should have been left thus to learn from himself the existence of a prophet who uttered predictions for seventy years, and won honours from the Babylonian and Persian monarchs, is intrinsically incredible; and at all events deprives us of answer to the internal indications of date and authorship. The only possible reply is theological,—that the New Testament appeals to the book as Daniel's, and as prophetic. True: but in the same breath the New Testament identifies the siege of Jerusalem and the Messianic end of the world, and so limits its own authority as interpreter, whether of the future or of the past.

The method and meaning of the writer are relieved of all serious ambiguity by his repetition of the same matter *in different forms*. Twice (in chapters ii. and vii.) he brings before us the four dominions which fill up his picture of foreign history,—the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, the Macedonian; under the symbol, first, of the composite image with (1) golden head, (2) silver breast and arms, (3) body of brass, (4) feet of iron and clay; and then, of four creatures that come up out of the sea, (1) the winged lion, (2) the bear, (3) the leopard, with four wings and heads (the four Persian kings, mentioned in Ezra iv. 5-7, and supposed by the writer to be the only ones), and (4) a nameless monster, with iron teeth and trampling strength, and ten horns (declared, vii. 24, to be ten kings, *i. e.* the line of the Seleucidæ, down to Antiochus Epiphanes). It is this last mad persecutor of the Jewish people who is the real object of the visions; he is the "lesser horn" that appeared at the expense of three of the rest (Heliodorus, Seleucus IV., and Demetrius): his boastful impieties, his cruelty to the "holy people," his profaning of their sanctuary and extinction of the daily sacrifice, are to be the consummation of heathen wickedness, and to bring in the reaction into a triumphant theocracy. His figure it is that, placed thus in immediate antecedence and antithesis to Messiah's, furnished the conception of an Antichrist, and, as the predicted crisis moved forward, was carried with it and spread its portentous shadow over the expected close of historic time. In two other visions (chapters viii. and xi.) the writer detached for special

* Das Buch Daniel, erklärt von Dr. F. Hitzig: Vorbemerkungen, 2, 3.

notice the lower half of the same sweep of history. The first describes how the Macedonian "goat" destroyed the Persian "ram," and, having lost its single horn (Alexander), gave origin to four (Macedonia, Asia, Syria, Egypt); from one of which (Syria) arises again the "lesser horn" already known to us, which waxes great and insolent and provokes the end. The other, reciting also the fourfold division of Alexander's dominions, enters more fully into Syrian affairs,—the humiliation inflicted by the Roman general (L. Scipio Asiaticus),—the usurpation of the tax-collector, Heliodorus, destroyed "neither in anger nor in battle,"—and especially the final iniquities of Antiochus Epiphanes. Nowhere are his characteristics more unmistakeably given than in this vision,—his wars against Egypt, his compulsory return on the appearance of a Roman fleet under C. Popilius Lænas,—the murder by his viceroy of Onias III. (the "chief of the covenant," xi. 22, and the "Messiah that should be cut off," ix. 26),—the dedication of the temple to heathen worship, in December 168 B.C.,—the tyrant's disregard for the gods of his fathers and new zeal for the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus and Mars Gradivus,—his favour to apostates and barbarities against the faithful Hebrews. But through all disasters an heroic band (under Mattathias) will hold together; and in heaven Michael, the guardian angel of the race, will interpose and deliver all whose names are written in the book of life: and to crown the triumph appointed for the righteous people, prior generations shall return and share the everlasting life or everlasting contempt.

Four times over therefore is the Messianic golden age definitely fixed for the years following the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, in B.C. 164. But, as if to preclude all excuse for doubt, the date itself, apart from the thing dated, is made the subject of a special prophecy; in which (ix.) the angel Gabriel is introduced in the character of commentator on Jeremiah, and gives an explanation, much in the exegetical style of Dr. Cumming, of that prophet's seventy years (xxv. 12-14*). This period in the original plainly denotes the duration of Jewish humiliation between the year B.C. 606, when Nebuchadnezzar assumed the command of the Babylonish forces, and the year B.C. 536, the date assigned to the decree of Cyrus for the exiles' return. The pseudo-Daniel sees all this three or four centuries behind him: and to fit the oracle to his own time and purpose,

* The fact that, nearly ten years later, Jeremiah still promises the return after seventy years, without apparently pushing back his *terminus a quo* from his present moment to that of any earlier oracle, warns us against laying too much stress upon this number, which is encumbered with various difficulties. The three verses are very probably a later interpolation. See Hitzig in loc. Their meaning, however, is perfectly plain.

its terms must be stretched and a new construction found for it. The angel accordingly invents a fresh numerical notation, which gives to each unit of the 70 the value of *seven*, and calls it a *week* of years. Besides this, he breaks up the resulting 490 into two parcels, of 49 (7 weeks) and 441 (63 weeks); and, instead of taking these consecutively, measures them both from the same *terminus a quo*, viz. the date of Jeremiah's prophecy, B.C. 606. From this point the shorter term brings us, for our first pause, to B.C. 558, when Cyrus, the "anointed prince," triumphed over Astyages of Media; whilst the longer one places us, if we pause one "week" before its close, at the date (B.C. 172) when Onias the high-priest (an *Anointed* or *Messiah*) was cut off; and, when we proceed to its expiration, precisely in the year B.C. 165, when the deliverance was effected, and Judas purified and re-dedicated the temple. And then immediately enters the "everlasting righteousness, when vision and seer are sealed, and a Holiest of all is anointed."

Every where then we find ourselves moving in the same circle of ideas, and brought to a stand at the same point. The courses of the world were disappointing to the Hebrew faith in a Holy Providence. The old prophets must have meant something more and better than had yet been realised. It could not be that history was to be made up of successive brute forms of power, incapable of owning the true God, and empowered to keep his servants under the heel of scorn. There must be in reserve some type of rule more in the semblance of Humanity,—like, not the lion or the bear, the ram or the goat, but a Son of Man,—to assert at last God's thought in creating his own image. Such an ideal future might be ushered *in by* a last wild effort of the passions doomed to perish: but when it came, it would compensate the long delay. It would make Jerusalem the metropolis, and the chosen people the favoured subjects of a glorious theocracy; the preparation and approach of which is an object of interest to celestial beings, and engages the Jewish archangel Michael in contest with the guardian-spirit of Persia. The pious dead would be sent from Hades to join the living generation, and people the City of God. And the time was close at hand: the sanctuary purified, and the tyrant gone, the last act of the human drama was come.

It is singular that, of all the features in this picture, the least distinct is the most important,—the Personal Agent of the great revolution, the Messiah himself. The subsequent appropriation to him of the descriptive language of this book, and especially of its characteristic phrase "Son of Man," renders it difficult for us not to see his figure too plainly as we read. But, in fact, it is very doubtful whether it ever

appears at all. The visions bring before us, it must be remembered, not only the individual agents of history or prediction, but (1) certain symbolical forms, to represent the characteristic powers governing the world; and (2) angelic personages,—Gabriel, Michael, and their opponents,—who, in the upper world, conduct some counterpart of the struggles below. When among these scenic figures we search for the real Head of the announced theocracy, it is astonishing how again and again he evades us. Here, we think, he is, in this mysterious being, like the Son of Man (vii. 13), who is brought upon the clouds of heaven before the Ancient of Days, to receive dominion and glory and a kingdom that shall not pass. But, as Hitzig points out, what the connexion here demands is not an individual personality, but a typical embodiment of the Hebrew people and their righteous sway. As the antecedent empires had been presented in the guise of four brute animals, each representing its particular nation, so the final figure to which their power is transferred stands, in the higher image of Humanity, to denote the nobler rule reserved for the collective "Saints of the Most High" (vii. 18, 22, 27). Again, on the banks of the river of Ulai (viii.) we seem to stand in Messiah's presence. There rises before Daniel "as the appearance of a man:" at the same time he hears between the banks a man's voice, saying, "Gabriel, make this man understand the vision." Who can this be that commands an archangel? The question is resolved by simply forming an accurate picture of the scene: the "appearance," standing on the bank, belongs to one person,—the angel Gabriel; the voice, being on the water, proceeds from another; and, like that which Elijah heard at the mouth of his cave, expresses, out of viewless space and silence, the mandate of God himself. No third supernatural being enters the field. Still more remarkable is the mysterious figure in priestly dress and with princely insignia, "his body like the beryl, his face as lightning, his eyes as lamps of fire," who appears in the vision by the Tigris (x. xi.). Sent as a messenger, he is some secondary being: he comes from the contests of the upper world, and he returns to them again: he describes himself as chief combatant, seconded by Michael, with the angels of the Heathen realms: and to whom can these characters attach but to Messiah? Yet, if it be he, it is strange that he should announce the Messianic crisis without the faintest mixture of his own personality with it; should describe his own function as confined to the contests of the angels, and as inseparable from Michael's, and claim no part or lot in the events which he predicts; and refer to no person in whom they should be fulfilled. This unearthly distance from

the human world is less suitable to the Agent himself whose province it is to be, than to the same Gabriel, chief of the archangels, who had before been the chosen instrument of Daniel's revelations.

The part of personal Messiah then remains still empty. The conception of the theocratic reign is vastly more distinct than that of its representative head. *Some* sacred chief was doubtless imagined for that ideal time: but whether he was to be human or superhuman, whether an historic hero come back in his identity, or some one new to this world, the pseudo-Daniel leaves undetermined. The one great idea possessing him is, that the world's history is on the eve of being consummated by the overthrow of Heathen powers, and the inauguration of a kingdom of everlasting righteousness under dominance of the Hebrew religion and race. Every conception of more definite portraiture than this has been coercively drawn from the text by subsequent commentators, who have dealt with it precisely as the book itself deals with the oracles of Jeremiah.

In tracing the development of the Messianic idea, we find that while the book of Daniel is nowhere without influence, it is only in Palestine that its influence is paramount, and that in Egypt the doctrine presents itself under a somewhat different phase. In the curious collection of Greek hexameters so often cited by the Fathers, especially Lactantius, under the name of the Sibylline Oracles, we have the thoughts of an Alexandrine Jew belonging to the same generation as the pseudo-Daniel. The older critics, it is true, Fabricius, Cave, and Lardner, condemn this production as a Christian forgery of the second century: and so long as it was mainly ascribed to a single hand or even a single century, no other verdict was possible: for the patristic quotations consist chiefly of pretended prophecies of incidents in the evangelical history; and the verses plainly speak of Hadrian and refer to the Antonines.* The fact, however, that a passage still in the text, respecting the Tower of Babel, was cited not only by Josephus,† but by Alexander Polyhistor,‡ proves that some portion of the collection existed in the age of Sylla, and was in the hands of Pagan as well as Jewish readers. Prophecies, moreover, appear of the end of the world, after the reign of Ptolemy Physcon; and of the offering of hecatombs to the Jewish Jehovah at the temple of Jerusalem: neither of which can proceed from a Christian hand. Moved by these and similar phenomena, the late Professor Bleek§ submitted the work afresh to

* Lardner's Credibility, part II. xxix. 2. † Antiq. Jud. I. iv. 3.
‡ This is attested by Eusebius; Chron. I. iv.; Præpar. Ev. ix. 15.
§ De Wette's, Schleiermacher's and Lücke's Theologische Zeitschrift, 1819, 1820.

critical analysis, and established the general results,—that the book is an aggregation of separate pieces by many hands at work through three or four centuries; that the Christian elements have been woven into a previous texture, which it is not impossible to disengage; that in the third book we have the groundwork of the whole; and that its marks of time, place, and character, distinctly refer it to an Alexandrine Jew, about B.C. 160. These positions have been little disturbed by subsequent criticism; even German ingenuity contenting itself with shifting the date some twenty years or so. The latest editor, Professor Friedlieb, besides giving additional solidity to the conclusions of Bleek, has done not a little for the emendation of the text;* though even the dozen manuscripts which exhaust the critic's materials may probably, on closer scrutiny, remove many vestiges of confusion that still remain.

We cannot wonder that theological scholars were slow to discover the real origin of this production. That a *Christian* believer,—disciple of a universal religion,—should seek for a common medium of thought between himself and his Greek or Roman neighbour, and for that purpose should admit and use the prophetic spirit which Paganism also claimed, is nothing strange. Around the church of the second century, largely composed of Gentile elements, the heathen civilisation closely flowed, and penetrated it with forms of thought and language other than its own: so that it was not against probability, however questionable in taste, that some ecclesiastical writer should think it a pious work to turn passages of the New Testament into Homeric verse. But it was hardly to be expected that a *Jew* should so far sink his nationality as to borrow an inspiration from Apollo; or so compromise his monotheistic feeling as to take the feminine dress of a poetic Pantheism, and set the strains of Isaiah to the hexameters of a sibyl. The writer to whom such a disguise recommended itself must have receded far from the old Hebrew rigour, and intended to approach as near as possible to the ideas of Heathendom; and purposely devised a patois in which two religions might converse across the border. Accordingly, in the introductory lines preserved to us by Theophilus of Antioch,† his universalism at once appears; he recognises all men as by nature standing on the same religious level: and characterises God, not in his unapproachable sovereignty, but as the Indwelling Guide of humanity, and rule of light (*πᾶσι βροτοῖσιν ἐνὼν τὸ κριτήριον ἐν*

* Die Sibyllinischen Weissagungen, vollständig gesammelt: herausgeg. von Dr. J. H. Friedlieb. Leipzig, 1852. The Greek text is accompanied by a German metrical version, printed on the opposite page, and skilfully executed.

† Ad Autolycum, ii. 36.

φαὶ κοινῷ): "He assigned the earth to all, and in the breast of all implanted the best thoughts." With this catholic conception the whole theory of the world is in harmony. The iniquities and idolatries of mankind are a wilful falling away from manifest truth and right; their sufferings are a discipline of recall, to end with a crisis of restoration in which the Divine idea of human nature shall be realised at last. To that golden age timely repentance will admit even aliens from God: but at the head of it will stand those who have never deserted him or lost his true worship. Thus the distinction between Israelite and Pagan is simply this, that the pure natural religion which the latter has abandoned, the former has kept: and when the aberration is discovered and confessed, the distinction will cease.

In conformity with this general idea, the pretended Sibyl sketches the process of human declension, and announces the crisis of restoration. Strangely incorporating the theogony of Hesiod with the legends of Genesis, she follows up the story of Babel and the flood,—the first revolt and punishment of men,—by an account of the partition of the earth, at the *tenth* generation from the Deluge, among the three sons of Ouranos and Gæa,—Saturn, Titan, and Iapetos; of the birth of Jupiter, Poseidon and Pluto from the first, and their conflict with their Titanic cousins, bringing the first war upon the world. Whether the Sibyl had visited Panchæa or not, she treats these personages very much as Euêmerus did; turning them from mythical into historical; accommodating them with suitable geographical settlements; putting them pretty low down in quite the prosaic parts of human chronology; and speaking of them rather with the dry voice of the rationalist than with the afflatus of the prophetess. As if to prevent their escape into any ideal space, they are carefully shut in between the commonplace post-diluvian people and the kingdom of the Pharaohs: and their divine honours are due only to the folly and servility of mortals, deifying the men and women they admire. Again and again, the poetess, possessed with this idea of polytheism, dwells on the absurdity of investing with the eternal attributes of godhead beings that have been born and died. The argument, however little it penetrated to the real sources of false religion, was quite congenial with the intellectual temper of the age: it might have proceeded from a Cyrenaic as well as from a Jew; and is in no way at variance with the conciliatory desire to find a common ground of faith between monotheism and the Gentile world.

Descending into the times of authentic history, the Sibyl announces the succession of empires, not always in the same or

in the right order; with a kind of prominence given to Egypt, which betrays the local point of view; and with a sympathetic leaning towards the Hellenic race strongly contrasting with the tone of the pseudo-Daniel. It is essential to the Messianic theory that the final term of human affairs should deserve that bad preëminence by its own inherent evil: in the eye of a Palestinian Jew, it was the Greek tyranny of Antioch that occupied this place: in that of an Alexandrine, it was the Roman sway. This further step, accordingly, the Sibyl makes, and then takes her stand as on the outermost verge of historic time. After investing with exaggerated glories the Jewish kingdom under Solomon, and devoting a few lines to the composite Macedonian empire, she passes to Rome; describing it, in terms of allusion to its Senate, as the "white and many-headed power from the western sea;" assigning to its period of pride and oppression the full measure of human corruption; so that when the seventh Greek king (Ptolemy Physcon, B.C. 170, with interruptions, to B.C. 117) shall reign in Egypt,* the hour of doom will strike, and the people of God will rise in their strength and become the guides of life to all mortals. The time will be known by the march of a king from Asia (Antiochus Epiphanes) to afflict the land of the Nile.† More than once is this date repeated in different connexions: and how nearly it agrees with that of Daniel is evident from a description, marked by contemporary particularity, of the overthrow of Perseus at Pydna (B.C. 168), and conquest of Greek territory by the Romans (a πολυβάρβαρον ἔθνος):‡ calamities which are to bring the Greeks to better insight, turn them to the true God, and induce them to offer sacrifices at his temple of oxen and fruits of the earth.§ This launches the Sibyl at once on the full Messianic times: the features of which it remains for us to mark.

The portents‖ which announce the "end" have a strong family likeness to those which, in Josephus and to some extent in the Gospels, are connected with the last days of Jerusalem. Towards evening and morning swords will flash in the sky. A dust will fall from above upon the earth. The sun will be darkened, so that the light of the moon will reappear. Blood will be found trickling from the rocks. In the clouds will be seen battles of phantom troops of horse and foot, as of hunters pursuing in the chase.¶

But the new feature which comes out most prominently,

* iii. 194. † iii. 611; comp. 314 seqq. ‡ iii. 520 seqq.
§ iii. 562-572. ‖ iii. 795-805.
¶ Comp. Tacit. Hist. iv. 13. Visæ per cœlum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere templum.

and which never afterwards quits the Messianic theory, is the grand league of Pagan kings and tribes against the "holy people," and the siege of Jerusalem by their united forces.* Closely investing the city, the unbelieving battalions will offer their wicked sacrifices within sight of the temple: and so vast will be their host that, did not God fight for his people, resistance were vain. But the patience of the Most High is at an end. A tempest of supernatural destruction bursts upon the invaders; flinging down among them fire and brimstone, hail and floods, torches and fiery swords; filling the ravines with dead and the streams with blood; causing the hills to yawn and Erebus to appear. Lamentation and a cry will go forth over the earth; and for seven years the shields and weapons of the annihilated foe will supply fuel, so that no wood will be cut from the forest.†

In proportion to the horrors of the struggle will be the peace and glory which succeed. The spectacle of the faithful nation, fenced round with Divine protection, and served by the favouring elements themselves, will turn the hearts of the remaining gentile peoples: and they will burn their idols and bend the knee to the universal Lord; who thenceforth will erect one empire amongst men to last for ever, and have one temple to which all shall bring their offerings and incense. Physical nature will sympathise with the restored moral harmony of the world: the flock, the beehive, the orchard, the vineyard, and the field will yield a thousand-fold, and blight and earthquake will be unknown. Every store shall be full; every gain shall be righteous; every realm accessible; and every fruit of peace secure.‡

So far we seem to meet with no Personal Head to this Messianic age. And it is singular that the obscurity on this point which we have noticed in the book of Daniel repeats itself, and in much the same form, in the announcements of the Sibyl. When she says, "Then will God from heaven send a King, who shall judge each man in blood and a flash of fire,"§ it seems at first sight certain that here we are in presence of a superhuman Messiah. But when we scrutinise the context, and find ourselves in the heart of the Jewish history, at the turning-point between the Babylonish Captivity and the Restoration; when we read on, that "a certain royal race, whose descent shall not fail (David's continued in Zerubbabel), will begin to raise a new temple of God, favoured by contributions of gold and brass and iron from Persian kings,"—it is plain that the heaven-sent King is not in the author's future, but in his past, and is no other,—

* iii. 657 seqq.
† iii. 727 seqq.
‡ Comp. iii. 620, 702-727, 743-758.
§ iii. 286.

as Friedlieb has pointed out, and Hilgenfeld has not disproved, —than Cyrus "the Shepherd," "the Anointed" of God,* who was the instrument for executing the Divine judgments, "saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built, and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid."† Still more positive appears the prediction of a superhuman Messiah in the words, "Then will God send *from the Sun* a King, who shall put an end to frightful war upon the earth, destroying one set, and fulfilling covenants with another." But here again, though the personage described is undoubtedly the Head of the future age, the epithet "*from the Sun*" means simply, according to Friedlieb, "*from the East*," and only applies to the expected deliverer the terms used of Cyrus; of whom it is said that God "raised up the righteous man from the East, and called him to his foot, and gave the nations before him, and made him rule over kings."‡ Thus interpreted, the lines do but express the belief, attested by Tacitus as prevalent in Palestine, that the East was at last to turn the tide of conquest which had so long set in from Europe.§ It perhaps deserves remark that, according to Ktesias and Plutarch, and apparently the general opinion of the ancient world, the name Cyrus (in the old Persian Qur'us') meant "*The Sun:*" and though Lassen has thrown doubt on this interpretation, its common acceptance might well lead to some play upon the word, and associate with the sun that Messianic Prince of whom Cyrus was regarded as the prototype. It is not unlikely that, in dealing with the language of such vague ideal beliefs, our criticism attempts to define too much; and that it is the indeterminate state of the writer's own thought which has left his terms ambiguous. Certain it is that, whilst an indistinct cloud of glory invests the Person of Messiah, rendering its human or superhuman nature undiscoverable, the conception of his kingdom and age is far less indefinite. Its time, its place, its providential function, its preliminary signs, its method of introduction, and the conditions of entrance to it, are all laid down with the precision of a stereotyped expectation. But its Agent, its duration (not adequately settled by such large epithets as "everlasting"), and its relation to realms beyond the historic world, are left as open questions.

We have thus exhibited, side by side, the two pictures,—by the pseudo-Daniel, and by the Sibyl;—the one drawn in Palestine, the other in Egypt. Both of them take the same general view of the Providence of history: the divine end,—the constitution of a perfect Humanity,—is never lost sight of: and its

* Is. xliv. 28, xlv. 1. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. xli. 2.

§ Pluribus persuasio inerat, antiquis sacerdotum literis contineri, eo ipso tempore fore, ut valesceret Oriens, profectique Judæa rerum potirentur. Hist. iv. 13. Comp. Sueton. Vesp. 4, and Orac. Sib. iii. 350.

postponement, by the long succession of Pagan empires and humiliation of the true worshipers, is a disciplinary proceeding to bring both the evil and the good to a final head, and render a crisis of clearance inevitable. Both writers,—at a date not far from B.C. 160,—regard the crisis as at hand, and feel themselves in presence of the last desperate struggle of evil for supremacy. Both, in spite of their different geographical position, see in Jerusalem the metropolis of the approaching theocracy, and look upon the age to come as the simple continuation of terrestrial history, true at last to its pure idea. And though both refer to some Vicegerent of God who is to establish the kingdom, they alike leave his personality in the dark.

This general agreement does not preclude great and striking differences between the two writers. The celestial beings who appear as *dramatis personæ* in Daniel, the Gabriel, Michael, and angels of Persia and Græcia, whose contests on a higher stage cast their shadows down and make human history, never cross the Sibyl's vision. Equally beyond her view are the depths of Hades and the secrets of departed souls: nor is there any resurrection of pious Hebrews from earlier generations to share the glorious age. This is one of the marks distinguishing the third and really ancient book from the later accretions by which it is surrounded: in the second book, for instance, and in the eighth, the Messianic realm includes and reunites the living and the dead. It is due to the different positions of the writers that the Hellenic race, the object of ultimate antipathy, occupying the place of Antichrist in Daniel, is regarded with unmistakeable sympathy by the Sibyl; while the Romans receive all the vials of her wrath. Their downfall, as of a mere barbaric power, is unconditionally and pitilessly announced: but the Greeks are encouraged to repent of their idolatries; are exhorted to aid in restoring the Hebrews to their rights in Palestine; and invited to join in the offerings at the temple and enter the blessings of the theocracy. Thus, while the sacerdotal cultus is regarded as perpetual, the limitations of nationality are overpassed: and the idea is reached, if not of a spiritual, at least of a universal worship.

But by far the most surprising novelty in the Sibyl's vision is found in that siege of Jerusalem by Pagan armies, on the eve of the Messianic advent. It is vain to speculate on the precise origin of so definite a feature in a picture purely ideal: perhaps it is enough to say that the heroic and pathetic passages of Jewish history had linked themselves so often with attacks on Zion, as to render any supreme crisis of the nation inconceivable without them. The interest, however, of this element in the oracle attaches not to its source, but to its effect. The gospels of Matthew and Luke (chapters xxiv. and xxi. respectively) pre-

sent the same events,—a siege of Jerusalem and the Messianic parusia,—in the very same conjunction, which here we find established two hundred years before. They express, it is plain, a settled national expectation, with such modifications as the conditions of the time required. Had the Sibylline lines been written towards the close of the first century, when the times of Vespasian and Titus lay in the past, they, like the gospels, would have given the city a disastrous fate. That it emerges in triumph bears conclusive witness to the earlier date of the prediction; and nothing is more conceivable than that, in the very agony of the siege, these same verses or prophecies of similar import may have circulated among the people, and sustained the desperate hope of supernatural victory. Here was the siege itself already come true: Jerusalem was surrounded, as had been declared, by idolatrous armies: and did not the calamities of the hour, befalling as it was written, guarantee the conquering sequel? To the Christian evangelist this illusion was over. But to him also the siege of Jerusalem, though with reversed catastrophe, was still "the beginning of the end;" and it kept him on the watch for the Advent. What that "coming of the Son of Man" meant; how it was understood by the first Christians; why the gospels make Palestine the scene of it, and before its judgment-seat gather "all nations," but no dead,—are questions perplexing enough to those who apply these images to the human life beyond the grave; but receiving great light from the corresponding delineations of an earlier literature. Christendom has incurred severe penalties by its narrow scripturalism, incorporating in its creed many an element due not to the divine individuality of Christ, but to the conditions of his nation and the accidents of his time; and carrying up into the highest and most solemn themes conceptions borrowed from apocalyptic romances of Asmonæan Judaism. If the pure revelation is to be freed from these extraneous adhesions, and to stand clear in its own essence, it can only be by comparative study, along with its memorials, of the vestiges of antecedent and contemporary belief, with a view to relieve the gospel from responsibility for what is clearly referable to prior historic causes. It is in the interests of this analysis, in the desire of disengaging the imperishable truth from the transitory form, that we have traced the first lines of the Messianic faith, and that we hope, in a future paper, to follow down its development to the verge of Christian times. Though the documents are scanty, and the evidence precarious, they require a fuller treatment than our present space permits, and will reward a further patience by the curious picture they present of an obsolete type of literature and faith.

ART. X.—THE ATTITUDE OF PARTIES—THIS SESSION.

THE causes of the weakness of the Liberal cabinet—*the* feature of the session—have been two,—the content of Englishmen with the internal administration of England, which is called by some the Conservative reaction, and the chaotic condition to which new and varying forms of sympathy with the politics of the Continent have reduced all party organisation.

The root of Conservatism is content; and the middle classes of Great Britain, who, since the Reform Bill, have been the depositaries of power, are, as respects internal affairs, contented. They have found in that measure an instrument exactly suited to their feelings, as well bad as good, to their love of practical improvement and their distrust of broad ideas, their antipathy to visible misgovernment, and their selfish dread of any policy based on principle rather than expediency. Aided by accidental circumstances, a long cycle of peace, the accession of a female sovereign, her marriage to an able and temperate statesman sincerely devoted to the constitutional experiment, tolerable prosperity among the people, and the spread of a series of sound economic ideas,—the new governing power has in one generation changed the aspect of English political life. The old motive powers have lost their potency. The mingled dread and dislike of the throne which, from the accession of George III. to the death of William IV., permeated all classes, and lingers still, it is said, among the greater nobles, has been replaced in the popular mind by a sentiment curiously compounded of loyalty and of thankfulness that the subject of loyalty is outwardly so quiescent. The jealousy of a privileged class, which, in 1831, threatened the peers with extinction, has given way to a secret conviction that the old aristocracy of birth and wealth now serves as an outwork for the new aristocracy of political power. With the exception of those which impede the easy transfer of land, all the laws obnoxious to the middle class have been steadily cleared away. The draconic laws against crime, which they hated, partly from benevolence, partly from an exaggerated idea of the importance of death as an incident in the soul's career, but chiefly from an instinctive belief that they were part of the old oligarchical scheme, have been swept away with a completeness which has begun to produce a reaction towards a severer discipline. Every restriction on commerce, from the elaborate code devised to keep up the price of corn, to those laws which, by forbidding partnerships *en commandite*, kept capital out of trade, have been one by one removed. The ancient claims of the poor, which threatened small proprietors

with extinction, and tenant-farmers with pauperism, have, by a great and courageous measure, been reduced to a right to bare subsistence, under conditions needlessly unpalatable, but which have corrected finally the tendency to dependence. The ultimate though not the direct* control of the administration has been carefully preserved; the army has been subordinated in practice though not in theory to a parliamentary department; all the more visible administrative abuses—the great sinecures, the avowed practice of jobbing, official intimidation at elections, and the last vestiges of personal corruption—have been cleared away, and the House of Commons has been raised to an undisputed ascendency over every department of the State. And finally, the middle classes, partly enlightened by the rise of a school of sound economists, whose ideas found acceptance among the class usually chosen as members of Parliament, and partly dismayed by the spectacle of too much suffering below them, have readjusted taxation, and, while releasing trade, have accepted almost their just share of the imperial burden. No man occupying a house of less than 20*l.* a-year rent—double the electoral qualification—now pays any direct tax whatever, and, income for income, the property-holders and wage-receivers contribute about equally to the State. The result of all these changes has been to convince the middle classes, not only of the reality of their own power, but of its wisdom and righteousness, to make them in fact, on internal affairs, a contented and therefore timidly conservative aristocracy.

The new spirit was very conclusively displayed in the debates of 1860 upon Lord John Russell's Reform Bill. It is easy to argue that the ministry, in bringing forward that bill, never intended it to succeed; that they were false to their own convictions; that they relied on the Lords to throw out a measure introduced to satisfy hustings-claims. The facts remain, that the mover was strongly in earnest; that the ministry were, if not earnest, not reluctant; that the aristocracy had given way; that the House of Lords would not have ventured to resist for more than a single session; and that the measure was not so much rejected as stifled by the secret or avowed taste of the voting class. They did not want to be swamped, and saw no reason in the aspect of English affairs why they should run the feeblest or most nominal risk. The House, however elected, could represent *them* no better, and, as usual with Englishmen under those circumstances, they stolidly refused to move. The appeal of Lord John Russell to the constituencies fell upon

* The direct control, *i.e.* the business of administration, is slipping again to peers and peers' relatives. English politicians must be rich, and rich middle-class men are busy.

cold ears, and did not influence a single election; and at the next parliamentary raising of the subject the Premier was applauded for laughing reformers down.

This tone of contented quiescence has been greatly developed by two other circumstances, the full scope of which has scarcely yet been perceived. The impulse to advance in Great Britain has almost always come from below, but for some years past the masses have been singularly unwilling to move. The artisans of the towns were for a few years ardent in seeking a wider extension of the Reform Bill, and in 1848 they were ready, or seemed to be ready, for revolution. The events of that year proved, however, even to themselves that they had lost the power to menace. Frightening eight or nine hundred landowners was one thing, and terrifying a million of voters another and very different thing. The new aristocracy was quite determined not to be bullied out of its place, its alliances reached to the very base of society, it commanded all organised bodies, and in the capital it possessed, as the 10th of April showed, a preponderance of physical strength. The country labourers had, except in Wales, no sympathy with the Chartists; and preparations which were to have ended in an armed march on the Legislature terminated in a gathering dispersed by a shower of rain. Sir Robert Peel had taken the bones out of the Chartist organisation. The people had one grievance intelligible without argument, the artificial dearness of bread. This was remedied by the repeal of the Corn Laws; and with its disappearance disappeared also the wish to coerce the Legislature into justice. Since then the masses have been strangely apathetic to all political ideas. They have given up the Charter, given up voting to a most annoying extent, and turned with fresh interest and avidity to schemes for social improvement. There the middle classes could and did follow them. Owing to causes which we have not space to discuss, but some of which are by no means so creditable as they appear, the middle class sympathise with the lower in their crave for physical comfort. They will not concede them power—are, indeed, on that point recklessly selfish and blind,—but they will go almost any length to improve their material condition. Every kind of benevolent project finds, and for thirty years has always found, the heartiest sympathy and support. Law after law has been passed to make the popular insurance system, the great but half-tried idea of benefit societies, more and more efficient. The vote for the education of the poor has become a visible item in the estimates. A tax which presses upon the poor is, when once that fact is recognised, a tax doomed. The State has broken its ordinary rules to establish a vast system of banks for the poor; a system

so elastic and so extensive that in a generation it may even modify the national character, and make the only spendthrift race in Europe as close-fisted as the French. Schemes which in other countries would be denounced as socialist are in England regarded with favour; and a proposal, for instance, to lend state funds for the construction of cottages, as they were lent for the construction of drains, would be debated wholly upon its merits. The masses, if not contented, have at least arrived at the conviction that they are not wilfully injured; and, with that source of irritation removed, seem disposed rather to watch than to shove. Even the terrible distress caused by the suspension of the cotton-trade has not stirred them to political agitation; and the old motive power, the fear of requests from below to be supported by menaces of physical force, has for the present lost its efficacy. The new aristocracy, if inclined for sleep, sleeps in peace.

The last and least-noticed cause of the quiescence of internal politics is the altered tone of the Press. For nearly ten years Parliament has assented to all proposals tending to abolish restrictions upon newspapers, and therefore to cheapen the periodical press. The advertisement-duty went first, then the heavy stamp, then the compulsory penny stamp, and lastly the paper-duty. All these measures were intended undoubtedly to "popularise" the Press; but they had another result. The great bulk of the newspapers throughout the country dropped their price to a penny, and it may safely be assumed that no new daily will ever be started except at that price. The penny papers proved, however, strangely conservative. It was found that, owing partly to the spread of education, partly to the immense influence possessed by the upper classes, and partly to the fondness which even savages display for eloquence, the people sought for good writing. The proprietors, freed from excessive taxation, were able to invest in the coveted article; and the control of the penny press passed at once into the hands of educated *littérateurs*, the class, that is, of all others trained at once by education and by the habit of criticism to a horror of subversive ideas. The journal, therefore, which has the largest circulation is as conservative as the *Times;* has, for example, like the *Times*, stood steadily by the slave-owners, while the Radical organ, the *Star*, would have been considered by the men who hurrahed for Sir Francis Burdett a feebly liberal paper. The unstamped Press has gone out, and workmen and landlords are now addressed in the same tone of moderation, and often by the same men. The agitators are powerless; for if uneducated, they cannot stand up against the pitiless knowledge of their rivals; and if educated, they acquire, in spite of

themselves, that critical faculty which is so fatal to all unreal, and therefore all violent plans.

This content, or rather quiescence, spreading through all classes, has, of course, immensely benefited the avowedly conservative party. Englishmen, though not logical, like instinctively to see fact and theory in some degree of relation; detest a clergyman who, preaching contempt for riches, buys advowsons; and distrust a politician who, calling himself progressive, advances no whither. They turn with new readiness to the party which avows that the content which all feel is its own rule of action, which resists all change not clearly shown to be inevitable, and is disposed to tolerate all abuses rather than alter the basis of power. The upper section of the voters, wanting nothing, is as willing to vote for them as for their rivals. The lower section, wanting much, will nevertheless not leave its immediate business in order to protect a party which does not advance. Every election, therefore, shows a slightly diminished vote, and an increase of Tory voters. Then it is in quiet times that the influence of property tells; and property, on the whole, though with some large exceptions, rests with the Conservative side. Intimidation, useless in times of excitement, becomes, when the voters are anxious only for their personal interests, the strongest lever of power. These facts alone are, we believe, sufficient to account for what is termed the Conservative reaction, that tendency of those who feel content to side with the party which admits that it is so.

In Parliament the prevailing tone of content operates even more strongly. Parliament is composed almost exclusively of men who, like eldest sons, feel that no change whatever can benefit them; of squires, to whom change, beneficial or otherwise, is always an object of suspicion; and of middle-aged gentlemen, far more conscious of obstacles than of the necessity for facing them. The partial extinction of the proprietary boroughs, with all its excellent results, has had the effect of keeping young men out of the Lower House; and, except in the case of a family of vast territoral influence, or of men of very unusual wealth, the election of a man just of age is an event. The substantial citizens, who control the smaller and middle-sized boroughs, look on any such candidate as a boy, and reject him without a hearing. The Liberal leaders, moreover, feeling no impulse from without, hearing no sound of menace, unstirred by any current of enthusiasm, obey their natural inclination to trust the men of their own generation, caste, and, in too many cases, family, and cease by degrees to seek for new blood or call for aid from the young. Not one young commoner has been brought forward by the Whigs for years. There is not a

Liberal member in the House under forty whose introduction to the Cabinet would not be received with a shock of surprise; and the great majority of men accustomed to lead have arrived at the age when men either settle on their lees, or, letting the lees settle, grow clear and serene, but indisposed for adventure and exertion. They watch Lord Palmerston's programmes, drawn up with the distinct intention of presenting few points of attack, with a feeling that life was more vigorous in their younger days, but with no sense of neglect, no wish to disturb an arrangement which, if it endangers their power, secures at the same time their tranquillity.

On the other hand, the Tories, naturally representatives of inertia, act for many reasons under an impulse which gives them on all points the appearance, and on some the reality, of energy. They are, in the first place, the attacking party. Excluded from power, with infrequent intervals, for the better part of a generation, their nerves have been braced by the healthy air of opposition, and their energies recruited by the constant draft of new men. Always less exclusive than their opponents, —who seem to feel that liberalism needs to be tempered by high blood, family connexion, or very great wealth, that the horse should be hobbled lest it should leap over all bounds,— they have drawn to themselves a whole list of new men; and, but for the presence of Mr. Gladstone, would show in debate a decided superiority. Cairns, Whiteside, Fitzgerald, Walpole,— these are all recruits who would have done credit to the days when a successful speech raised the speaker at once into the list of parliamentary personages. The party has, moreover, the assistance of all the ablest Irishmen; and an able Irishman has a dash, a recklessness of consequence, a habit of acting on his theories, which, if it be not true energy, very often supplies its place. The Liberals have not an Irishman in their ranks, unless we reckon Lord Palmerston, who in debate is worth his salt; and their chance of obtaining one seems to diminish every day. Above all, the party—though it shares the general content of the nation, and though its growing influence is the expression of that content—still has a want, which gives it something of motive power. It wants office, and office for a time which shall compensate its members for their inevitably long reaches of opposition. Accordingly, the party discipline is, out of doors, well organised; the registration is watched with microscopic minuteness; doubtful votes erased; and every agency set at work to embarrass the Liberals in their own boroughs. Is a great town discontented or sulky with its candidates, down goes an eldest son; is a borough almost equally divided, down goes a Jew or an Irishman, or other man of extreme views and small scruples to

draw off the liberal tail,—that little contemptible section which would not enter heaven without a fair ballot, or elect an angel unless he "went in" for household suffrage. They cultivate every alliance which tells upon the hustings, often with small reverence either for their principles or their pledges. In a Northern town they aver that they—the men of standing armies and mighty fleets, who dread France and detest America—are the only men who desire large reductions in national outlay. In the north of Ireland they point to their history, justly, as proof that they are the natural allies of the Orangemen; in the south and west, they expatiate on the one leader's dislike for a united Italy; and another's eloquent denunciation of a dependent Pope. They tell tenant-farmers that they only are inclined to diminish the malt-duty; and squires, that it is to them the gentry must look for the maintenance of the game-laws. Every where they are the aggressive, active, hard-working side; and every where, therefore, they record a nearer approach to victory.

Why, then, do they not come in? They have, if not a majority, at least the power of turning the Cabinet out, and forcing a dissolution which might, and probably would, seat them in power for years. Yet they accomplished nothing last session, and after all their vaunts commenced this one with a dreary expression of hopeless criticism. On lesser points they act as if they were supreme in Parliament; but the moment the Liberals close and offer them final battle, they retreat, declaring that victory is not the soldier's true end. Their attitude is, we believe, almost unexampled in parliamentary warfare, and its motives must be sought in the party complications introduced by Continental transactions, and in the strange relations of the party to its own and the hostile leaders.

Two remarkable, and to all appearance permanent, changes have passed over English opinion in relation to Continental affairs. The new aristocracy, the million of voters, have learnt to consider foreign transactions the most interesting subject of thought, and what used to be called conservative opinion has finally ceased to exist. There is a conservative opinion as opposed to the liberal one still, but it has no resemblance whatever to the chain of ideas formerly described by that phrase. Our insular character has as it were disappeared. Railways have made travelling easy; and the richer section of the middle class travels more even than the *noblesse*, and is much more addicted to study while it is travelling. The press, guided by men who have all the tastes without the means of a political aristocracy, deepened by a permanent crave for political excitement, have taught the people to watch foreign affairs with a

minuteness which would have appeared to their grandfathers a puerile waste of time. More than half of every paper is now devoted to foreign politics; and the characters of the leading statesmen of Europe are now as familiar as those of our own debaters. The little country squire raised by a freak of favour to power in Prussia has been studied and analysed and described with as much care as any English minister during the hottest fever of Reform. The electric telegraph has made all places central for the receipt and circulation of news, and has moreover invested all news with something of the dramatic character. Always terse for trade reasons, and becoming epigrammatic from the habits forced on the compilers, the bulletins state all the facts without qualifications, and by mere force of an involuntary abruptness startle the dull into fixed attention. No appetite grows like the thirst for political excitement; and the man who has watched a revolution in France, when France is quiet again, looks out with a novel sense of enjoyment for a coming revolution in Servia. He does not at first care about Servia or know any thing of Servia, but he sees that the strife of men and of principles is beginning there once again, reads till his knowledge, if superficial, is still clear, and very often ends by becoming a fanatic partisan of one or other of the Servian factions. The writer knows an Englishman well to whom it is a personal affront to say Bohemia is misgoverned; and there are thousands who would subscribe lavishly to assist a Croat revolt. The ancient indifference of the middle class has given way to a deep emotion, so deep that as each country successively rises to secure its freedom, it is a doubtful question whether England will or will not interfere. This novel attitude of the British mind has been indefinitely strengthened by the course of events in Italy. There was *primâ facie* no very visible reason why Englishmen should sympathise very vehemently with Italians. The cultivated class, indeed, felt a certain admiration for the beautiful land in which genius had so long been endemic, and for the only people in Europe who retain the manner produced by unbroken civilisation. But the mass of the people thought the Italians a very inferior race, much given to superstition, assassination, and painting Catholic pictures. France however was in motion, and when France is in motion England is compelled to observe. Then it became apparent that Italy had accepted as leader one of those men whom Providence sends to a country once in five hundred years, and that man declared himself in his acts the sleepless foe of the Pope. Another Italian arose whose character, pure as that of a hero of romance, was illustrated by feats such as no man in modern times had ever attempted to perform, and he also proclaimed himself till death

the foe of the Pope. Italy appealed at once to the English love of excitement, the English sympathy for freedom, the English hate of the Catholic Church, and the English worship of swift success; and for months the proud islanders who had held an Italian fit only to be a cook, watched the Italian movement as they would have watched a British campaign. The nation fretted over the delays before Gaeta as if it were being besieged by the British, and positively groaned with disappointment and sorrow when news arrived that the physicians of Turin had succeeded in killing Cavour. For nearly two years sympathy or hostility to Italy affected ministries as much as their views on Protection or the Church, and the nation, half consciously to itself, passed through an education. No man who has thoroughly learnt a language is ever thoroughly indifferent to its literary achievements; and the English had learnt for the first time the language of nationalities. Thenceforward the newspapers ceased to apologise for articles on the movements of the more remote European states.

With this deepening interest in the Continent, there has arisen a totally new division between English parties in their relation to foreign affairs. Formerly the division was simple. The Conservatives simply disliked all change, and especially all change which menaced royal authority, and clung therefore, by instinct, to the power, Austria, which on principle opposed all change, and to the power, Russia, which embodied in its perfection the idea of monarchy. The Liberals, on the other hand, sighed for change, and regarded it with the more pleasure if it attacked or menaced the monarchies; clung, in spite of a thousand disappointments, to France; despised and hated Austria, if not all Germany; and regarded the Russian empire as the visible incarnation of all political evil. The English aristocracy, which is from habit steady in its opinions, retains these ideas even now very slightly modified by circumstances; but the new governing class has given them up for ever. To use an expressive but inartistic Americanism, it is a unit on the side of good government. Partly through its intense love of physical comfort, partly from a growing benevolence, and partly from a conviction that bad government means disorder, and disorder heavy taxation, it has come to detest visible or cruel oppression, to despise the policy, once so warmly defended, of simple and strong repression. It doubts still whether France ought to be free, but hates to hear of men sent to Cayenne simply for thinking she ought; questions whether Italy can become strong, but abhors that *beau-idéal* of repression the papal temporal power. The strongest Liberals censured Garibaldi for declaring war on his private account; the

strongest Conservatives rose to denounce, in language of passionate eloquence, the wicked conscription enforced in Poland. The desire for order, and lenient government, and liberty of movement and trade and speech, has penetrated every class; and even Conservatives have ceased to sympathise with monarchies merely as such. There are probably not a dozen Legitimists left in political life in England. Nobody cares in the least whether Henri Cinq has a chance remaining or not; and very few dread in their hearts an orderly and quiet republic. No voice was raised for King Otho, for had he not neglected railways? and no man has defended the Czar, for he tried to kidnap the youth of an entire nation. The great old party in England, which from 1815 to 1848, helped so greatly to maintain at once peace and misgovernment, has finally disappeared; and the politicians, half-puzzled, find themselves compelled once more to set up their landmarks.

For, though the old divisions have been effaced, England is not unanimous. All parties desire good government, but the Liberals ask something more. They have come to believe the higher life of a nation as important as physical ease; to regard unity and the possibility of careers, and the development of those qualities found only in independent and usually only in large states, as important as civilisation. They have accepted the central idea of what Continental publicists call the new revolution, that doctrine of nationalities which seems as if it might take the place of the better desire for freedom. Italy might be well governed though split into many states; but had the Italians accepted that solution, English sympathy would have died away. Poland might be decently governed; but Liberals are conscious of a desire that it should have a free existence, a separate power of action, the right to develop itself according to Polish and not according to Russian ideas. Germany is fairly enough governed, violent wrong being in most places quite at an end; but all Liberals are impatient because the great race seems so content with its welfare, and does not actively strive for the unity for which it yet quietly sighs. So powerful is this feeling, that the request of one of the best-governed populations in the world, the people of the Ionian Islands, to join a much worse-governed but kindred state, has met with hearty appreciation; and a liberal ministry has offered, if political order is once restored, to give the islands to Greece; a resolve which, to the statesmen of the Continent, had all the effect of an unpleasant surprise.

It is disliked also by the Conservatives; and the division of thought becomes in this instance clear. The infinite majority of the governing class sympathise strongly with the cause of

good government all over the world; but the Conservative section do not sympathise with the doctrine of nationalities, and the Liberal section do.

If these opinions were held by sections conterminous with the old parties, they would of course introduce no element of weakness whatever. The two armies would have changed their battle-field, but neither their leaders nor organisation. But they are not so held. The Conservatives express, as we have said, sympathy with all efforts, even revolutionary, to secure good government; but a considerable number of the party have also imbibed the feeling of nationalities, and another, though smaller number, add to their sympathy the rider, that no effort for any end shall disturb the balance of power. In action these differences become excessively serious, as serious at least as the old distinction between the friends of despotism and the admirers of revolution. A very large section, for instance, of the Conservatives are anxious that the unity of Italy should be preserved. They believe that without that unity Italy will only have passed from the control of Austria to enter that of France, and that the junction of two Latin races would threaten the freedom of the Mediterranean. They are, moreover, opposed from their hearts to the continuance in any shape, and under any modifications, of the temporal power of the Pope. Partly from a belief that that power is a real bulwark to Catholicism, by giving it an independent centre, and partly from an unconscious sympathy with the detestation of the Roman people for the power which has misruled them so long, they cannot endure that the Government should cease from its efforts to remove the French troops from Rome. Their own party once in power, would, they instinctively feel, cease those efforts. Their real as well as nominal chief is known to entertain the old aristocratic dislike of Italians, a profound disbelief in their power to remain either strong or free. With characteristic scorn, he told the Italians last session that all manner of dogs could not be comfortably kept in one kennel, and he has never uttered a sentence of hearty sympathy with either their wrongs or their aspirations. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, whether from conviction or a desire to conciliate the Ultramontanes, gives expression at every opportunity to an idea which strictly belongs to a past-away stage of thought. He holds that the Pope must be independent. If driven from Rome, he must, he thinks, perforce take refuge with some power great enough to defend, and therefore to control him; and thenceforward the Papal authority, which sways all the Catholic women of Europe, and has not lost its hold over more than a third of the men, would be used for political ends alone. The residence of the Pope at Avig-

non, for instance, might give the Emperor a large share in the working government of Ireland—enable him, for example, to disturb the island just when the British Government required the unembarrassed use of their energies to resist or to guide the ambition of France. So with the Pope in Austria, Poland could never be really free; for the Pope could undoubtedly shake any government there established, and would be very apt to do it whenever that government was honestly anti-Austrian. The argument has a force, and clearly those who believe it, even if they do not guarantee the Pope, will at least desist from all efforts tending to leave the Papacy at the mercy of its Italian subjects. Nearly a hundred Tories are not willing that they should desist, and consequently, whenever the contingency is gravely placed before them, they vote for their own opponent, who, secretly an ally upon all internal questions, is on Italian points openly carrying out the policy they approve. That disposition would be a source of strength to the Government, if the support were steady, but it is not. The old party lines co-exist with the new ideas, and Mr. Disraeli can occasionally march at the head of an unbroken phalanx. He can, however, only keep them unbroken by concealing the real issues, and is therefore compelled to resort to a kind of political trickery. For example, last session he induced Mr. Walpole to offer a resolution proposing reductions, which, nominally only a request, was really a vote of want of confidence, upon which Lord Palmerston must resign. That aspect of the question was concealed from the great Conservative body, and when at last revealed, the phalanx suddenly dissolved, and Lord Palmerston marched into the lobby at the head of an almost unanimous House. So also it compels him to seek for allies elsewhere than in his own ranks, to court ultramontanes with whom his own followers have waged war for centuries, and the "Manchester men," with whom they have not an idea or an aspiration in common. They find themselves, with a feeling compounded of disgust and amusement, compelled to advocate concessions to the Catholic majority in Ireland, to criticise the military force, and to demand reductions in the immense naval expenditure—that is, in other words, to abandon their hereditary idea, that the true attitude of England is an armed watchfulness, and their policy, as a party, of showing themselves the permanent friends of the "services."

The distaste to such work is deep, so deep as to produce incessant mutinies, and it is further intensified by a still heavier bid made by Mr. Disraeli to conciliate his Manchester friends. They wanted reductions on a great scale, which he was willing to offer; but it was useless to make them or pro-

mise to make them if England were still to continue watching France. Mr. Disraeli, therefore, in a speech which, more than any he has ever uttered, paralysed his party, offered to surrender that watchfulness, to give up all suspicions, and humbly endeavour to make English policy so agreeable to the French Emperor that armaments would scarcely be required. The bid was a bold one, but it failed. The Tories have unlearned, in the last thirty years, their old hostility to France, but they have not unlearned their old dread, and they are, even more than the Liberals, solicitous for the honour of England. To follow the policy of any foreign court is to them an offensive idea; but to follow that of France, and of France ruled by a Bonaparte who has proclaimed his adhesion to the idea of the nationalities, is little less than degrading. They will not do it; and they find themselves, therefore, at utter variance with their leaders on one great question of foreign policy, upon a second, proclaimed in order to remedy their defection, and upon all the internal changes produced by the desire to carry out both. They will not buy the Ultramontanes by the sale of Italian unity, nor the Manchester men by giving up armed preparation. The party, therefore, contains two parties,—those for whom the leaders think, and those who think for themselves; and till they can be united again, battle must either be avoided or end in disastrous defeat. Of course, under such circumstances, their power of resistance to the Government declines into a capacity for feeble but ostentatious criticism. There is no necessity for making official action successful, or definite, or rapid; for if it is attacked, the Premier holds up his finger, and her Majesty's opposition becomes his own reserve guard.

Why, then, is not the cabinet strong? The Liberals follow Lord Palmerston, and so do a hundred Conservatives, and he has therefore surely an irresistible majority. True, but the divisions created by the new sympathy felt with foreign affairs extend also to the Liberal ranks. They are united in opinion, heartily wish, that is, success to the new revolution; but they are wholly disunited as to the means by which that success should be secured. They do not differ in object, but differ very acutely as to the sacrifices the country should make to attain it. No two men agree on this point, and for action within the House the Liberals are in effect split into at least four very sharply defined sections. The first, and by much the largest, is that headed by Lord Palmerston himself, and probably accepted by all the important members of his cabinet except Mr. Gladstone. This section would always give the moral aid of the British Government to the suffering nationalities, and in extremes the physical aid, provided that in so doing they did not

upset the balance of power, or in any degree diminish the influence of Great Britain. They sympathised heartily, for example, with Count Cavour, supported him at Gaeta with something stronger than despatches, and almost formally prohibited Austria from carrying out a half-formed plan of sending an army to Ancona to protect the Papal States. But they were ready to declare war on France for annexing Nice and Savoy, even though that war would have involved one against Italy, and for Austria and the Pope. Their principle was surrendered the moment they had reason to fear the aggrandisement of Napoleon. They are ready to aid the Poles, and, so far as Russia is concerned, might even risk a declaration of war; but they cannot endure the risk of seeing France, under cover of a quarrel with Prussia, annex any portion of the Rhine provinces; and their fear of this contingency leads them to throw cold water upon the French enthusiasm for the Poles. Above all, they abandon their principle openly, almost disgracefully, whenever it appears distantly probable that it may be applied to Turkey. It is the fixed idea of their school, and especially of Lord Palmerston, that the independence of Turkey is necessary to the security of the world. Consequently they not only defend Turkey from every attack from abroad, but repudiate in the strongest fashion all aid to insurrection from within. Good government, which they all desire, must be postponed if the bad governor is a Turk. If the Turkish troops, for example, aid in a massacre of the Christians of Syria, Syria must be resigned; for Great Britain cannot allow her, though with ten times the provocations of Tuscany, to call France to her defence. If a Turk avenges a private murder by bombarding Belgrade, the Servians so bombarded are told to abstain from their "criminal intrigues," and get the faintest measure of justice diplomacy can secure. If the Greeks of the kingdom display the slightest sympathy with the Greeks of Epirus, or Thessaly, or the unhappy Turkish islands, they are roughly informed that their independence depends on their not being hostile to Constantinople. As Turkey is not only a despotism but a religious despotism, and consequently as incorrigible as the Papacy, the utter contempt for principle manifest in this policy shatters a party whose *raison d'être* is the advocacy of certain principles which can as little be waived or modified as the great laws of morals. A true Liberal is as unwilling to bombard a Greek population for wanting to be free and united as to tell a deliberate lie or commit a deliberate murder, and regards the argument of expediency in much the same light as the causistry popularly ascribed to the disciples of Loyola.

The second section, with which we suspect Mr. Gladstone

strongly sympathises, would carry out Liberal principles to their last development; apply them in Turkey as well as Italy, in Poland as well as Spain; but, unless England were very seriously menaced in her possessions or her dignity, would abstain from active participation in the struggle. They are not disposed to disarm, to abolish the army or greatly reduce the fleet, or give up the status of Great Britain abroad, or surrender the power, should the opportunity ever arrive, of throwing the weight of their country into the balance of freedom. But they never see the opportunity. They are filled with such a terror of war, such a keen sense of its expensiveness and its horrors, so vivid a realisation of the disturbance it produces in trade, and the brutality it imparts to the mind, such a sleepless fear of the possibilities of evil opened by *any* appeal to force,—that they would make almost any sacrifice rather than give the signal for hostilities on a great scale. They prevented war for the sake of Nice and Savoy. They would try to prevent it were the "independence" of Turkey once more to be brought in question, and will in all probability prevent a campaign for the independence of Poland. The only question now before them on which they are in any degree doubtful is, perhaps, that of Italy. Were Austria to endeavour, in *concert* with France, to reëstablish her influence in the Peninsula, the probable success of that cynical wickedness might possibly bring this party into the field; but short of this, their action is that of sympathising but certainly passive friends of the new revolution. They might almost be classed with the third section, the advocates of non-intervention under all times and circumstances; but they do not admit the principle, and might, under excessive provocation, abandon the practice.

The third section is small in number, commanding less than sixty votes, but it is extremely active, and possesses the strength granted to every party with logical convictions. Their doctrine is simply this: That English business alone is the business of England, that foreign politics are simply surplusage, and that England should attend exclusively to her own affairs. If France annexes half Europe, that is half Europe's fault. If the Poles want freedom, the Poles must win it. If Italy wants unity, let Italy strive till she gets it. If Russia desires Constantinople, let the Russians and Turks fight it out, Europe merely registering in telegrams the varying fortunes of the struggle. In no case can she interfere unless directly attacked. Mr. Cobden, the chief, though not precisely the leader of this section, admits that England must be ready for self-defence, and has a right to a fleet stronger than that of any two powers united; but he would none the less denounce any war for any nation whatever,

any exertion of force, however slight, for any principle, however vital.

There remain the Catholic members, and members like the representatives of Lancashire, over whom the Catholic opinion will always have great power. Their view, seldom expressed in words, but always manifest in their votes, would seem to be this: "We sympathise with revolution, provided it never affects the Pope, or gives freedom to the horrible people who, by an impudent defiance of history and Prince Metternich, call themselves Italians." Their cardinal object is the preservation not merely of the independence of the Pope, but of his independence at Rome; and to this end all other considerations are made subordinate. They of course cordially detest the Palmerston ministry, and have become, from incessant failures, so bitter in their hostility, that the Catholics are, for the moment, lost to the Liberal party. All their traditions, of course, bind them to that side of the House. The Liberals carried Emancipation for them, in the teeth alike of the king and the people. To the Liberals alone can they look for honest support against the bigotry of the Protestant pale, against the still unsubdued spirit of Orangeism, against the iniquity of taxing six millions of Catholics for the Church required by less than a million Protestants, against the popular prejudice which, though the penal laws have been swept away, still debars them from high office. But all these considerations are lost in the imminent danger of the power to which they are more attached than to England, and they obey the order from Rome to vote down Lord Palmerston at any and every cost.

The variance among these sections deprives the ministry of all their executive force. Any one of the last three may, at the last moment, vote against them; and two are almost certain to do it. The hostility of the Ultramontanes is unappeasable, and that of the third or non-resistance section is only covered with a very thin veil. They might simply abstain from voting, but they have a bitter quarrel besides with the chief of the cabinet. They consider that he has deceived them, that he was the main agent in throwing over all projects of electoral reform, and that he now governs England by appealing to the most expensive and least honourable of the national foibles,—its mingled jealousy and fear of France. Lord Palmerston, too, is personally excessively distasteful to them. He is an aristocrat in grain. Good-natured and placable, with the sort of nonchalance so often found in men who have been very successful in society, he still at his heart believes that the *haute politique* is a game reserved for a certain caste. The narrowness and tenacity of middle-class thought irritates him as much as

its scrupulosity. He does not see why the world should not be governed by a few individuals, if they will but govern decently; dreads democracy with the shuddering fear of the old; and does not see in the least why he should not finesse in politics, if finesse will secure his end. He does not object to employ middle-class men, as some of his caste have done, and gladly availed himself of Mr. Cobden's knowledge to frame a commercial treaty with France; but the service then rendered did not prevent his telling his own minister extraordinary to "stick to his last," and not fancy himself competent to interfere in politics. This form of insolence wounds worse than an injury; and this party, if it obtains any fair opportunity, will infallibly punish. To guard against its vengeance, the wrath of the Ultramontanes, and the half-hearted support of the Independents, the ministry is compelled to rely upon its Tory allies. Their allegiance is only to be retained by concessions, and the concessions deprive the cabinet of all real working power. They are bound to quiescence as well abroad as at home. They cannot, for instance, accept a motion like that of Mr. Hennessy for enforcing the treaties of 1815 with respect to Poland, because, if they did, they would, as they fancy, lose the support of all but the aristocratic section of their own side. They cannot boldly announce that they will stand passive, because, if they did, their allies would not come up at their call. They cannot avoid reduction, because, if they do, they will shatter the Liberals to pieces; they cannot insure real relief for fear of offending their friendly opponents. They cannot govern Ireland with a high hand, because that is contrary to their avowed creed; and they cannot conciliate Ireland, because their *hold* over the Tories is their hostility to the old Irish faith. They are afraid to suggest any measure of internal reform, lest it should alienate their Conservative friends; and are disinclined to oppose any member's bill, lest they should rally to its support. Last session they introduced only one measure, Lord Westbury's plan for simplifying the transfer of land; and this year they did not promise any, and have practically only brought forward a feeble registration act for Ireland. Above all, their anomalous position causes them to act feebly, for it is the fear of opposition which makes free governments strong. If a little power has been treated, as Brazil, in a way the public half disapproves, Earl Russell scarcely explains, for he knows the opposition will not force on a grave division; if Sir George Grey is asked for new regulations for the prevention of crime, he calmly talks of exaggeration, for the opposition will not by formal censure run the risk of being informed that the coachbox is vacant, and they are to take the reins. There is weakness

every where: on the side of the Tories, who distrust their leaders' foreign policy; on the side of the Liberals, who dislike their chief's internal administration; and on the both sides, from the concessions each is obliged to make to prevent its rival becoming strong. Both parties shrink from conflict, and as yet (March 27th) the session has been marked by the almost total absence of parliamentary debate. The ministry have not introduced any administrative measure, except a reduction in the duty on cigars; have not explained their policy in Greece, or defended their attitude in America, or accounted for their estimates, or laid down any clear view as to their future action in Poland. Nor have they been seriously attacked upon any of those points. The debate on the Address was mere verbal criticism; in the debates on the estimates the Tories declined to attend; and on the serious question of Poland, where the votes might have gone against the ministry, Mr. Walpole extended his shield over the puzzled Premier, who saw that his epigram about the treaties giving him the power of interference, but not imposing the obligation, scarcely went down, yet was unwilling to utter any opinion less vague. Of internal reform there has not, as yet, been a trace; and the only promises to which the public attaches any importance are those in Mr. Gladstone's department. It is understood that he has two millions and a half to dispose of, and the estimates appear at present to confirm the conjecture. The reductions are not very permanent, being chiefly in the construction of ships, the purchases of timber, the erection of barracks, and the manufacture of guns; but still they involve a saving of two millions on the year. There is half a million saved by the absence of any vote for China; and with the two millions and a half Mr. Gladstone will probably diminish the income-tax, and largely reduce the tea-duty. The Conservatives may, by possibility, resist his course; or demand the application of the whole fund to some one change, but the effort can hardly be earnest, for the party stands deeply pledged. The reduction of the income-tax is always popular, and the Tories themselves are hostile to the excessive duty on tea, which they recently moved to reduce. They have no *locus standi*, and must perforce wait on till some unexpected event gives a new and a trustworthy organisation to their ranks.

It will be perceived that, throughout our review, we have made no mention of the greatest foreign question of all,—the American civil war. The omission was designed; for that war, though it interests all opinions and affects all interests, though it has introduced more divisions than any event since the Revolution, and will probably exercise a permanent influence over English development, has had, strange to say, no party action

whatever. There are, of course, the most violent differences of opinion as to the merits of the war, and they are, on the whole, conterminous with party lines. The Tories hold, as a body, that the Southerners are seceding from a government which they detest, in order to set up one of their own, and that in so doing they have but exercised the revolutionary right. They are fighting for independence with a courage and a determination which of themselves deserve success. The Liberals as a body hold, on the other hand, that the Southerners seceded from a government in which they had an almost dominant power, in order to extend and perpetuate the worst form of society known,—an oligarchy resting upon the avowed slavery of the whole working class, a slavery supported by law, justified by bad moral theories, and maintained by the unscrupulous use of the scourge, the gallows, and fire. The Tories as a body have welcomed every Southern victory with delight, excused every Southern breach of the laws of war,—such as the execution of all Negro camp-followers, teamsters, and draymen,—and poured out their vials of bitterness upon the proclamation of November, by which the President enfranchised all slaves which on 1st November should be in rebellious states. The Liberals, on the other hand, have sighed over the incessant proofs of want of statesmanship in the North; have regretted, though not warmly, the consequent defeats; and have ardently justified the President's proclamation. The two opinions have abused one another with a virulence to which, in England, we are growing unaccustomed, and which, upon most questions, would be followed by immediate action. But in England it takes more than ideas to produce a parliamentary vote. Those demanding it must offer also a policy; and on the English policy in America the parties are in cordial accord. The vast majority of both Houses are in favour of passive neutrality. Nothing, it is felt, would be gained by recognition without intervention; and for intervention the Tories are not prepared. Some of them do not like the idea of making the South too strong; others have a lingering scruple about alliance with slave-owners; a few dislike any act which must produce a maritime, and eventually profitless, war; and the majority are delighted with a struggle which exhausts combatants whom in their secret hearts they detest in nearly equal degrees. They are therefore fully prepared to second Lord Palmerston in denouncing intervention, and have succeeded, with a good deal of tact, in keeping the subject out of the Houses. Lord Stratheden brought on a motion, but he was induced to withdraw it; and the indecision of government in the matter of the *Alabama* was condoned by the fact, that the inde-

cision benefited the side which their opponents are inclined to support.

Is this weakness, this lassitude in the executive, and powerlessness in the Legislature, likely to last? It is dangerous to prophesy, when any hour may produce an event which may falsify all predictions; when the future of Europe hangs on the life of a debauchee of fifty-five, and all party arrangements on that of a man who at the end of the session will be seventy-nine; but there is no present prospect of any serious change. A dissolution would in all probability produce a nearly identical House. If the Tories, at last fairly organised, should accept the power in their grasp, they would be as powerless as the Liberals, for like them they could only exist by the sufferance of unfriendly allies. They could do little this year, unless they embroiled us with America, and then they would almost certainly be dispossessed once more. They could not actively menace Italy, or visibly bow to France; and they probably, for all their professions, would leave Poland to fight her own battle rather than risk France on the Rhine. On the other hand, if the Whigs retain power, as at present, by sufferance of their opponents, they must, as at present, so act as not to make sufferance impossible; in other words, must do as little as they can help. There is no demand visibly coming up from the country. The new aristocracy will not attempt to surrender its own monopoly of power, and there is no sign that as yet the masses are seriously anxious to pluck that power from their hands. The content seems for the moment fathomless. Even the heavy taxation which at another time would have created profound irritation, has been so wisely distributed, that reluctant tax-payers are puzzled what to assail, and generally end by denouncing the one tax about which the million care nothing at all. The economists have been soothed by reductions, the alarmists by a still lavish expenditure, the squires by the abolition of the hop-duty, the Church by the cold abstention of the ministry from all reform. The educated class has indeed its grievance, but then it is one never yet forced with success upon the House of Commons. It wants to widen the national Church, and bring its formulas into accord with the living faith of the day. It wishes to remove whatever gives colour to the popular impression implied in the assertion that the Bible is verbally inspired, and it wishes to replace the thirty-nine propositions in divinity called Articles by a broader and simpler test, which should exclude no clergyman who could affirm the Christian faith and the supremacy of the Queen. But the new aristocracy, the mass of the voting class, want nothing whatever of the kind; and till they express a want, the Commons will only discuss those subjects within the tea-room. No

change in a national creed is ever effected from above, nor will any change be made in the organisation of a national Church until some decided grievance arises from leaving it as it is. There is content in internal affairs; the nation must therefore continue to watch external movements; and on external movements there is as yet a dissonance of opinion which must paralyse force. For the next year to come we look for a feeble ministry, and an almost unanimous, and therefore compromising, House of Commons.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

I. *Essays by a Barrister.* Reprinted from the Saturday Review. London: Smith and Elder.

THE art of combining amusement and instruction has reached a very high pitch of perfection in the weekly journals. A daily paper has to supply information as to facts, and to comment on them summarily from the one-sided point of view of the political party whose brief it holds. A monthly or quarterly review is too late to take advantage of the interest of the topics of the flying hour, and must rest its claims to attention on a more judicial summing-up, and a more complete statement of larger questions. Between the two lie the weekly periodicals, whose business it is to apply more general considerations and more elaborate criticism than can be found in the one to subjects too minute or too ephemeral for the other. They have for a special province what may be called the manners of society, the semi-official actions of statesmen, the common follies of the day, or the particular ones of sections and parties, and all the momentary and multifarious subjects of so-called middle articles. The success of these depends on the judgment with which they mix up their amusement with the seriousness. The most successful are unquestionably those which are purely ephemeral, which treat passing events according to the humour of the moment, and merge the general in the particular. But there is another kind which tries to be more than ephemeral, which dabbles in philosophy, and asks in effect of each event of the day, What lesson do we learn from this? The value of these is very questionable. They certainly seldom amuse, and if they do not instruct, they are nothing. Yet they are not often likely to have much instruction to give. Occasionally, of course, they are written by men who are masters of their provinces of thought, and take this means of insisting on points omitted in or capable of being detached from general statements of the whole subjects; but more commonly they are the tentative essays of those who have either no formed opinions or no special knowledge. But the views of young men, or of any men who have not made a careful and laborious study of that about which they write, however valuable they may be to their authors, are nearly worthless to the world. They consist of just those smart but immature and analogical notions which a further inquiry generally lays aside as fallacious and anticipatory. Either, then, they presume the presence of knowledge which is not at hand, and are more positive and certain than the real truth and certainty can be; or, if the temper of the writer is different, they consist of nothing but compromise and allowance, and balance opinions without arriving at any result. Whatever temporary value they may have as a means of diffusing a sensible and liberal tone of thought, and of translating the accurate ideas of original investigators into a familiar and intelligible form of expression, they can seldom on their own merits deserve republication.

If any exceptions are to be made to this rule, the *Essays by a Barrister*, which have been reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, must be

placed amongst them, as having a more permanent value than most collections of the ideas of outsiders about abstruse subjects. Yet even these are valuable more for their tone than for their matter, as models of fair and liberal criticism rather than for any new or even definite results. The author's distinguishing merit is, that whilst he is free from mixed modes of thought and 'promiscuity' of notions, and therefore speaks from a clear and consistent point of view, he is careful never to go too far, or to commit himself to ill-considered enthusiasm. Every thing is under-stated, so as to be rather within than beyond the truth, and carefully limited and balanced by adverse considerations. The tyranny of a principle is checked by practical common sense, and the narrowness of facts corrected by reference to general principles which underlie or override them. The obscurity of the resulting conclusions is here and there happily cleared up by brilliant illustrations, and the effect of suggestive reflections is often heightened by a peculiar artifice of style, by which something more seems to be hinted at than appears on the surface, or than we can quite comprehend. On the other hand, the critical temper and balancing of considerations is not all clear gain. The perpetual limitations with which every statement is hedged round give a negative character to the whole effect, which is puzzling whilst we read, and absolutely fatal to the chance of a clear recollection of any definite result. A very minute or delicate idea is enveloped or expressed in a cloud of words, which fatigue the attention, and in some cases prevent our remembering any thing, or knowing which way the verdict has gone, or even what was the point under discussion. The interest of the essays is further impaired by the inordinate preponderance of moral over facts. The quantity of instances given is insufficient to sustain the weight of the elaborate reflections, and we recalcitrate against lessons taught too nakedly and abstractedly, instead of being insinuated and left to enforce themselves by a skilful array of cases A curious result occasionally follows from this laborious *à posteriori* analysis of particular social phenomena. As Hegelians have been said to confuse what has been with what ought to have been or ought to be, so a fact or custom philosophically explained sometimes becomes, by a kind of philosophical optimism, a fact or custom sanctioned by the constitution of things. According to the nomenclature of such a system, the acceptance of the fact as it stands is praised as positive philosophy, or the science of that which is, and the reprobation of it branded as metaphysical or *à priori* science of that which ought to be. The same feeling, though less absurdly expressed, shows itself in places in these essays. "It is surely" (we are told) "matter of great congratulation, that there is not an invariable alliance between prosperity and desert;" the advantage resulting therefrom being, that "as things stand now, we have the satisfaction of knowing that no one need be ashamed of his condition in life, because his presence in it proves nothing against him." There is certainly some credit in being especially 'jolly' in the face of a circumstance which is particularly perplexing to most people.

The best and most interesting of these essays are those which are devoted to an analysis of certain expressions such as 'geniality,'

'strength,' 'philanthropy,' which are current in popular criticism, and convey a confused implication of admiration and dislike. Nothing so good has been done in this way, except by Bentham, since the days of Plato. We are carried back in reading them to that exquisite induction of words which in the hands of Socrates laid the foundations of mental science. Yet nothing is so difficult as to lay bare the real grounds of popular praise or blame, and the origin of the associations, by which names of particular qualities, neither good nor bad in themselves, have grown to be representative of great principles and of distinct habits of thought. The essayist's clearness of mind has enabled him to disentangle happily the various ideas and feelings which have attached themselves to several of these expressions. There is only one mistake into which he has fallen, that of sometimes finding a great deal more in them than was ever dreamed of by those who used them. We are astonished to find how much more we meant than we had supposed, when we called a man genial, or used the apparently simple nickname of John Bull.

II. *The History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans. From chronicles and documents published within the last ten years.* By T. L. Kington, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple. In two volumes. Macmillan and Co.

The interest of the life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans, arises less from the vast extent of his dominions than from his wonderful strength of character, and the great questions of which he was a living part. If the last act of a tragedy be played out on the peasant's death-bed, what shall be said of the man whose life was a continual struggle before all Europe, and in the issue of which struggle all Europe was concerned? Inheriting from his mother Constance the kingdom of Sicily and South Italy, and as the son of Henry VI. standing first among candidates for the throne of the German empire, Frederick might seem to owe every thing to good fortune; whereas no ruler started with greater difficulties. An orphan, carelessly brought up by a Pope the natural enemy of the Hohenstaufen, surrounded by turbulent barons, selfish churchmen, jealous citizens, Frederick learnt from hard experience his kingcraft. He had to subdue nobles "who made war upon each other without scruple, built castles without license, seized on the royal domains, and usurped the right of criminal jurisdiction;" next to assert authority over prosperous burghers, more tenacious of hard-won civic rights than even grand seigneurs of swords and title-deeds. But the conflict which awaited the young king and emperor, the stone of stumbling to himself and his house, was of another and graver kind. The question of Frederick's age was the extent of obedience claimed by and owed to the see of Rome: how far the authority demanded in the highest Name and with awful sanctions was compatible with the rights of subjects and rulers. The *prima dies leti* was when Innocent III. approved the election of another Hohenstaufen to the headship of the German empire, and thereby united under one the government of Germany, a large part of mo-

dern France, and nearly all Italy. Frederick was only seventeen when thus set on trial. Had he been less gifted with governing capacity, the prize must have slipt from him. When he returned at the age of twenty-six from the survey of his great Northern possessions, he had proved himself more than equal to meet whatever difficulties the Pope, citizens, and nobles might set in his way. His claim to a place among the world's great ones rests on his regulation of Apulia and Sicily in the following eight years. Frederick was true to his Norman birth. His wish and pride was to be "law animate upon earth." In an age of feudalism, when in France alone there were sixty different codes of local customs, it proved an iron strength of will and uncommon foresight to reduce to one digest the best customs of so many races, Italians, Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Germans, and Jews; to curtail local privileges, to level distinctions, and thereby rivalries and enmities between cities (the fruitful cause of Italy's misfortunes to this day); to abolish podestàs, consuls, rectors,—all impediments to one authority; to summon deputies from forty-seven cities to a conference or parliament, "for the weal of the kingdom, and the general advantage of the State;" to subject the barons to law, and deprive them of the right of deciding criminal cases, whereby the lowest classes of the population had been at their mercy. The spirit of Frederick's measures went to establish a despotism, but legal and enlightened, which should deal out to all men impartial justice. When it is added, that Frederick chose for his counsellors and friends the ablest of the land, irrespective of their birth and standing, men like Peter de Vineis and Thaddeus of Suessa; that he delighted in the arts; that Italian poetry first found her voice at his court; that commerce had never before been so flourishing, or material prosperity so great,—we can understand why Italians, and especially Sicilians, revert to the good old days of the Suabian house, to the wise and beneficent customs of Frederick II., "Cæsar of the Romans, Ever-august, Italicus, Siculus, Hierosolymitanus, Arelatensis, happy, conquering, triumphant."

These are the brighter aspects and memories of the life of the last of the great Emperors. There are darker ones. In an age of intolerance we need not be surprised at any honest thorough endeavour to uproot heresy. We understand persecution carried on by Innocent III. and Dominic: the historian who reads human nature aright may even condone it. But there is no excuse for Frederick's persecutions, more cruel and treacherous than pope's or inquisitor's. Frederick was the worst of persecutors, as Dean Milman has remarked, for he was without bigotry. He trampled on innocent free-minded citizens under cover of the most malignant of the religious passions and superstitions of his time. In truth, with his father's crown he inherited his father's temper. The career of the Hohenstaufens is stained with cruelty and treachery, to which Frederick added a lewdness that even his age, not given to softness or delicacy of feeling, reprobated. Mr. Kington throws no veil over Frederick's life. He does not attempt to hide, or still worse to palliate, the treachery which gave charters to cities only to be recalled at the first opportunity, which promised with an imperial

oath pardon to citizens only that a more terrible vengeance might be wreaked upon them. Now that it has become the fashion to excuse crimes against humanity, as proceeding from something like divine inspiration, or to explain them away as necessary acts of state policy, we are glad that Mr. Kington, who has given in this work an earnest of the place he will one day take among historians, following in this, as in the fidelity and research of his narrative, the example of Dean Milman, tells his plain unvarnished tale. If Frederick's wise legislation is the instinct of his Norman birth, his numberless deeds of cruelty and treachery betray the taint of Hohenstaufen blood, and place him on a line for perjury with some monarchs of the nineteenth century.

But Frederick's offences against truth and mercy were not the causes of his failure. His power was too great for the security of the rest of Christendom, was more than one man in any age could be trusted with. The restraining element in society was the papacy, and with this Frederick's position, claims, and conduct rudely clashed. The rest of Christendom acknowledged obedience due to Christ's vicar upon earth; Frederick in spirit and in deed acknowledged none. As "the source of law, he was above law," and therefore exempt. "What! shall the pride of a man of low birth degrade the emperor, who has no superior or equal on earth?" Mr. Kington, in one passage, characterises the harsh policy of Rome towards Frederick as a policy of self-interest; elsewhere he shows plainly enough that it was a question of self-preservation. The pope was hedged in on every side by Frederick's superior force. France was not then what it is now; Spain was divided into, and weakened, by its five kingdoms; and, however much the gold of England might flow into papal coffers, the barons of England were distant cold-hearted defenders. The pope had little else but moral force, the belief of Christendom that his cause was right, to rely upon. That, and the few Lombard cities, were more than sufficient.

The great dissension is admirably related with all fulness of detail in Mr. Kington's second volume. Our sympathies may be with the emperor's brave encounter of his difficulties; our reason, calmly judging, will not regret that he gloriously failed. For the time had not yet come when Europe could dispense with that directing mediating force which the Papacy then was. The worst and most unscrupulous popes were yet witnesses to a Power which did not stand upon or prevail by strength, which, because it was so divine and spiritual, had a claim upon the consciences of men. What Mr. Mill thinks the Hebrew prophets were in the kingdoms of Judah and Israel; what, according to Dr. Wolff's Travels, the dervishes are still in Eastern countries; what the unanimous and enlightened *vox populi* is now among us—that was the Papacy to mediæval Christendom, the single power before which rulers stood abashed, which could effectually protect the weak, desolate, and oppressed. It was less in the spirit of a Christian apostle than of a Jewish warrior that Innocent IV. fought for supremacy, and excommunicated Frederick at Lyons. Yet, in thus acting, he was in a manner the representative of Christendom, which spoke through him; and according to the then views of Christian duties and obligations, his

voice of accusation and lament was just and necessary. "I have five sorrows, which I may liken to the five wounds of Christ. These are, the Tartar inroads, the schismatical spirit of the Greeks, the heresies which have crept in, especially in Lombardy, the seizure of Jerusalem by the Kharixmians, the active enmity of the emperor to the church which he is bound to protect." The events here lamented were felt in their awful magnitude by the men of that time; they are so remote from us that we faintly sympathise with the papal warning. The philosophical historian is more just. He knows that the future welfare of Europe rested not upon the continuance of one uniform overshadowing despotism, but upon the mutually counteracting and sustaining forces of a common Christendom, of which the Papacy was then the necessary head. But he is not on that account disposed to justify that papal government which for centuries has missed its grand ideal, has divided the nations asunder rather than knit them together, has become a legalised oppression, and is now guilty, in the judgment of educated Europe, of the slow murder of the Roman people.

Mr. Kington sums up the moral of his story eloquently and truly:

"Rome won the day; and we need not regret it. The papal giants of the thirteenth century, ever ready to march in the van of public opinion, shrinking from useless crimes, are not likely to be reproduced in our days. Their conduct may perhaps be angrily denounced; the sturdy Protestant will revile their ambition and combativeness; the admirer of the divine right of kings (a few such admirers still linger among us) will mourn over the ruin of the matchless Hohenstaufens; the lover of chivalry will bewail the loss of the Holy Land; the English patriot will turn with disgust from a shameful chapter in his national history; the German patriot will sigh as he thinks of the time when his country was united; the Italian patriot will point with scorn to the lines of kings, almost always degenerating, which have ruled at Naples since the fall of the house of Swabia. But in spite of all these outcries, the impartial inquirer will hesitate before he pronounces that the fall of this house was a blow to the interests of mankind."

III. *The Theætetus of Plato, with a revised Text and English Notes.* By the Rev. Lewis Campbell. Oxford, 1861.

Scholar-like editions of Greek or Latin Classics by English scholars are not such every-day productions that we can afford to pass them by without notice, even when, as in the case of the work before us, the interest attaching to them is of a somewhat esoteric kind.

The Theætetus, it must be confessed, is not one of those Platonic dialogues which every student of antiquity feels himself compelled to read. It has neither the solemn interest of the Phædo, nor the inimitable grace and beauty of the Symposium; nor do we trace in it, except only faintly, the outlines of that great system of philosophy which finds its fullest expression in the Republic. The subject discussed in the Theætetus—the nature of knowledge—is, indeed, one of those questions which must ever remain of central importance in all

philosophy; but the reader's interest in the discussion, as here presented to him by Plato, is much diminished when he finds that it leads only to a negative result, and that it contains, not the final creed of Platonism, but only the details of those polemics against contemporary and antecedent theories, which were but a step toward the formation of that creed in the mind of Plato himself. The dialogue, as Mr. Campbell well observes, is written from a point of view more advanced (in the Platonic sense) than any which is allowed to appear in it; and though this is but an instance of the irony, which is no less characteristic of Plato than of his master Socrates, yet it certainly gives rise to a sense of philosophic if not artistic incompleteness, which interferes with the perfect satisfaction of the reader. The Parmenides is equally barren of positive results, and its dialectics are even more repulsive (to all but adepts) than those of the Theætetus; but there we feel that Plato is exerting the full force of his mind in analysing the metaphysical abstraction of Absolute Being, which has formed the principal object of the speculations of transcendental philosophers in all ages; in the Theætetus it seems as if he did but play with us, calling up before us one false hypothesis after another, only to show their falseness, while he has the truth in his own possession all the time. Yet, after all has been said that can be said in depreciation of the Theætetus, there are some respects in which it deserves a larger share of attention than it commonly receives from any but professed students of Platonic metaphysics. For example, the presentation of the character of Socrates has unquestionably, in this dialogue, a freshness and individuality not surpassed in any other; nowhere else is his consciousness of the humorous aspect of his own character so clearly portrayed, and yet no where else is this comic element more harmoniously blended with the earnestness of the great teacher. Nor, again, in any other dialogue do we find more to throw light on the view which Plato took of his own relation to the earlier philosophies of Greece.

It is but justice to Mr. Campbell to say, that he has formed to himself a true idea of what a reader of Plato has a right to expect from an editor of Plato; and that he has endeavoured to leave no part of an editor's work undone. The text, the language, the philosophy, have all alike shared his attention. The text of the Theætetus is fortunately, on the whole, in a very fair condition; and Mr. Campbell has in general followed the Zurich editors, his occasional deviations from them being chiefly prompted by two principles, a determination to exclude all conjectural emendations, and a preference for the Codex Clarkianus. In many of these deviations Mr. Campbell appears to us to have exercised a sound critical judgment; nevertheless, we must express our conviction that it would have been simpler and better to have adopted without alteration the text of the Zurich editors. When once the text of a classic has been brought to a certain state of correctness, not much further improvement (and much possible mischief) may be expected from isolated efforts to emend it. Prolonged study of the whole works of the author, and accurate collations of the Mss. authorities, are indispensable to any real advance. The opportunities for such systematic

research cannot be possessed by every scholar, and we think that it is a pity to undertake at all what can afterwards be undertaken by others with fairer chances of success. Some division of labour must be allowed in philology as in other things, and while giving due praise to Mr. Campbell's cautious use of his private judgment, we certainly hope that future editors of single Platonic dialogues will not think themselves bound to adopt a course which may prove more dangerous to them than it has been to him.

To the elucidation of the philosophy of the dialogue, and especially to its bearings on the earlier schools, a long introduction is devoted. That the principal features of the false theory of knowledge, which is enunciated and refuted in the dialogue, are derived from a combination of the doctrine of Protagoras with that of the successors of Heraclitus, is so clearly stated by Plato as to be indisputable. The name of Parmenides, as the opponent of the Heraclitian doctrine, is also mentioned, though Socrates declines, out of veneration for the memory of the man, to enter on a discussion of his theories. But, apart from these great names of a former age, the question, whether there is any allusion to philosophers contemporary with Plato himself, is a very obscure one, and, as we may perhaps add, a comparatively useless one, as the knowledge we possess of the tenets of the minor Socratic schools is too slight to be of any use in the illustration of the meaning of Plato. Mr. Campbell seems disposed (after a very full inquiry) to consider the evidence of any direct allusion to Antisthenes insufficient; a judgment in which we cordially concur. To find an allusion to the name Antisthenes in the epithet ἀντίτυποι "repellent," applied to certain materialists; or worse still, to imagine that the story of the girl (a Thracian, as slave-girls often were) who laughs at Thales for falling into a well, contains a covert reference to Antisthenes because his mother was a Thracian, are amusing extravagances of minute criticism; and we are almost disposed to quarrel with Mr. Campbell for the tolerance with which he records these trifling guesses. We could have wished, too, that he would have carried his scepticism a step farther, and would have acknowledged that there is no sufficient reason for identifying Aristippus any more than Antisthenes with any of the "opinions contested in the Theætetus." We can only say, that it is not impossible that a reference to him may have been intended by Plato; but as we can only conjecture what the scientific opinions were which Aristippus used as a basis for the easy epicureanism with which his name is associated, it is the merest guess-work to father upon him any theories which we find mentioned in Plato, merely because they are not inconsistent with the little that we do know of his doctrine. The hypothesis that friends or followers of Democritus may be signified by the repellent materialists already mentioned, rests upon equally conjectural grounds, and is open to this further objection, that we cannot conceive why Plato should have avoided mentioning the name of Democritus any more than that of Heraclitus, though we can understand that there may have been reasons for reticence in the case of a Socratic school.

It is more satisfactory to turn to the pages (Introduction, pp. xxxvi. xlviii.), in which Mr. Campbell gives an account of the system of Heraclitus. He is an eloquent advocate of the metaphysical interpretation of that system which has found favour since the time of Hegel. It is indeed possible that by this interpretation something has been introduced into Heraclitus which is not his own; we doubt, for example, whether he would still have recognised his own principles after that translation into the logic of Hegel, of which they are now supposed capable. Nor is it easy, upon the Hegelian interpretation, to understand the attitude of Plato in the Theætetus with regard to him; for it is hardly conceivable that if Plato had been conscious of the parallelism between his own διαλεκτική and the fiery process of the Ephesian mystic, he could have treated the Heraclitian school as simple enemies of the truth, at least without clearly distinguishing between them and their master.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the success with which Mr. Campbell has endeavoured in the course of his notes, and by means of his marginal summaries, to put before the reader the connexion and significance of the Socratic argument throughout the course of the dialogue. The only faults of his philosophical notes are, that they are too few and too short, clearness being sometimes entirely sacrificed to brevity (see, for example, p. 125, note 10). For so enthusiastic a Platonist he is singularly impartial in pointing out the weak points of Plato's logic (see the notes at p. 48, 10; 61, 2; or the quotation from Hegel at 19, p. 17).

We have also to complain of a little obscurity in the notes on points of scholarship. For example, at page 13, 8, we find a passage cited without any indication of the point it is intended to illustrate. At page 30, 14, a question between two various readings, οὗτοι and αὐτοί, is settled on a general principle, the application of which to the particular instance it is left to the reader to divine. The younger classical scholar will have much reason to be grateful for the pains Mr. Campbell has taken to follow all the subtle windings of Plato's style, and to give the full force of the particles, on which so much of the point and spirit of the conversation depends. Indeed, we should occasionally be disposed to find fault with him for seeing too much meaning in the words before him. We think it fair to quote two or three instances in justification of this charge, as it is possible that many scholars would give their verdict in his favour and against us. Page 14, 13, where a mathematical allusion is suspected in προσήγορος; page 26, 6, the force of the diminutive φαρμάκια, which is simply playful, is entirely missed by the translation, "gentle remedies;" page 32, the particle γε in σοῦ γε οὕτω παρακελεσμένου is paraphrased by "you whom I respect so highly," whereas it surely refers to the whole clause. Page 90, ἀποδύσας, "having stripped him of every excuse," exactly misses the point of the metaphor, which means "having compelled him to make an exhibition of himself." Sometimes, too, there is an amount either of uncertainty or of vagueness, which so excellent a scholar should not allow himself. The old *ex-cathedrâ* utterances are greatly preferable to too much dubitation in

philology. Thus, in page 66, 2, τὰ ἀμφιδρόμια αὐτοῦ "is a cogn. acc. in somewhat vague connexion with what follows;" it is surely an ordinary cogn acc. after περιθρεκτέον. Page 80, 17, ἃ "is an accusative depending chiefly on ἐφόμενος, but vaguely also on all that follows." Page 39, 12, and 84, 12, we are told very truly that ἕξις has two meanings, active and neuter; but it is added, that in some passages it "wavers" between both.

A good example of the merits of Mr. Campbell as a commentator will be found in the notes on the celebrated passage relating to irrational square roots (pp. 19-22). By comparing the use of language in Euclid, he has removed every shade of obscurity from the passage. One question, however, "Why Theodorus did not begin with $\sqrt{2}$" is answered very unfortunately (p. 20, 3) by the suggestion that $\sqrt{2}$ is less than one. A more possible answer would be, that since $\sqrt{2}$ is the diameter of the unit square, the doctrine of its incommensurability might have been considered separately and previously by Theodorus; just as we find it separately alluded to by Aristotle, and separately demonstrated in Euclid.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without expressing a strong sense of the thoroughness and excellence of Mr. Campbell's work; nor without recommending it as indispensable to all students, not only of the Theætetus, but of Plato.

IV. *A New Pantomime.* By E. V. Kenealy, LL.D. London: Reeves and Turner. 1863.

Dr. Kenealy has chosen a subject in which none but a great master could hope to succeed, and in which any thing less than brilliant success must be signal failure. He has treated it with a want of judgment which would have been fatal to the most splendid genius employed on the happiest of themes. The list of those who have attempted to poeticise the future state, with any approach to success, may almost be reckoned on the fingers of one hand, and the list of those who have been really successful almost on one finger; whilst the success, whether more or less complete, has in each case been attained only by an instinctive recognition of certain conditions of the problem which have been disregarded by Dr. Kenealy. The chief of these seems to be, that earnestness and levity must not be mixed up together. Homer, Dante, and Milton believed in the existence of that which they described, and their belief gave to their writings an air of reality, which was a main element of their triumph. We are laid under the spell of their sincerity, and gladly accept things which are not as though they were. Goethe, on the other hand, having quite outgrown belief, used the unseen world merely as a convenient fiction by which scenes of human passion might be transferred to a wider and more untrammeled stage. In the entire absence of religious earnestness, the wildest levity was not out of place; but any bit of religion, or any serious theological view, would have been as curiously out of place on the Brocken as the company there in Paradise. Dr. Kenealy has mixed the two effects, and has

necessarily failed. There is indeed a mixture of humour in Dante's earnestness, and of earnestness in Goethe's mockery; but in this poem the earnest element and the satirical element are of incompatible kinds. Whilst the theory is an exposition of the abstruse and sublime dictates of an illuminated reason, the humour is of a sort which is accurately measured by the distance between the titles of the *Divina Commedia* and of *A New Pantomime*. The two modes of thought are perpetually at variance, and the result is an incongruous medley of Platonism and Billingsgate. For a moment we see a prophet, charged with the oracles of a new revelation, radiant with an ideal light, the first of men; but at this crisis some unlucky head is sure to come invitingly in the way: the temptation is too strong; and the prophet utters a whoop of joy, and cracks the head, whilst away fly the oracular leaves down the winds.

It is this mixture of thoughts which will not mingle that is the cause of most of the absurdities of the book. "Our author," as he tells us,

> "dipping his gold pen in gall
> And milk of paradise, conceived the work."

But we submit that gall and milk have no affinities for one another, and can only produce something which may be called curdled confusion. "Man's an ass" may be made the subject of a very good poem; and it is conceivable that the notion that our passions and vices do not die with us, but require to be burned, or hammered, or bleached out after death, might, though not altogether new, in the hands of a reverent and credulous enthusiast, be wrought into something not altogether unreadable; but the two together make a monstrosity. The fact is, that the poem is one great plagiarism. One of the guardian angels plagiarises, we believe, from Mrs. Hemans, the sub-terrestrial frogs from Aristophanes, and the poet generally from Byron and Goethe; and it is the Nemesis of plagiarism, and the test which distinguishes it from genuine eclecticism, that it borrows without harmonising, and puts together ideas which are striking separately, but will not bear combination. Dr. Kenealy is probably by nature a tender-minded enthusiast, and he has adopted a cynical tone without stopping to consider whether the borrowed brimstone will amalgamate pleasantly with the native treacle.

Mr. Kinglake teaches us that when generals misunderstand each other, there may be plenty of good fighting, but there is no art of war. Some regiments will fight more than is necessary, others less, and one may spend its strength on some object which has already been secured by the movements of another. A like result follows from Dr. Kenealy's incompatible ideas. Each part of his poem is its own *raison d'être*, and is careless whether it contradicts the rest, and whether or not it occupies a disproportionate space. At one moment the poet, surrounded in hell by his pet aversions, is carried away by a desire to damn them thoroughly and vindictively; at another he remembers his theory, that punishment is temporary and reformatory. We are shown a vast and

unconnected panorama of all that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the abyss which is under the earth,

> "Wherever Life, or Soul, or Spirit dwell,
> Or the enchantress Nature weaves her spell,
> Or Thought or Being be (*sic*),—
> In Space, or Star, or God's immensity;"

and about every thing the author writes till he is tired, without considering whether he has said enough for his purpose. When he has set two friends to scold one another, he goes on, carried away by the excitement of the moment, till his list of rhymes is exhausted:

> "*Evil Spirit.* Villain, knave, dolt, rascal, monkey!
> *Devil's Advocate.* How now? how now, gentle Nunkey?
> *Ev. Sp.* Scoundrel, stinkard, ruffian, booby!
> *Dev. Adv.* Spoil not those ripe lips of ruby.
> *Ev. Sp.* Dunghill, coward, dunce, rascallion!
> *Dev. Advo.* Why, you're rampant as a stallion.
> *Ev. Sp.* Vagabond, beast, goose, and blackguard!"

and so on for ten pages, with four or five more later on, till the whole *propria quæ maribus et fœmineis demonibus* is used up, without any advantage to the progress of the piece. In the same way, it is part of the theory, that all things have immortal souls; and the folk-lore and literature of all nations is ransacked for names of fairies and sprites, who keen and croon at the rate of about ten lines apiece, so long as the list holds out.

If the effect of the mixture of the satirical and the enthusiastic elements is disastrous, neither are they irreproachable each on its own ground. Indignation is perfectly free to make as many verses as it pleases, if it prefers that to any more commonplace method of reforming society, and provided that the verses are very good and to the point, and not too violent. But the satirical part of Dr. Kenealy's work is good only as that most wearisome of all things, a sustained *tour de force*, and has no relation to any social questions in which any mortal is interested. It consists of a list of not very skilfully-varied torments inflicted on a very ill-selected number of criminals. Joseph, Joshua, and David, Jupiter's eagle, and Dr. Colenso by anticipation, are placed in the same region as the blackest of monsters; and the violence with which all, including some living persons, are treated is wholly unpardonable. It is not fair, says a characteristic Irish proverb, for one man to set upon twenty; the reason being apparently that he will get an unfair proportion of sport, since there will be twenty heads for him to crack, and only the poor allowance of one for his enemies. Dr. Kenealy has caught the advantages of his position with an appreciatory quickness of perception, and makes full use of it, without mercy or discrimination. So, again, a philosophical idea or new theory of future existence, if wrought up by a great mind capable of making it incarnate, of clothing it with the flesh and blood of practical interest, and of transferring it from the region of pure reason into that of imagination, may be able to sustain the weight of a large

poem: but then it must be clear and important, and capable of carrying conviction by its intrinsic force; and it must so interpenetrate the details as to give significance to them, whilst they give reality and substance to it. It is true that a false or weak idea is only read larger and exhibited in all its absurdity in every metaphor and incident, if this close relation between the idea and the details is carefully maintained. But if it is not maintained, what hope is there that the idea can be made intelligible at all? And again, if the idea itself is not clearly conceived, it is impossible that the details can be made relevant. The finest painting or sculpture is wasted if the idea or sentiment is a little too fine or subtle; but what must be the effect of Dr. Kenealy's studied concealment of an esoteric theory? "Let no man criticise this poem" (we are told) "who does not in part conceive what it means; let no man pronounce upon its author who cannot enter into his soul;" yet only two passages are pointed out as capable of giving even a faint light to the "uninitiated." "Je me comprends, cela me suffit," may be a very good motto for a secluded metaphysician, but it is a very bad one for an author.

There is wanting in *A New Pantomime* that lightness of step which is necessary for those who would tread with angels, and there are wanting the force and beauty of diction, the rich imagery, the perfect workmanship, the comparatively close relation to actual human life, and, above all, that sense of originality and of things undared before which gave a charm to *Faust*. Still, if Dr. Kenealy would cancel the preface, with its hints of illumination and religion, and omit all the serious parts, half the abyss of hell, and the multitudinous minor gehennas, there would remain enough passages marked by wild fancy, vivid description, and adroit and melodious versification, to make a very readable extravaganza.

V. *Constitutional History of England.* By T. E. May, C.B. Longmans.

Mr. May has ended his task, and has finished the work left incomplete by Hallam. In some respects, he is well fitted to follow in the steps of the great Whig writer. His style is clear and unpretentious; his power of collecting and of arranging facts considerable; and, what is even of greater importance, his mind is cast in the same mould as that of his celebrated model. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that Mr. May suffers by a comparison with Hallam. The famous Constitutional History of England is not without its defects. It is as dry and dull as a treatise on contingent remainders, and ought in fact to be classed among law books. But its defects are counterbalanced by the one unspeakable merit, of precisely attaining the end for the sake of which it was written. Every constitutional change is clearly though succinctly set down in its pages, and students in search of definite information can scarcely fail to obtain what they require. To Mr. May's continuation we cannot honestly give the same kind of praise. His style is too diffuse for his subject; and, chiefly from a singular error in his arrangement of topics, it is by no means easy for inquirers to lay their finger

upon the precise facts of which they are in search. The same information is often repeated over again in two or three different chapters; whilst, on the other hand, circumstances are kept apart which are scarcely intelligible unless looked at in their mutual connexion. Thus the history of the Catholic Association recurs, under slightly varied forms, in at least three chapters; and there is something singularly perplexing in the way in which the constitutional questions connected with the name of Wilkes, instead of being looked at together, are recounted partly in the first, partly in the second volume of the history. Moreover, though with some hesitation, we are inclined to think that Mr. May's experiment justifies Hallam's decision to make the accession of George III. the limit of his work. A writer who traces down the annals of the constitution to a later date, can hardly find a stopping place short of the year in which his work happens to be composed, and thus is driven to fill his history with information that can be gained in the daily papers, and at the same time to enter into controversies which are still open and undecided. It is, for instance, to be regretted that details about Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, or allusions to the Chinese debate, should inevitably increase the bulk of a book which ought to narrate those facts only which lapse of time has made matters of history. A serious difficulty, which scarcely affected Hallam, hampers his successors. The constitutional questions of the sixteenth or seventeenth century had an independent importance, which hardly attaches to changes in the mere form of government at a later period of national development. From 1760, for want of a better word, what must be termed social questions became more and more mixed up with mere political disputes; and a glance at Mr. May's index shows that he has been compelled to mingle, with inquiries into the changes undergone by the form of government, speculations as to subjects not closely connected with what is, strictly speaking, the growth of the constitution, and hence has been forced to enter upon topics which Hallam could put aside, and which are not well adapted for treatment by even the most judicious of constitutional lawyers. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to assert, that the history of the last hundred years is to be found rather in various changes of opinion than in the mere alterations in the outward fabric of government, to which occasionally revolutions in national sentiment gave rise.

Mr. May will be found to excel wherever he is able to keep his work completely within the bounds marked out by its title. The analysis, for instance, of the material sources of power possessed by George III. at his accession to the throne, is, on the whole, the best and most striking part of the work. Few persons, after reading Mr. May's pages, will fail to understand what were the means which enabled a man, mean in mind, feeble in intellect, to conquer ministers of boldness and resolution, and to thwart men of genius and originality. The constitution of Parliament before the Reform Bill is also described with elaborate care; and men who, in disgust at Marylebone or Lambeth, are prompted to heave a sigh for Gatton or Old

Sarum, will probably find their desire to restore close boroughs considerably damped by perusing Mr. May's account of the composition of a House of Commons in which the majority of members sat as representatives of noble patrons. Even in those parts of his history in which he appears to most advantage, Mr. May does not always draw correct inferences from the data he himself supplies, and it is impossible for candid judges not to perceive that he has to some degree over-estimated the influence of the crown when not backed up by popular sympathy, and under-estimated the extent to which the Parliament for 1830 represented, in spite of all its defects, the wishes of the only part of the nation which took an interest in the policy of the country. If not free from shortcomings, he has presented a better account of the constitutional revolutions which marked the last hundred years than has been given by any other writer; and it is perhaps a little hard to complain, that a man who has done one thing well has not succeeded in achieving a different performance.

There are various questions about which Mr. May says either too much or too little. He alludes to, yet hardly seems to see, the full importance of the silent changes which took place in the sentiments of the nation between the accession of George III. and the Regency. In 1760, for example, shameless corruption was a characteristic of members of parliament, and scarcely appears to have excited more indignation or comment than the venality of ten-pound householders excites in 1863; and the elder Pitt owed at least half his unbounded influence to his avowed and ostentatious contempt for what would now be considered very gross forms of bribery. Slowly, but steadily, popular feeling veered round, and the members who supported Pitt's son would as soon have thought of pocketing a bribe of 500*l.* as would the gentlemen who cheer Lord Palmerston. It is not very easy to trace out the causes of this rise in moral tone. Parliament was as close as ever —the king was unchanged; and it is difficult to see why faults held venial in 1760 should have excited general disapprobation not much more than thirty years later. All that can be said is, that a growing sense of decorum can be traced throughout the reign of George III. The ministers, the politicians, and the churchmen, who saw the beginning of the revolutionary wars, were perhaps not morally greatly the superiors of men of the same classes who received Walpole's bribes; but they had at least made up their minds that, on the whole, political propriety was more safe, and in the end more profitable, than barefaced corruption. An alteration of a totally different kind comes under Mr. May's notice; yet he has failed to bestow upon it the attention it deserves. The Whig party, though keeping up, in a sense, the same traditional principles and watchwords throughout a whole century, yet in fact was a very different body in 1760 from the men called by the same name fifty years later. The great houses, who thought they had a prescriptive right to office, were the leaders of probably the most powerful section of the nobility; their strength lay in their riches, their possession of close boroughs, and their compact family-alliances. Towards the beginning of this century, a clique of

clever literary men were the soul and life of the Whig party; and it takes some acuteness to detect what is the common characteristic in virtue of which one name is used to describe men so different as Lord Grenville and Sidney Smith. Yet the gradual course of events, which forced the remnant of the Whig aristocracy to ally itself with a body of literary politicians, has influenced the whole history of England for the last thirty years.

Mr. May's chapter on Ireland is worth the careful study of those who wish to understand at once the strength and the weakness of those Whig writers amongst whom Mr. May claims a distinguished place. The follies of the Irish Parliament, the venality of Irish patriots, the impossibility of continuing a political arrangement which combined all the disadvantages with few of the gains of a federation,—are all set forth with admirable clearness, and readers begin to wonder how a union so palpably for the public benefit could have been so long deferred, or what could have caused any sane man to desire its repeal. A little meditation shows that Mr. May has followed the course almost always adopted by writers or politicians whose prominent characteristic is the possession of so-called common-sense. He has stated nothing which is not true; but there are certain truths which he has neither seen nor stated. That the existence of two parliaments, each with theoretically equal rights, and endowed with equally sovereign power, was incompatible with the strength of the empire, is obviously true; but it is by no means clear, that where the empire gained, Ireland did not suffer some loss. An arrangement which inevitably turns the weaker of two countries into something like a dependency, which almost certainly tempts the leading gentry and nobles to reside away from their lands and their tenants, may to some degree counterbalance the advantage, on which Mr. May dwells with so much fervour, of "incorporation with the first empire of the world." The gain may, indeed, be greater than the loss; but no historian can pretend to strike the balance till he has seen, what Mr. May does not see, that the weights are not all placed in one scale.

VI. *The New Forest, its History and its Scenery.* By John R. Wise. With sixty-three Illustrations, drawn by Walter Crane, engraved by W. J. Linton; and two Maps. London: Smith and Elder. 1863.

The object of the author of this work is to reveal to Englishmen how very much there is worth seeing in their own country, and to induce them to bestow some portion of the time which they now lavish on France and Germany on the more beautiful portions of England. For this purpose a better district could hardly have been chosen than the New Forest. It is the one forest left in this country. Here the wayward traveller has still sixty-three thousand acres of unenclosed land over which to wander unconfined; and if he will defy the danger of being swamped in a morass, and abandon the high road for the wood and heath, he will be amply repaid. Besides, the danger has been much exaggerated; you have only to mind "this simple rule—wherever you

see the white cotton-grass growing, and the bog-moss particularly fine and green, avoid that place;" a rule which is certainly sufficient for the preservation of those who know cotton-grass when they see it. Though some of the wild charms of the New Forest must be admitted to have disappeared with the deer, which were destroyed in 1851, the beech-woods still remain, and are probably the finest in this country. Among these that of Mark Ash has the preëminence. The oaks, though often of singularly beautiful form, are in height and size not generally remarkable.

But we must first understand what a forest is. Manwood (in his *Treatise of the Lawes of the Forest*, London, 1619) defines it as "a certaine territorie of woody ground and fruitful pastures." To woods and open pastures must be added any uncultivated space. A great portion of the New Forest is open heath consisting of drift gravel or hungry sand, which never has grown and never will grow any thing but heather. Indeed, a great agricultural authority says, that of the 63,000 acres which are included in the New Forest, one half are not worth 1*s.* 6*d.* an acre. The Conqueror seems to have been a considerable landowner in the district, and he exercised the unquestionable prerogative of the crown by afforesting it. It does not appear that he had the right, at all events, of seizing on the property of individuals; but he could compel them to throw down their enclosures, and by declaring the district a forest could abrogate the common law, and subject the inhabitants to the hated forest-law. Mr. Wise is of course faithful to the New Forest, even in its origin, and extenuates the hardships which the people suffered. No doubt they have been exaggerated. The Forest never can have been extensively cultivated, nor have supported a numerous population. The thirty-six churches said to have been destroyed would have left some ruins, and the only two mentioned in the proper place in *Domesday*, Milford and Brockenhurst, both exist to this day, and both contain Norman work. But this is not conclusive evidence; for Fawley, which still has Norman arches, pillars, and door, is incidentally named in another part of *Domesday*. Certainly, however, the Forest was not depopulated; for immediately after the afforestation churches were built at Hordle and Boldre. But, Mr. Wise notwithstanding, the forest-laws were too constantly the cause of complaint and the subject of legislation, under our early kings, not to have been a real grievance. Time and the chroniclers may have exaggerated the sufferings of the people, but they did not invent them.

In the days of Edward I. the New Forest extended from the Avon on the west to the Southampton Water in the east, and from the Solent on the south to Wiltshire on the north; boundaries which are now a world too wide for its shrunk dimensions. Within these limits are to be found the ruins of Beaulieu (pronounced Bewley) Abbey, one of the only two monasteries founded by King John, and of which the better-preserved priory of Netley was an offshoot; and Rufus's stone; and Bramble Hill, with its splendid view over the Forest to the Isle of Wight; and Moyles Court, once the residence of Alice Lisle; and a Norman dwelling-house; and the splendid priory-church of the Augus-

tine canons at Christchurch. All these, together with each district of the forest, Mr. Wise describes with a care which shows him to be an accurate antiquary, and a zeal which proves him to be an unaffected lover of the woods. His descriptions would, however, be none the less agreeable, if they did not quite so ostentatiously imitate the peculiar rhetoric of Mr. Ruskin.

The book is also a repository of much curious information respecting the population of the Forest, their folk-lore and provincial words. We learn the habits of our kings from the grant of Edward II. to one Spelman of a house at Brockenhurst, on condition of finding fodder for the king's horse, and *litter for the king's bed*, when he was hunting. Proverbs, homely sayings, and traditions peculiar to the Forest, as of the French fleet which in June 1690 lay off the Needles, are carefully preserved; and even the geology, flora, and ornithology of the district have their separate chapters. When we say that all this has been carefully collected, and narrated in a clear and scholarly manner, it will be evident that Mr. Wise has presented his readers with what would have been an admirable companion to a pedestrian in the New Forest, if it had not been equally adapted for a Christmas present. Hence it appears in quarto, with toned and glazed paper, and numerous beautiful illustrations—studies of forest scenery by Mr. Crane. Reprinted without these attractive but costly accessories, it would, we should imagine, command a considerable sale, and fulfil a perhaps more useful if a less splendid destiny.

VII. *Tales of all Countries.* By Anthony Trollope. Second Series. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Trollope is reported to have expressed an opinion at a public dinner, that the day was not distant when the pursuit of literature would take rank among recognised professions, and young men would be educated for a life of letters, as now for the Church or for the Bar. Possibly the author of *Barchester Towers* intended nothing more than at once to flatter and to quiz his enthusiastic audience; for a writer, it may be thought, whose strongest point is his keen perception of all the sentiments which rule English society, must have perceived the many hindrances which prevent the existence of a profession of letters. Nevertheless, it is curious to remark how thoroughly his practice squares with his theory: he has reduced the art of novel-writing to a business, and is the possessor of a patent, as it were, for producing articles of a particular kind according to demand, with the same regularity with which an iron-master turns out his pigs of iron. For so doing he deserves neither praise nor blame. There is nothing either exalted or degraded in the practice of a literary trade, and inventors who can bring forth readable novels to order have a good right to carry on a lucrative and respectable business. It may even be conceded, that if literature is to become a profession, authors must adopt the business-like habits of the counting-house, and conform less to the impulses of genius and originality than to the well-ascertained laws of

supply and demand. When, however, writers of eminence undertake to provide an unlimited stock of literary wares, there is some danger lest with the sensible maxims they should also adopt some of the less creditable arts of commerce. Mr. Trollope has shown his intimate acquaintance with the ingenious dodges by which enterprising firms puff indifferent goods into a wide circulation, and severe critics might be inclined to fear that he himself occasionally takes a leaf from the note-book of George Robinson. To obtain a good name by producing first-class commodities, and then to sell off very second-rate wares under the cover of an established reputation, is an achievement in which Robinson would have gloried, had he ever possessed the patience to acquire credit for respectability; and Mr. Trollope has recently shown traces of a disposition to pass off books of very moderate pretensions under cover of the name of the author of *Barchester Towers*. His first series of tales were productions of most suspicious quality. They were not utterly wanting in some touches of talent, but they fell much below the mark to which, from their writer's name, they might have been expected to rise. As they were, however, prepared principally for the American market, charity suggested that they were composed to suit some peculiarity of Transatlantic taste. For the second series no such excuse can be found. These tales may have benefited the periodicals in which they appeared, but respect for the public forbids the belief that the "Mistletoe Bough" or "Aaron Trow" gave an hour's pleasure to a single reader. The former is by no means an unfair specimen of the quality of the whole collection, and it is hard to believe that any thing but the demands of business can have induced Mr. Trollope to fill forty pages with a detailed description of Bessie's scruples. A story without point serves to set forth the fidgety weakness of a young woman without character; and no one, except some few girls to whom every love-story is of interest, can by any possibility care for a moment whether Miss Garrow does or does not recall her rejected lover. Mr. Trollope has a passion for humdrum courtships, and we can by a stretch of imagination conceive that the persons who were excited to know whether Madeline Staveley would give her hand to Felix Graham, may feel some transitory emotion about the ingenious casuistry by which Bessie proves that a young lady is deficient in modesty unless she rejects a lover at least twice before final acceptance; but we cannot even picture to ourselves the kind of reader who is excited by the fortunes of "Aaron Trow." The story of the minister's contest with the escaped convict is meant for a sensation tale, and is nothing if it is not thrilling. Since it certainly does not excite even a momentary sense of horror, the most charitable of critics can do nothing more than put its merits down at zero. It is, in fact, just such a tale as Charlie Tudor, to judge from his well-known production, might in his feebler moments have sent to the *Daily Delight*.

With all their flimsiness these tales possess a kind of interest, from the curious light they throw both on the limits and on the nature of Mr. Trollope's powers. In his best works he depicts exactly those scenes and aspects of English life which he can paint to perfection.

As long as an artist tries his hand upon one kind of picture only, it is impossible positively to assert that he might not excel in any line of his art which he may choose to attempt; and whilst Mr. Trollope kept to the ground on which he was strong, criticism could scarcely do more than hazard a conjecture as to the points on which he was likely to be weak. In his minor tales he has once or twice attempted subjects not suited for a display of his special talents, and thereby enabled the public to perceive exactly what are his deficiencies. It may, for instance, be confidently asserted by any one who studies the history of "The Man who kept his Money in a Box," that Mr. Trollope lacks the vigorous, almost rollicking, humour to be found in the best passages of Dickens. The misfortunes of the luckless Robinson are meant to be farcical, but after all they do not lead to laughter. The situation is well imagined. The vulgarity of the Greenes, the series of accidents by which an honest man who, after being bullied for three days, and having looked with suspicion upon his fellow-travellers, is himself made to wear the appearance of a thief, are exquisitely ludicrous. Still, the whole story does not excite more than a smile, and utterly fails to arouse the sense of fun which Mr. Dickens would have excited by a few broad touches. When once readers perceive that there is a sort of humour of which Mr. Trollope is not master, they begin to understand why certain portions of his more elaborate works manifestly fail in producing their intended effect, and why it is that the elaborate description of Moulder and his family leaves, after all, no impression on the mind except that the bagman was a person disgustingly fond of hot brandy and fat turkeys. Another deficiency, which injures the interest of even the best of Mr. Trollope's novels, is glaringly apparent in his smaller writings. In common with almost all the novelists of the day, he has no power of inventing a story. Had Wilkie Collins, for instance, though in almost every respect Mr. Trollope's inferior, handled subjects similar to those treated in the *Tales of many Lands*, he would have made each chapter tell some definite and striking series of events. As it is, no one can read Mr. Trollope's collection without feeling that the only appropriate motto for the tales is the knife-grinder's remark—"Story I have none to tell."

Justice compels the admission that, though *Tales of many Lands* are, for the most part, productions unworthy of their author's pen, yet two stories, in different ways, bear the marks of his genius. Mrs. General Tallboys is not a pleasing character, but she could not have been described by any other writer than Mr. Trollope. A lady who played at impropriety because she felt conscious that she kept all the strictest laws imposed by conventional propriety or prudery, and who burst forth into open-mouthed indignation when a weak-minded Irishman conceived that a woman who talked bold words must necessarily be prepared for reckless acts, could scarcely belong to any other nation than the English, and could not, we feel assured, develop her peculiarities to their full extent in any other situation than in the midst of the little English world at Rome. It is the admirable skill with which Mr. Trollope hits off the whole tone of English men and

women when abroad, their useless enthusiasm for foreign patriots, over whose griefs they lament without understanding their language or seeking their society, their affected fervour for works of art, and their feeble attempts to cast aside for a moment the rules of English life, which gives to the account of Mrs. Tallboys and her admirers an interest sufficient to overpower the reader's disgust at the meanness of the men and women with whom Mr. Trollope forces him to associate. One other tale gives evidence of power, though of power of a description which the rules of modern taste forbid Mr. Trollope to employ with freedom. The "Ride through Palestine" is a lengthy *double entendre*. Mr. Smith's sex is very soon apparent to every one but the victim of the unprincipled deception, and the whole beauty of the narrative depends upon the art with which the reader is let into the open secret which is unrevealed to Mr. Jones, and, at the same time, is made to feel that Mr. Jones's blindness is natural. To write pages which a lady might read without coming across a single expression which in itself could cause a blush, and yet to tell in those pages a tale which savours, to say the least, though not of the style yet of the spirit of Sterne, is a difficult feat, and Mr. Trollope has performed it. Whether such a performance will quite suit the taste of the classes who admire his ordinary novels is dubious. We are, at any rate, sure that an author who publishes nine stories, of which only two can, by the most lenient judgment, be pronounced good, is adopting the best way to lose the name which alone ensures a sale for his most trivial works.

CIRCULATE